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DOMINANT FORCES IN WESTERN LIFE.

THE Old Northwest is a name which tells of the vestiges which the march of settlement across the American continent has left behind it. The New Northwest fronts the watery labyrinth of Puget Sound and awaits its destiny upon the Pacific. The Old Northwest, the historic Northwest Territory, is now the new middle region of the United States. A century ago it was a wilderness, broken only by a few French settlements and the straggling American hamlets along the Ohio and its tributaries, while on the shore of Lake Erie Moses Cleaveland had just led a handful of men to the Connecticut Reserve. To-day it is the keystone of the American Commonwealth. Since 1860 the centre of population of the United States has rested within its limits, and the centre of manufacturing in the nation lies eight miles from President McKinley's Ohio home. Of the seven men who have been elected to the presidency of the United States since 1860, six have come from the Old Northwest, and the seventh came from the kindred region of western New York. The congressional Representatives from these five States of the Old Northwest already outnumber those from the old Middle States, and are three times as numerous as those from New England.

The elements that have contributed to the civilization of this region are therefore well worth consideration. To know the States that make up the Old Northwest — Ohio, Indiana, Illinois,

Michigan, and Wisconsin — one must understand their social origins.

Eldest in this sisterhood was Ohio. New England gave the formative impulses to this State by the part which the Ohio Company played in securing the Ordinance of 1787, and at Marietta and Cleveland Massachusetts and Connecticut planted enduring centres of Puritan influence. During the same period New Jersey and Pennsylvania sent their colonists to the Symmes Purchase, in which Cincinnati was the rallying-point, while Virginians sought the military bounty lands in the region of Chillicothe. The Middle States and the South, with their democratic ideas, constituted the dominant element in Ohio politics in this early part of her history. This dominance is shown by the nativity of the members of the Ohio legislature elected in 1820: New England furnished nine Senators and sixteen Representatives, chiefly from Connecticut; New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, seventeen Senators and twenty-one Representatives, mostly from Pennsylvania; while the South furnished nine Senators and twenty-seven Representatives, of whom the majority came from Virginia. Five of the Representatives were natives of Ireland, presumably Scotch-Irishmen. In the Ohio Senate, therefore, the Middle States had as many representatives as had New England and the South together, while the Southern men slightly outnumbered the Middle State men in the Assembly. Together, the emigrants

from the Democratic South and middle region outnumbered the Federalist New Englanders three to one. Although Ohio is popularly considered a child of New England, it is clear that in these formative years of her statehood the commonwealth was dominated by other forces.

By the close of this early period, in 1820, the settlement in Ohio had covered more or less fully all except the northwest corner of the State, and Indiana's formative period was well started. Here as in Ohio there was a large Southern element. But while the Southern stream that flowed into Ohio had its sources in Virginia, the main current that sought Indiana came from North Carolina; and these settlers were for the most part from the humbler classes. In the settlement of Indiana from the South two separate elements are distinguishable: the Quaker migration from North Carolina, moved chiefly because of anti-slavery convictions; the "poor white" stream, made up in part of restless hunters and thriftless pioneers moving without definite ambitions, and in part of other classes, such as former overseers, migrating to the new country with definite purpose of improving their fortunes.

These elements constituted well-marked features in the Southern contribution to Indiana, and they explain why she has been named the Hoosier State; but it should by no means be thought that all of the Southern immigrants came under these classes, nor that these have been the normal elements in the development of the Indiana of to-day. In the Northwest, where interstate migration has been so continuous and widespread, the lack of typical state peculiarities is obvious, and the student of society, like the traveler, is tempted, in his effort to distinguish the community from its neighbors, to exaggerate the odd and exceptional elements which give a particular flavor to the State. Indiana has suffered somewhat from this tendency; but it is undoubted that these

peculiarities of origin left deep and abiding influences upon the State. In 1820 her settlement was chiefly in the southern counties, where Southern and Middle State influence was dominant. Her two United States Senators were Virginians by birth, while her Representative was from Pennsylvania. The Southern element continued so powerful that one student of Indiana origins has estimated that in 1850 one third of the population of the State were native Carolinians and their children in the first generation. Not until a few years before the Civil War did the Northern current exert a decisive influence upon Indiana. She had no such lake ports as had her sister States, and extension of settlement into the State from ports like Chicago was interrupted by the marshy area of the northwestern part of Indiana. Add to this the geological fact that the limestone formations and the best soils ran in nearly perpendicular belts northward from the Ohio, and it will be seen how circumstances combined to diminish Northern and to facilitate Southern influences in this State prior to the railroad development.

In Illinois, also, the current of migration was at first preponderantly Southern, but the settlers were less often from the Atlantic coast. Kentucky and Tennessee were generous contributors, but many of the distinguished leaders came from Virginia, and it is worthy of note that in 1820 the two United States Senators of Illinois were of Maryland ancestry, while her Representative was of Kentucky origin. The swarms of land-seekers between 1820 and 1830 ascended the Illinois River, and spread out between that river and the Mississippi. It was in this period that Abraham Lincoln's father, who had come from Kentucky to Indiana, again left his log cabin and traveled by ox-team with his family to the popular Illinois county of Sangamon. Here Lincoln split his famous rails to fence their land, and grew up under the influences of this

migration of the Southern pioneers to the prairies. They were not predominantly of the planter class, and the fierce contest in 1824 over the proposition to open Illinois to slavery was won for freedom by a narrow majority.

Looking at the three States, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, prior to 1850, we perceive how important was the voice of the South here, and we can the more easily understand the early affiliation of the Northwest with her sister States to the south on the Western waters. It was not without reason that the proposal of the Missouri Compromise came from Illinois, and it was a natural enthusiasm with which these States followed Henry Clay in the war policy of 1812. The combination of the South, the western portion of the Middle States, and the Mississippi Valley gave the ascendancy to the democratic ideals of the followers of Jefferson, and left New England a weakened and isolated section for nearly half a century. Many of the most characteristic elements in American life in the first part of the century were due to this relationship between the South and the trans-Alleghany region. But even thus early the Northwest had revealed strong predilections for the Northern economic ideals as against the peculiar institution of the South, and this tendency grew with the increase of New England immigration.

The northern two in this sisterhood of Northwestern States were the first to be entered by the French, but latest by the English settlers. Why Michigan was not occupied by New York men at an earlier period is at first sight not easy to understand. Perhaps the adverse reports of surveyors who visited the interior of the State, the partial geographical isolation, and the unprogressive character of the French settlers account for the tardy occupation of the area. Certain it is that while the southern tier of States was sought by swarms of settlers, Wisconsin and Michigan still echoed to Cana-

dian boating-songs, and voyageurs paddled their birch canoes along the streams of the wilderness to traffic with the savages. Great Britain maintained the dominant position until after the War of 1812, and the real centre of authority was in Canada.

But after the digging of the Erie canal, settlement began to turn into Michigan. Between 1830 and 1840 the population of the State leaped from 31,000 to 212,000, in the face of the fact that the heavy debt of the State and the crisis of 1837 turned from her borders many of the thrifty, debt-hating Germans. The vast majority of the settlers were New Yorkers. Michigan is distinctly a child of the Empire State. Canadians, both French and English, continued to come as the lumber interests of the region increased. By 1850 Michigan contained nearly 400,000 inhabitants, who occupied the southern half of the State.

But she now found an active competitor for settlement in Wisconsin. In this region two forces had attracted the earlier inhabitants. The fur-trading posts of Green Bay, Prairie du Chien, and Milwaukee constituted one element, in which the French influence was continued. The lead region of the southwest corner of the State formed the centre of attraction for Illinois and Southern pioneers. The soldiers who followed Black Hawk's trail in 1832 reported the richness of the soil, and an era of immigration followed. To the port of Milwaukee came a combined migration from western New York and New England, and spread along the southern tier of prairie counties until it met the Southern settlers in the lead region. Many of the early political contests in the State were connected, as in Ohio and Illinois, with the antagonisms between the sections thus brought together in a limited area.

The other element in the formation of Wisconsin was that of the Germans, then just entering upon their vast immigration to the United States. Wis-

consin was free from debt; she made a constitution of exceptional liberality to foreigners, and instead of treasuring her school lands or using them for internal improvements, she sold them for almost nothing to attract immigration. The result was that the prudent Germans, who loved light taxes and cheap hard-wood lands, turned toward Wisconsin, — another *Völkerwanderung*. From Milwaukee as a centre they spread north along the shore of Lake Michigan, and later into northern central Wisconsin, following the area of the hard-wood forests. So considerable were their numbers that such an economist as Roscher wrote of the feasibility of making Wisconsin a German State. "They can plant the vine on the hills," cried Franz Löher in 1847, "and drink with happy song and dance; they can have German schools and universities, German literature and art, German science and philosophy, German courts and assemblies; in short, they can form a German State, in which the German language shall be as much the popular and official language as the English is now, and in which the German spirit shall rule." By 1860 the German-born were sixteen per cent of the population of the State. But the New York and New England stream proved even more broad and steady in its flow in these years before the war. Wisconsin's population rose from 30,000 in 1840 to 300,000 in 1850.

The New England element that entered this State is probably typical of the same element in Wisconsin's neighboring States, and demands notice. It came for the most part, not from the seaboard of Massachusetts, which has so frequently represented New England to the popular apprehension. A large element in this stock was the product of the migration that ascended the valleys of Connecticut and central Massachusetts through the hills into Vermont and New York, — a pioneer folk almost from the time of their origin. The Vermont col-

onists decidedly outnumbered those of Massachusetts in both Michigan and Wisconsin, and were far more numerous in other Northwestern States than the population of Vermont warranted. Together with this current came the settlers from western New York. These were generally descendants of this same pioneer New England stock, continuing into a remoter West the movement that had brought their parents to New York. The combined current from New England and New York thus constituted a distinctly modified New England stock, and was clearly the dominant native element in Michigan and Wisconsin.

The decade of the forties was also the period of Iowa's rapid increase. Although not politically a part of the Old Northwest, in history she is closely related to that region. Her growth was by no means so rapid as was Wisconsin's, for the proportion of foreign immigration was less. Whereas in 1850 more than one third of Wisconsin's population was foreign-born, the proportion for Iowa was not much over one tenth. The main body of her people came from the Middle States, and Illinois and Ohio; but Southern elements were well represented, particularly among her political leaders.

The middle of the century was the turning-point in the transfer of control in the Northwest. Below the line of the old national turnpike, marked by the cities of Columbus, Indianapolis, Vandalia, and St. Louis, the counties had acquired a stability of settlement; and partly because of the Southern element, partly because of a natural tendency of new communities toward Jacksonian ideals, these counties were preponderantly Democratic. But the Southern migration had turned to the cotton areas of the Southwest, and the development of railroads and canals had broken the historic commercial ascendancy of the Mississippi River; New Orleans was yielding

the sceptre to New York. The tide of migration from the North poured along these newly opened channels, and occupied the less settled counties above the national turnpike. In cities like Columbus and Indianapolis, where the two currents had run side by side, the combined elements were most clearly marked, but in the Northwest as a whole a varied population had been formed. This region seemed to represent and understand the various parts of the Union. It was this aspect which Mr. Vinton, of Ohio, urged in Congress when he made his notable speech in favor of the admission of Iowa. He pleaded the mission of the Northwest as the mediator between the sections and the unifying agency in the nation, with such power and pathos as to thrill even John Quincy Adams.

But there are some issues which cannot be settled by compromise, tendencies one of which must conquer the other. Such an issue the slave power raised, and raised too late for support in the upper half of the Mississippi Basin. The Northern and the Southern elements found themselves in opposition to each other. "A house divided against itself cannot stand," said Abraham Lincoln, a Northern leader of Southern origin. Douglas, a leader of the Southern forces, though coming from New England, declared his indifference whether slavery were voted up or down in the Western Territories. The historic debates between these two champions reveal the complex conditions in the Northwest, and take on a new meaning when considered in the light of this contest between the Northern and the Southern elements. The State that had been so potent for compromise was at last the battle-ground itself, and the places selected for the various debates of Lincoln and Douglas marked the strongholds and the outposts of the antagonistic forces.

At this time the kinship of western New York and the dominant element in the Northwest was clearly revealed.

Speaking for the anti-slavery forces at Madison, Wisconsin, in 1860, Seward said: "The Northwest is by no means so small as you may think it. I speak to you because I feel that I am, and during all my mature life have been, one of you. Although of New York, I am still a citizen of the Northwest. The Northwest extends eastward to the base of the Alleghany Mountains, and does not all of western New York lie westward of the Alleghany Mountains? Whence comes all the inspiration of free soil which spreads itself with such cheerful voices over all these plains? Why, from New York westward of the Alleghany Mountains. The people before me, — who are you but New York men, while you are men of the Northwest?" In the Civil War, western New York and the Northwest were powerful in the forum and in the field. The names of Lincoln, Chase, Seward, Sherman, and Grant suffice to illustrate this power. A million soldiers came from the States that the Ordinance, passed by Southern votes, had devoted to freedom.

This was the first grave time of trial for the Northwest, and it did much eventually to give to the region a homogeneity and self-consciousness. But at the close of the war the region was still agricultural, only half developed; still breaking ground in northern forests; still receiving contributions of peoples which radically modified the social organism, and undergoing economic changes almost revolutionary in their rapidity and extent. The changes since the war are of more social importance, in many respects, than those in the years commonly referred to as the formative period. As a result, the Northwest finds herself again between contending forces, sharing the interests of East and West, as once before those of North and South, and forced to give her voice on issues of equal significance for the destiny of the republic.

In these transforming years since 1860, Ohio, finding the magician's talis-

man that revealed the treasury of mineral wealth, gas, and petroleum beneath her fields, has leaped to a front rank among the manufacturing States of the Union. Potential on the Great Lakes by reason of her ports of Toledo and Cleveland, tapping the Ohio River artery of trade at Cincinnati, and closely connected with all the vast material development of the upper waters of this river in western Pennsylvania and West Virginia, Ohio has become distinctly a part of the eastern social organism, much like the State of Pennsylvania. The complexity of her origin still persists. Ohio has no preponderant social centre; her multiplicity of colleges and universities bears tribute to the diversity of the elements that have made the State. One third of her people are of foreign parentage (one or both parents foreign-born), and the city of Cincinnati has been deeply affected by the German stock, while Cleveland strongly reflects the influence of the New England element. That influence is still very palpable, but it is New England in the presence of natural gas, iron, and coal, New England shaped by blast and forge. The Middle State ideals will dominate Ohio's future.

Bucolic Indiana, too, within the last decade has come into the possession of gas-fields and has increased the exploitation of her coals until she seems destined to share in the industrial type represented by Ohio. Cities have risen, like a dream, on the sites of country villages. But Indiana has a much smaller proportion of foreign element than any other State of the Old Northwest, and it is the Southern element that still differentiates her from her sisters. While Ohio's political leaders still attest the Puritan migration, Indiana's clasp hands with the leaders from the South.

The Southern elements continue also to reveal themselves in the Democratic southwestern counties of Illinois, grouped like a broad delta of the Illinois River, while northern Illinois holds a larger

proportion of descendants of the Middle States and New England. About one half her population is of foreign parentage, in which the Germans, Irish, and Scandinavians furnish the largest elements. She is a great agricultural State and a great manufacturing State, the connecting link between the Mississippi and the Great Lakes. Her metropolis, Chicago, is the very type of Northwestern development for good and for evil. It is an epitome of her composite nationality. A recent writer, analyzing the school census of Chicago, points out that "only two cities in the German Empire, Berlin and Hamburg, have a greater German population than Chicago; only two in Sweden, Stockholm and Göteborg, have more Swedes; and only two in Norway, Christiania and Bergen, have more Norwegians;" while the Irish, Polish, Bohemian, and Dutch elements are also largely represented. But in spite of her rapidity of growth and her complex elements, Chicago stands as the representative of the will-power and genius for action of the Middle West, and the State of Illinois will be the battle-ground for social and economic ideals for the next generation.

Michigan is two States. The northern peninsula is cut off from the southern physically, industrially, and in the history of settlement. It would seem that her natural destiny was with Wisconsin, or some possible new State embracing the iron and copper, forest and shipping areas of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota on Lake Superior. The lower peninsula of Michigan is the daughter of New York, for over twelve per cent of Michigan's present population were born in that State, and her traits are those of the parent State. Over half her population is of foreign parentage, of which Canada and England together have furnished one half, while the Germans outnumber any other single foreign element. The State has undergone a steady industrial development, exploiting her northern

mines and forests, developing her lumber interests with Saginaw as the centre, raising fruits along the lake shore counties, and producing grain in the middle trough of counties running from Saginaw Bay to the south of Lake Michigan. Her state university has been her peculiar glory, furnishing the first model for the state university, and it is the educational contribution of the Northwest to the nation.

Wisconsin's future is dependent upon the influence of the large proportion of her population of foreign parentage, for nearly three fourths of her inhabitants are of that class. She thus has a smaller percentage of native population than any other of the States formed from the Old Northwest. Of this foreign element the Germans constitute by far the largest part, with the Scandinavians second. Her American population born outside of Wisconsin comes chiefly from New York. In contrast with the Ohio River States, she lacks the Southern element. Her greater foreign population and her dairy interests contrast with Michigan's Canadian and English elements and fruit culture. Her relations are more Western than Michigan's by reason of her connection with the Mississippi and the prairie States. Her foreign element is slightly less than is Minnesota's, and in the latter State the Scandinavians take the place held by the Germans in Wisconsin. The facility with which the Scandinavians catch the spirit of Western America and assimilate with their neighbors is much greater than is the case with the Germans, so that Wisconsin seems to offer opportunity for non-English influence in a greater degree than her sister on the west. While Minnesota's economic development has heretofore been closely dependent on the wheat-producing prairies, the opening of the iron-fields of the Mesaba and Vermilion ranges, together with the development of St. Paul and Minneapolis, Duluth and West Superior, and the prospective

achievement of a deep-water communication with the Atlantic, seems to offer to that State a new and imperial industrial destiny. Between this stupendous economic future to the northwest and the colossal growth of Chicago on the southeast Wisconsin seems likely to become a middle agricultural area, developing particularly into a great dairy State. She is powerfully affected by the conservative tendencies of her German element in times of political agitation and of proposals of social change, but is lacking in initiative.

Some of the social modifications in this State are more or less typical of important processes at work among the neighboring States of the Old Northwest. In the north, the men who built up the lumber interests of the State, who founded a mill town surrounded by the stumps of the pine forests which they exploited for the prairie markets, have acquired wealth and political power. The spacious and well-appointed home of the town-builder may now be seen in many a northern community, in a group of less pretentious homes of operatives and tradesmen, the social distinctions between them emphasized by the difference in nationality. A few years before, this captain of industry was perhaps actively engaged in the task of seeking the best "forties" or directing the operations of his log-drivers. His wife and daughters make extensive visits to Europe, his sons go to some university, and he himself is likely to acquire political position, or to devote his energies to saving the town from industrial decline, as the timber is cut away, by transforming it into a manufacturing centre for more finished products. Still others continue their activity among the forests of the south. This social history of the timber areas of Wisconsin has left clear indications in the development of the peculiar political leadership in the northern portion of the State.

In the southern and middle counties

of the State, the original settlement of the native American pioneer farmer, a tendency is showing itself to divide the farms and to sell to thrifty Germans, or to cultivate the soil by tenants, while the farmer retires to live in the neighboring village, and perhaps to organize creameries and develop a dairy business. The result is that a replacement of nationalities is in progress. Townships and even counties once dominated by the native American farmers of New York extraction are now possessed by Germans or other European nationalities. Large portions of the retail trades of the towns are also passing into German hands, while the native element seeks the cities, the professions, or mercantile enterprises of larger character. The non-native element shows distinct tendencies to dwell in groups. One of the most striking illustrations of this fact is the community of New Glarus, in Wisconsin, formed by a carefully organized migration from Glarus in Switzerland, aided by the canton itself. For some years this community was a miniature Swiss canton in social organization and customs, but of late it has become increasingly assimilated to the American type, and has left an impress by transforming the county in which it is from a grain-raising to a dairy region.

From Milwaukee as a centre, the influence of the Germans upon the social customs and ideals of Wisconsin has been marked. Milwaukee has many of the aspects of a German city, and has furnished a stronghold of resistance to native American efforts to enact rigid temperance legislation, laws regulative of parochial schools, and similar attempts to bend the German type to the social ideals of the pioneer American stock. In the last presidential election, the German area of the State deserted the Democratic party, and its opposition to free silver was a decisive factor in the overwhelming victory of the Republicans in Wisconsin. With all the evidence of

the persistence of the influence of this nationality, it is nevertheless clear that each decade marks an increased assimilation and homogeneity in the State; but the result is a compromise, and not a conquest by either element.

The States of the Old Northwest gave to McKinley a plurality of over 367,000 out of a total vote of about 3,734,000. New England and the Middle States together gave him a plurality of 979,000 in about the same vote, while the farther West gave to Bryan a decisive net plurality. It thus appears that the Old Northwest occupied the position of a political middle region between East and West. The significance of this position is manifest when it is recalled that this section is the child of the East and the mother of the Populistic West.

The occupation of the Western prairies was determined by forces similar to those which settled the Old Northwest. In the decade before the war, Minnesota succeeded to the place held by Wisconsin as the Mecca of settlers in the prior decade. To Wisconsin and New York she owes the largest proportion of her native settlers born outside of the State. Kansas and Nebraska were settled most rapidly in the decade following the war, and had a large proportion of soldiers in their American immigrants. Illinois and Ohio together furnished about one third of the native settlers of these States, but the element coming from Southern States was stronger in Kansas than in Nebraska. Both these States have an exceptionally large proportion of native whites as compared with their neighbors among the prairie States. Kansas, for example, has a percentage of persons of foreign parentage to total population of about twenty-six, while Nebraska has about forty-two, Iowa forty-three, South Dakota sixty, Wisconsin seventy-three, Minnesota seventy-five, and North Dakota seventy-nine. North Dakota's development was greatest in the decade prior to 1890. Her native stock came

in largest numbers from Wisconsin, with New York, Minnesota, and Iowa next in order. The growth of South Dakota occupied the two decades prior to the last census, and she has recruited her native element from Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, and New York. In consequence of the migration from the States of the Old Northwest to the virgin soils of these prairie States many counties in the parent States show a considerable decline in growth in the last census decade. There is significance in the fact that, with the exception of Iowa, these prairie States, the colonies of the Old Northwest, gave Bryan votes in the last election in the ratio of their proportion of persons of native parentage. North Dakota, with the heaviest foreign element, was carried for McKinley, while South Dakota, with a much smaller foreign vote, went for Bryan. Kansas and Nebraska rank with Ohio in their native percentage, and they were the centre of prairie Populism. Of course there were other important local economic and political explanations for this ratio, but it seems to have a basis of real meaning. Certain it is that the leaders of the silver movement came from the native element furnished by the Old Northwest. The original Populists in the Kansas legislature of 1891 were born in different States as follows: in Ohio, twelve; Indiana, six; Illinois, five; New York, four; Pennsylvania, two; Connecticut, Vermont, and Maine, one each, — making a total, for the Northern current, of thirty-two. Of the remaining eighteen, thirteen were from the South, and one each from Kansas, Missouri, California, England and Ireland. Nearly all were Methodists and former Republicans.¹

Looking at the silver movement more largely, we find that of the Kansas delegation in the Fifty-Fourth Congress, one was born in Kansas, and the rest in In-

diana, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Maine. All of the Nebraska delegation in the House came from the Old Northwest or from Iowa. The biographies of the two Representatives from the State of Washington tell an interesting story. These men came as children to the pine woods of Wisconsin, took up public lands, and worked on the farm and in the pineries. One passed on to a homestead in Nebraska before settling in Washington. Thus they kept one stage ahead of the social transformations of the West. This is the usual training of the Western politicians. If the reader would see a picture of the representative Kansan Populist, let him examine the family portraits of the Ohio farmer in the middle of this century.

In a word, the Populist is the American farmer who has kept in advance of the economic and social transformations that have overtaken those who remained behind. While, doubtless, investigation into the ancestry of the Populists and silver men who came to the prairies from the Old Northwest would show some proportion of Southern origin, yet the centre of discontent seems to have been among the men of the New England and western New York current. If New England looks with care at these men, she may recognize in them the familiar lineaments of the embattled farmers who fired the shot heard round the world. The continuous advance of this pioneer stock from New England has preserved for us the older type of the pioneer of frontier New England. I do not overlook the powerful transforming influences of the wilderness operating on this stock ever since it left the earlier frontier farms to follow up the valleys of western Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Vermont, into western New York, into Ohio, into Iowa, and out to the arid plains of western Kansas and Nebraska; nor do I overlook the peculiar industrial conditions of the prairie States. But I desire to insist upon the other truth, also,

¹ For this information I am indebted to Professor F. W. Blackmar, of the University of Kansas.

that these westward immigrants, keeping for generations in advance of the transforming industrial and social forces that have wrought so vast a revolution in the older regions of the East which they left, could not but preserve important aspects of the older farmer type. In the arid West these pioneers have halted and have turned to perceive an altered nation and changed social ideals. They see the sharp contrast between their traditional idea of America, as the land of opportunity, the land of the self-made man, free from class distinctions and from the power of wealth, and the existing America, so unlike the earlier ideal. If we follow back the line of march of the Puritan farmer, we shall see how responsive he has always been to *isms*, and how persistently he has resisted encroachments on his ideals of individual opportunity and democracy. He is the prophet of the "higher law" in "bleeding Kansas" before the Civil War. He is the prohibitionist of Iowa and Wisconsin, crying out against German customs as an invasion of his traditional ideals. He is the granger of Wisconsin, passing restrictive railroad legislation. He is the abolitionist, the anti-mason, the Millerite, the woman suffragist, the Spiritualist, the adherent of Joseph Smith, of western New York. Follow him to his New England home in the days of Shays's rebellion, paper money, stay and tender laws, and land banks. The radicals among these New England farmers hated lawyers and capitalists. "I would not trust them," said Abraham White, in the ratification convention of Massachusetts, in 1788, "though every one of them should be a Moses." "These lawyers," cried Amos Singletery, "and men of learning and moneyed men that talk so finely and gloss over matters so smoothly to make us poor illiterate people swallow the pill, expect to get into Congress themselves! They mean to get all the money into their hands, and then they will swallow up

all us little folk, like the Leviathan, Mr. President; yea, just as the whale swallowed up Jonah."

If the voice of Mary Ellen Lease sounds raucous to the New England man to-day, while it is sweet music in the ears of the Kansas farmer, let him ponder the utterances of these frontier farmers in the days of the Revolution; and if he is still doubtful of this spiritual kinship, let him read the words of the levelers and sectaries of Cromwell's army.

The story of the political leaders who remained in the place of their birth and shared its economic changes differs from the story of those who by moving to the West continued on a new area the old social type. In the throng of Scotch-Irish pioneers that entered the uplands of the Carolinas in the second quarter of the eighteenth century were the ancestors of Calhoun and of Andrew Jackson. Remaining in this region, Calhoun shared the transformations of the South Carolina interior. He saw it change from the area of the pioneer farmers to an area of great planters raising cotton by slave labor. This explains the transformation of the nationalist and protectionist Calhoun of 1816 into the state-sovereignty and free-trade Calhoun. Jackson, on the other hand, left the region while it was still a frontier, shared the frontier life of Tennessee, and reflected the democracy and nationalism of his people. Henry Clay lived long enough in the kindred State of Kentucky to see it pass from a frontier to a settled community, and his views on slavery reflected the transitional history of that State. Lincoln, on the other hand, born in Kentucky in 1809, while the State was still under frontier conditions, migrated in 1816 to Indiana, and in 1830 to Illinois. The pioneer influences of his community did much to shape his life, and the development of the raw frontiersman into the statesman was not unlike the development of his

own State. Political leaders who experienced the later growth of the Northwest, like Garfield, Hayes, Harrison, and McKinley, show clearly the continued transformations of the section. But in the days when the Northwest was still in the gristle, she sent her sons into the newer West to continue the views of life and the policies of the half-frontier area they had left. And to-day, the Northwest, standing between her ancestral connections in the East and her children in the West, partly like the East, partly like the West, finds herself in a position strangely like that in the days of the slavery struggle, when her origins presented to her a "divided duty." But these issues are not put with the same imperious "Which?" as were the issues of freedom or slavery.

Looking at the Northwest as a whole, one sees that, in the character of its in-

dustries and in the elements of its population, it is identified on the east with the zone of States including the middle region and New England. Cotton culture and the negro make a clear line of division between the Old Northwest and the South. And yet in important historical ideals — in the movement of expansion, in the persistence of agricultural interests, in impulsiveness, in imperialistic ways of looking at the American destiny, in hero-worship, in the newness of its present social structure — the Old Northwest has much in common with the South and the Far West.

Behind her is the old pioneer past of simple democratic conditions, and freedom of opportunity for all men. Before her is a superb industrial development, the brilliancy of success as evinced in a vast population, aggregate wealth, and sectional power.

Frederick J. Turner.

MARK TWAIN AS AN INTERPRETER OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

MARK TWAIN, as we all prefer to call the writer whose real name of Samuel Langhorne Clemens has still a less familiar sound in our ears, was born in the town of Florida, in Missouri, on the 30th of November, 1835. His father, who belonged to a Virginian family, had moved there only a little time before from Tennessee, where, like his prototype in The Gilded Age, he owned much land. But it was in Hannibal, then "a loafing, out-at-elbows, down-at-the-heels, slaveholding Mississippi River town," now "a flourishing little city," to which the family presently removed, that Mark Twain spent those boyhood days of which Tom Sawyer is the diverting chronicle. It was not a very attractive place. "The morality" — the quotation is from a gentle criticism by Mr. Howells — "was

the morality of a slaveholding community, fierce, arrogant, one-sided; the religion was Calvinism in various phases, with its predestinate aristocracy of saints and its rabble of hopeless sinners. His [Twain's] people, like the rest, were slaveholders, but his father, like so many other slaveholders, abhorred slavery, — silently, as he must in such a time and place." The home of the Clemenses was — to quote from an ephemeral biography by Mr. Will Clemens — "a two-story brick, with a large tree in front;" and in the village, in a "dingy" office, the furniture of which was "a dry-goods box, three or four rude stools, and a puncheon bench," the head of the family, "a stern, unbending man," held court as justice of the peace.

Amid these surroundings, which were

curiously American, if not especially apt to nourish literary genius, Mark Twain, "a good-hearted boy," says his mother, but one who, although "a great boy for history," could never be persuaded to go to school, spent a boyhood which, it appears, was "a series of mischievous adventures." When he was twelve years old his father died, and the circumstances of his mother were such that he had to go to work as printer's apprentice in the office of the Hannibal Weekly Courier. "I can see," he said once at a printers' banquet in New York, "that printing-office of prehistoric times yet, with its horse-bills on the walls; its 'd' boxes clogged with tallow, because we always stood the candle in the 'k' box nights; its towel, which was never considered soiled until it could stand alone." For three years he worked in this delectable establishment, and then, at the age of fifteen, ran away from home, apparently without a penny of money. Until he was twenty or thereabouts he seems to have wandered through the eastern half of the country as a tramp printer. Then suddenly changing his vocation, he became a pilot on the Mississippi River. Five years later, the railroads and the Civil War having made piloting an impossible occupation, he enlisted as a three months' volunteer in the Confederate army, and was captured, but succeeded in escaping from the tobacco warehouse in St. Louis where he was held prisoner. He fled to the West, the West of Bret Harte, swarming with adventurers, with whom the fashionable ornaments of the day were "an eight-inch revolver, an Arkansas toothpick, and jack-boots." As miner, journalist, and lecturer he led a rough and impecunious life in Nevada and California, until in 1867 he published his first book, *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras*, and sailed by way of Panama to New York. A little later he found the opportunity to go to Europe and the Holy Land as a newspaper correspondent, and so obtained the material

for his *Innocents Abroad*. After many difficulties and with much misgiving, the book was finally published. The next morning, Mark Twain, then thirty-four years old, awoke like Byron to find himself famous.

There is no need to pursue his career further. Brief and incomplete as the sketch is, it is long enough to explain much in his writings. The horrid little town, with its poverty of intellectual life, its complete barrenness of all the means for æsthetic cultivation, is hardly the place in which to expect the birth of a refined literary genius. There is a deal of truth in Mr. Barrie's remark that "nothing that happens after we are twelve matters very much." And these early years, impressionable as a photographic plate, were those which supplied him with the vivid memories upon which he based his strongest works, *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. One piece of singular good fortune was indeed his: by his home flowed the mighty Mississippi. The river was the one thing which he knew in all his early days that could appeal to his imagination and uplift it. Its fascination was upon all the boys in the village. They had passing ambitions, he says, — such, for example, as that "if they lived and were good, God would permit them to become pirates;" but the one unchanging desire of their hearts was to be "steamboat men." Any one who can remember his boyhood can easily understand how their young thoughts were always of the river, which, huge and sombre, flowed out of the land of mystery, by their commonplace doors, into the land of promise, and how they envied the river-men to whom both lands were as familiar as the streets of Hannibal. Poor lads, they doubtless found out in after-life that the river touched neither of these enchanting countries, but simply flowed on, not bored only because it was an insensate thing, past thousands of doors little if any less tedious than their own! But fact is unimportant in

the training of a sensitive imagination, and the influence of the river upon that of Mark Twain can hardly be exaggerated. Nor is it difficult to comprehend how it is that through whichever of his books the Mississippi flows, it fills them with a certain portion of its power and beauty. To it is owing all that in his work which is large and fine and eloquent. The river is what makes Huckleberry Finn his most vivid story, and *Life on the Mississippi* his most impressive autobiographic narrative.

Unfortunately, there was nothing else in the boy's early surroundings which could help him to become a literary artist, for the river, however it might dominate and uplift his imagination, could not teach him the most delicate and beautiful art of writing well. For that the child must at least have books, good works of the imagination, from which he may unconsciously learn the modest secret of good taste, the value of the apt word, the mysteries of the rise and fall of the rhythm of lovely prose. When one recalls the lack of æsthetic advantages which was so plentiful in his boyhood, in that "loafing, out-at-elbows, down-at-the-heels, slaveholding" village, in his wandering, unprosperous youth in *cis-Mississippi* printing-offices, and in his impetuous journalistic young manhood in the rough and lawless West, one cannot wonder that he is so imperfectly an artist. He has a rude native gift for firm and vigorous narration. He has, too, an in-born eloquence which sometimes rises superior to his faulty periods, and at its best carries the critical reader out of the mood of fastidious objection. But his style, — which he has improved steadily, — even when correct, is technically without distinction.

He fails no less in the handling of large masses of composition: he is singularly devoid of any aptitude for construction. The narrative in which incidents of about an even value succeed each other is the highest variety of literary form in which

he has attained good measure of success. Such are *Huckleberry Finn*, and that picturesque failure as an historical novel, *The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*. Such, still more frankly, are his earlier successes, *Roughing It*, *Innocents Abroad*, and *Life on the Mississippi*. And in spite of highly colored incidents thrown in at the end with a delusive air of forming the climax which denotes a plot, *Tom Sawyer*, also, and *The Connecticut Yankee* belong in the same group. *The Gilded Age*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, and *Pudd'nhead Wilson* are more pretentious; but it is from the passages wherein the author, forgetful of weaving the incidents into a pattern, is content to chronicle them with a broidery of his own shrewd and humorous thought that they have their merit.

No, he is not a great or a skillful writer. The influences of his early years were not such as would make him one. What a disadvantage they were to him may be illustrated by contrasting him, for a moment, with another American writer, — like him, a humorist. That other had little, if any, more natural power, — perhaps not so much; he had his greatest successes, as Mark Twain had his more popular ones, in the form of the humorous, half-dramatic monologue; but as he had the best training of intellect and taste, he attained a firm place among the semi-great who alone as yet form the most distinguished group of American authors. That writer is Dr. Holmes.

Neither is Mark Twain — bold as the assertion may seem — a great humorist or a great wit. The soul of a jest is immortal. If it defies definition and analysis, experience seems to show that when it leaves its envelope of words standing cold and insignificant, dead upon the page, it usually does so only for the brief space which must elapse before its next incarnation. If the soul of one's grandam may haply inhabit a bird, the soul of the dear lady's favorite jest may more than haply inhabit a sentence — none too

sprightly, one may fear — in the corner of the latest comic paper. Rarely indeed is that perfectly crystallized phrase created which can withstand, like a diamond, the wear and tear of time, and eternally imprison the bright sparkle of wit that it contains. In other words, the special incongruities of circumstance change, and the jests change with them: only that humor lives which is expressed in perfect, limpid phrases that take no color from temporary things. Wit lives on from age to age when given form by such a masterly cutter of sentences as La Rochefoucauld; humor survives when embodied in some unchanging type of character such as that to which Cervantes gave the finest time-resisting form. La Rochefoucauld may be considered the type of the great wit, Cervantes the type of the great humorist. Mark Twain has shaken the sides of the round world with laughter; but after all, has he, in the mass of his writings, uttered any witticism which touches intimately, much less radiantly expresses, some eternal truth of life? Has he ever created any character bearing so plainly a lasting relationship to human nature that it will live on to be hailed brother by future men? Unless indeed some of the clever sayings of Pudd'nhead Wilson have greater depth and reach of meaning than they now seem to have, the answer to the first question is plainly "No." Not many of Mark Twain's witticisms will appear in the Familiar Quotations of the coming century. The answer to the second question is perhaps susceptible of a moment's debate. But probably not more than two characters will rise in the memory of any one who may wish to answer it otherwise than also by a "No." These will be Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. And surely Tom Sawyer is only one presentment more of the general idea — boy — added to the thousands which any one familiar with the commercial industry of writing books for boys can name only too readily. Quite in the line

of Mark Twain's variation of the standard type, and its superior as a human portrait, stands the Bad Boy of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Huck, however, is not so easily brushed aside. He is at his best, not in the book which wears for title the name of his chief youthful friend, but in the astonishing volume which is named after himself. For he, the best of Mark Twain's creations, has the good fortune — which is not that of the best character of many an author — of being the hero of his originator's best book. In that wild, youthful, impossible Odyssey, the record of his voyage on a frail raft down the strong Mississippi, he assumes in a manner epic proportions. Still, if a sensitive and candid reader were somewhat carefully to analyze his impressions, perhaps these are the conclusions at which, with a tempered enthusiasm, he would ultimately arrive: that Huck gains in apparent stature by being kept clear of taller rivals in the centre of the stage; that he gains enormously in picturesqueness through his surroundings, — the incredibly fantastic scamps who impose themselves upon him, and who, by contrast, make him seem so honest; the childlike negro whom he befriends, and who, by contrast, makes him seem so much more the man; the wild and solemn and beautiful stretches of the huge river, which make him seem, by contrast, so pitiful a waif; that the story is, a few exceptions granted, a tale of what happened to him rather than of what he did, and consequently is not a presentation of character, is not dramatic. What Huck really is, the sensitive and candid reader would conclude, is simply the usual vagabond boy, with his expected shrewdness and cunning, his rags, his sharp humor, his practical philosophy. The only difference between him and his type would be found in his essential honesty, his strong and struggling moral nature, so notably Anglo-Saxon. The most delightful thing in the portrait, from the point of view of character-

drawing, would be seen to be the interminable debate and puzzle in which he is, to reconcile his respect for the law that declares him a criminal for aiding a runaway slave and his instinctive honest perception that his ward is a man, not a chattel. If the literary critic had a field-book, like the botanist, — may he some day be so lucky! — in which to trace any unfamiliar specimen, he would find, if engaged in the present search, his finger fall at last upon some such line as this: “Huckleberry Finn: species, *Gavroche*. Locally found in the Mississippi Valley, in the United States, and by some authorities erected” — such is the word of the men of science! — “into a separate variety.”

Now, if Mark Twain has neither uttered memorable witticisms nor created any finely humorous character, it will not be as a great humorist that he will survive. Nor is the reason for his failure hard to find. His lack of mastery of form, his constant offense against taste, is, of course, a large part of it, but not all. The humor which finds in him its chief source of expression is that of a shifting and evanescent semi-civilization, the humor of new men in new circumstances in a suddenly developing country, wherein the ups and downs of life, immensely exaggerated both in speed and in span, made a grotesque appeal to the sense of incongruity of a naturally humorous people. The society of the West is not yet settled into its final form, as that of the East may be considered to be; but already it, and we who know it, have traveled far from the possibility of appreciating fully its special humor. A few years more, and most of its fun will seem to all, as it seems to many now, the merest extravagance, as hard to understand as the spirit which prompted the gargoyle on the mediæval church. A humor based upon the transient conditions of such a life can hardly be more permanent than the life itself.

Not in the technical sense a skillful

writer, not a good novelist or story-teller, not a great wit or a great humorist, Mark Twain occupies a strangely conspicuous position in the world of contemporary letters. He has long been accepted of the people, never of the critics. Although his name is a household word in all places where the English language is spoken, and in many where it is not, he has never been accorded any serious critical notice. There have been, indeed, in various magazines, a few articles — mostly of no critical intention or pretension — about him, but almost the only fact which looks like a recognition of him as a real author, and not as an inconsequential buffoon, is the publication, now going forward, by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, of a uniform edition of his complete works. Yet a general sense of his importance may be found existing even among the critical who neglect him, and some natural, mild wonder why it has never found expression. The critics, with the disdain that comes easily to men, perhaps a bit ostentatiously preoccupied with what is earnest in thought and artistic in form, have let him write and win an unregarded popularity. The circus clown were as likely to attract the attention of the dramatic critic as Mark Twain that of the serious reviewers. But his enormous vogue should have won the notice of some inquiring mind, and led its possessor to ask if his popularity had not some deeper cause than the love of the crowd for the antics of one who professionally wears the cap and bells. If deeper cause there be, it may well prove something which throws light upon American life and character. Perhaps it were as well to attribute the popularity of Abraham Lincoln to his jokes as to ascribe that of Mark Twain to his extravagant foolery. In the conventional sense, Mark Twain is no more a literary artist than, in the conventional sense, Lincoln was a gentleman. But in spite of lack of polish Lincoln was great: may not Mark Twain,

the writer, in spite of his crude literary manners, be great, also? The mere possibility ought to be enough in itself to secure him sympathetic and thoughtful consideration.

Criticism is always concerned with the man behind the book. Veiled as the questioning may be, its object is always to determine if the personality of the author is one which has value, æsthetic or other, for the world. If an author is not able to justify himself on æsthetic grounds, criticism requires him to supply other and good ones. If he is not an artist, he can have no value for any intelligent human being except through his personality.

The remark is too sweeping: he can have a value for the student. And Mark Twain has this value abundantly. He has recorded the life of certain southwestern portions of our country, at one fleeting stage of their development, better than it is possible it will ever be done again. From his superficially frivolous pages much can be learned of the causes of the fierce family feuds which prevailed there, of lynching, of the effects of slavery. Under the humorist in Mark Twain lies the keen observer, the serious man, the ardent reformer, and he took note of all that was evil in the life he knew and proclaimed it indignantly to the world. His tenacious memory for detail, his microscopic imagination, and his real interest in the serious side of life make his pictures of the crude society in which he was born both absolutely accurate and surprisingly comprehensive. His writings cannot be neglected by any one who wishes to know that life, and it is one which is in many respects highly important for us to understand. But it is not for his historical value that an author is popular. To point to that of Mark Twain is not to account for his acceptance by the multitude. That must rest somehow on his character.

Like Dr. Holmes, Mark Twain belongs

to the race of literary egotists. The narrations which are his best work are almost entirely autobiographic. Roughing It relates his experiences in the West. Innocents Abroad sets forth his own peculiarly American view of Europe. Life on the Mississippi is very Twain, and naught else. Tom Sawyer is less real than Huckleberry Finn, because — one cannot doubt — he is less the young Clemens than is Huck. Indeed, the rule may be laid down that the interest of Mark Twain's books is in direct proportion to the amount of autobiographic matter in them. What he is gifted to express is plainly himself, his own thoughts, feelings, experiences. That was the gift of Dr. Holmes, also, and where the personality was so engaging, the taste so perfect, the success was easy to understand. But if one were to be told that another writer, born with a smaller gift of invention and with as little trace of constructive imagination, and having only such education as he might be able to pick up in a youth spent among rough surroundings, would take the same literary form and win an even greater popularity, he would scoff at the mere idea. Nevertheless this is what Mr. Clemens has done. This remarkable achievement is strong evidence of the charm of his character.

Perhaps it is possible to discover in what that charm consists. The comparison between Abraham Lincoln and Mark Twain which was suggested a little while ago doubtless appeared fantastical enough. But after all, is not the feeling of kinship which the people had with the statesman the same which they have with the writer? There is certainly no way to a nation's heart more nearly direct than to make it feel that you are of one flesh and blood with it. It loves to see itself literally personified in the executive chair; it likes best that writer who thoroughly expresses its own ideas, gives form to its own moral and mental nature. That is

always the secret of success, — the one thing in common between popularly successful mediocrities and popularly successful great men.

Such is the conclusion that has been reached by the editors of our most popular periodicals; the working theory by following which they have attained success. Such, again, is the conclusion that those writers who would be popular have arrived at after studying the works of writers who are popular. They have ever discovered the painful if flattering fact that they are not as common men are, and that therefore they cannot effectually appeal to the public taste. If lack of likeness and consequent lack of sympathy are indeed the secret of scant sales, then the average man should be the most popular writer. An eccentric friend of mine wholly accepts this doleful doctrine. Whatever is widely liked must, he says, appeal to the general public, which is a vulgar body with crude tastes, and, generally speaking, anything which satisfies it is bad. He therefore carefully avoids all greatly popular books, — and it must be confessed he escapes in this way the reading of an intolerable deal of writing which, charitably speaking, is not choice. He admits, however, that he misses some excellent authors, and the admission implies that the public does occasionally enjoy good literary work. He explains this by saying that the good book is liked for other than literary reasons. If it is conceivable that the master of a superb literary style should have, for instance, the mental and moral equipment of the late E. P. Roe, my friend avers that the crowd would read him in spite of his style. Mr. Henry James finds it easy to be artistic, The Duchess found it easy to be popular; Mr. Kipling finds it easy to be both. In other words, the great writer is one who to generous artistic and intellectual gifts adds the further good fortune of being the type of a multitude. In the field of politics, the same theory will explain the common success

among us of mediocrities, the very great success of some really great men like Lincoln. The same theory explains the vogue of Mark Twain.

If one were to summon his vague recollections of the figure set forth as that of the typical American by such various authorities as the playwright, the caricaturist, the story-teller, and the novelist, there would gradually emerge from the haze a certain quite definite figure of a man. Let us recall, quite at random, a few memories. There is the shrewd, humorous, resourceful, ill-bred Senator as played by Mr. Crane. There is Uncle Sam as he is shown us in the comic press. There is the American in Mr. Kipling's ballad of the Imperial Rescript, whose ideal is a house of his own,

"With gas and water connections, and steam-heat through to the top."

There is the ready and scheming Fulkerson in Mr. Howells's *Hazard of New Fortunes*, who thinks of literature as a hardware dealer thinks of nails. There is his counterpart, Pinkerton, in Stevenson's romance, *The Wrecker*. There is the uncouth Lincoln as he appears in Mr. Herndon's *Life*. These figures which chance to come to mind blend easily — do they not? — into a sort of composite personality, a shrewd, ready, practical, irreverent, humorous, uncultivated man, who is apt to jeer at art and the civilization of Europe, but for whom you have, nevertheless, a large affection and a high respect, partly because he has, to a striking degree, such excellent qualities as essential seriousness of character, self-reliance, courage, kindness, honesty and simplicity of heart, the domestic virtues; and still more, perhaps, because you are a good American yourself, and know him to be the man you would like to be were good manners and cultivation added to him. This is, after all, the type among the many that we recognize as American which is most generally found throughout the United States. It is a type with which, indeed, the American

people are a little too well satisfied. Our public is too apt to be to his virtues very kind, and very blind to his faults, — a course of conduct admirable to adopt toward your friend, but not toward yourself if you aim to improve. And is it not this type which Mark Twain is continually drawing? Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn are certainly the typical American in little. Is not the view of Europe expressed in *Innocents Abroad* that of the same humorous, irreverent, uncultivated man? The Connecticut Yankee who went to King Arthur's court would undoubtedly have preferred to any castle in England that house in America

"With gas and water connections, and steam-heat through to the top."

Pudd'nhead Wilson and the pilots in *Life on the Mississippi* conform perfectly to the type. They are all Americans, — raw, if you will, but real, native, typical. Essentially they and the others are one and the same man always. Now, let the reader recall that Mark Twain's work is almost wholly autobiographic, and he will at once perceive the obvious corollary: this man, this typical American, is Mark Twain himself.

His life has been typically American. There is something delightfully national in that "two-story brick with a large tree

in front" in which it had its beginnings. To attain fame and fortune is supposed to be the "special privilege of the poor, self-educated American boy. American versatility, which has been our doubtful boast, is strikingly exemplified in this man's variety of occupation, — printer, pilot, private secretary, miner, reporter, lecturer, inventor (that is especially American!), author, publisher. It all recalls the biographies — not likely, one may guess, to be written in the future as they have been in the past — of the From the Towpath to the White House sort. It is American through and through. Having lived this life, how could Mark Twain fail to go straight to the hearts of his countrymen, attracting them to himself at first through their sense of humor, holding them afterwards through their sense of kinship? If a man can thoroughly express the individuality of a nation, he may fairly be called great. We may lament the artist lost, but we may rejoice in the man. He has drawn the national type, interpreted the national character. For that service we may be grateful. And he has taught unobtrusively, but none the less powerfully, the virtues of common sense and honest manliness. If it comes to a choice, these are better than refinement.

Charles Miner Thompson.

THE NOMINATING SYSTEM.

It would hardly be possible to write a better description of the actual machinery of our nominating system than Mr. James Bryce's in his *American Commonwealth*. In what I am about to say of it, therefore, I shall take for granted that the reader is familiar with it, or has abundant means of making himself acquainted with its working. Every American has either practical or theoretical knowledge of the process by which

we select men for office. There are probably few Americans who have not either participated in it, or been exhorted to do so by writers on political morality. In fact, presence at the primary meetings, under the general name of "attending to his political duties," has been much preached as the chief political duty of the busy man who does not otherwise take an active part in politics. It used to be held more strongly than it is now that

if a man had taken part in a primary, he might always with a good conscience vote for the candidate whom the primary and its resulting conventions presented to him. The primary has gradually assumed in our system the air of a scheme or device on which the republic rests. Of course it has differed in its character and composition in different parts of the country, but under whatever name, for at least half a century it has been treated by most political philosophers, as well as by practical politicians, as the fundamental fact of our politics, indifference to which on the part of the intelligent is the cause of nearly all our woes. For some years, in many of the discussions which abuses have excited, writers have been apt to ascribe, especially in the cities, the particular trouble under consideration to the refusal of respectable citizens to take part in the primaries. This refusal has even been more dwelt on than the abstention at elections, which this class have practiced on a large scale. Yet the primary meeting, as the source of the nominating convention, is a novelty in democracy. It is, strictly speaking, simply part of a new system of selecting candidates for office, as such is evidently an experiment, and is not necessarily a part of the democratic scheme of government. It is of the essence of the democratic system that the majority shall decide who shall hold and administer the various administrative and legislative offices, but the mode of choosing candidates for these offices is a matter which democracy leaves completely open. Nomination is the offer to the people of the services of certain persons. But the democratic principle does not define the manner in which these persons shall be picked out.

Accordingly, almost every kind of nomination for office has prevailed in democratic countries. The earliest and most natural is the one which has for the most part been in use in small democracies, — the selection for places of

dignity or responsibility of persons eminent in the eyes of their fellow citizens for what is called "social station;" that is, generally acknowledged superiority of some kind, in private life. This is the plan to which nearly all communities resort in their more primitive and simpler stage. They single out men who have in some satisfactory manner raised themselves above their fellows, and have become what is called "distinguished." These are supposed to have a kind of moral right to offices which impose responsibility. In this stage, and in this stage only, is it true that the office, as the saying is, seeks the man, not the man the office. The agreement of his fellow citizens that he is the person the place or the work demands is a kind of recognition which the great man waits for, as most agreeable to him. This system prevailed in the beginning in all the small democracies of Greece and of Switzerland. And we have a suggestion as to the manner of nominations in New England in the early days in the account by Gordon, the historian, of the life of Samuel Adams, the New England agitator, where he says that in 1724 Adams's father "and about twenty others, one or two from the north end of the town where all ship business was carried on, used to meet, make a caucus, and lay their plans for introducing certain persons to places of trust and power."

In the next stage the candidate does not wait for this recognition; he offers himself for the place or honor. Both recognition and honor are desired, and he therefore nominates himself; that is, he calls public attention to his own fitness, and sets forth with what fidelity and efficiency he would perform the duties which the office might devolve on him. In a small democracy, this, as a rule, is all that is necessary. Having heard what the rival candidates, if there are rivals, have to say for themselves, the voters make their choice. The elec-

tion comes quickly, if not immediately, after the nomination. People are supposed to be able to form a prompt judgment on the matter in hand. There may be intrigues in the candidate's behalf, but what we call the "canvass," or long process of persuasion, is not necessary and does not exist.

As the number of voters grows larger, the candidate is not left wholly to his own merits, or exertions, or reputation. A committee is appointed to look after his interests, and a canvass begins, for which the committee make arrangements. The members go themselves among the electors, or employ others to do so, to make sure, first, that the electors will vote for somebody, and then that this somebody is their own man. The nature of the arguments employed in his favor has probably never varied since the practice of electing candidates began. They are the arguments by which the voter is most likely to be influenced, no matter of what kind. It was through the canvass that the great and powerful first learned to conciliate the poor and lowly, and from the earliest times the various modes employed to cajole them have been a favorite subject of satirists. The first large democracy with which we have any acquaintance was that of England in the eighteenth century. Elections had been held before that time and the democratic spirit had prevailed in them, but it was only in the eighteenth century that they became really an important instrument of government, and the wealthy began to think it worth their while to use their money to influence the result. The contests were generally between landed proprietors and their connections, and the intrusion of a man like Burke into politics, on the ground of mere eloquence or ability, was a rare incident. Very soon elections began to determine the fate of ministries and influence the complexion of the House of Commons. Persuasion by argument was largely abandoned for bribery, and the

use of the mob of non-electors for purposes of violence and intimidation became common. It was only in great cities, like London and Bristol, that men like Burke and Wilkes were able to displace the men of property or high connections, and we have in Burke's address to the electors of Bristol probably the first specimen of a real argumentation from a candidate to the voters of a large constituency, without appeals to some sort of prejudice.

In America, the old method of the candidacy of local magnates, selected for the purpose by other men like themselves, their neighbors and friends, seems to have prevailed long after the settlement of the country. The practice of the English counties was preserved; that is, the selection by some people of influence — sometimes in New England the clergy — of a good person to send to the legislature or to fill any other elective office. In all the colonies, and for some years in all the States, offices were reserved naturally for men of local mark generally created by property and social position. In all small communities, it is property which gives most distinction. In fact, from the fall of the Roman Empire almost to our time, the world was governed by property, and property was mainly land, and was associated in the popular mind, to a degree which we now find it difficult to understand, with political power and prominence. A landless man was held to have no "stake in the country," and therefore to have no right to manage public affairs. "Broad acres" became a synonym for wealth, and a natural title to political authority and confidence. This idea prevailed in the settlement of America, and found expression in large grants of land in several of the colonies. Probably nothing did as much to democratize America as the abundance of land and the ease of its acquisition. People began to perceive that a large landowner was not necessarily a great man, and the idea of government by

landholders, which had held possession of the world for a thousand years, was killed by the perception. Of course this dispossession of the landholder was aided by the growth of personal property, through the progress of trade, commerce, and invention. The freeholder has never stood as high in politics as he did during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Thereafter realty had to contend with personality for influence in government.

America thus came out of the Revolution with the old and, one may say, human plan of treating some kind of previous social distinction, already known to the voters, as giving a title to nomination for office. The neighbors met and talked over the proper persons to fill certain places, and the ministers and persons in office gave advice. This is, as I have said, the human plan, which has always had recognition in business. Commercial agents and persons charged with trusts were always chosen in this way. Personal knowledge of the man by those holding the power of appointment was considered necessary. It seemed difficult, in small communities, to think of any other way. That a man was fit for office who was not already raised above his fellows, either by character or by the possession of property, was an unfamiliar idea. Nearly all the Revolutionary leaders were men of this kind. The signers of the Declaration of Independence and the drafters of the Constitution were all local notables. They were marked out for their work by some sort of prominence in their own homes. For nearly fifty years after the new government had been set up, nominees were known to everybody. Even nominees for the presidency were suggested by Congress, as state officers were in like manner suggested by the legislatures, the members of which were generally the men most prominent in their own localities. Why legislators had this weight and were allowed to assume this func-

tion may be conjectured from the size of the vote. In 1792 the vote for the governor of New York was only about 16,000, but by 1824 it had risen to 83,000. The growth of population diminished the number of well-known men, and the congressional caucus, which was simply a private meeting for the purpose of talking over common affairs, took on itself, not unnaturally, the duty of suggesting to the constituencies the names of candidates for the presidency. This practice appears to have begun as early as 1796, and by 1800 it had become so overbearing that the presidential electors provided for by the Constitution virtually ceased to have power or authority.

But the constituencies rapidly grew restless under congressional dictation. In 1808, a summons issued by Senator Bradley, of Vermont, "in pursuance of the power vested in him as president of the late convention of the Republican members of both Houses of Congress," was violently resented by Mr. Gray, a Virginia member, who "took the earliest opportunity to declare his abhorrence of the usurpation of power declared to be vested in him (Bradley), of his mandatory style and the object contemplated," and claimed for "the people" the right of "selecting persons to fill the important offices." In 1800, when a few members met and pledged themselves to use their influence in support of Jefferson, they were denounced as a "Jacobinical conclave,"¹ an expression for which the publisher was brought to the bar of the Senate. The congressional caucus, however, continued for twenty years to do the work of nomination, though with increasing hesitation and timidity, and amidst growing discontent with its action. The Clintonian platform in New York in 1812 declared "its opposition to nomination of chief magistrates by congressional caucus, as well because such practices are the exer-

¹ Niles's Register, December, 1823.

cise of undelegated authority, as of their repugnance to the freedom of elections." The caucus tried to defend itself by proclaiming that its members met only in their individual capacity, and that its nominations were simply suggestions. The attendance on it, also, by individual members of the party, was fitful. Meetings seldom contained more than two thirds of those who might have been present.

The first suggestion of a nominating convention seems to have come from the *New York American*, which in 1822 proposed a general convention of Republican delegates to assemble in Washington a few months before election day, and nominate a candidate for the presidency. "Coming immediately from their constituents," it said, "they would bring with them the sense of the people, and they would express that sense without being influenced by motives that might sway the representatives in Congress, who during the sessions at the seat of government may be supposed, without derogation to their purity, to have formed personal attachments and party combinations which would render them less fit for the important duty." It will thus be seen that the convention was expected to be a body which, like the constitutional conventions and the Hartford convention, would meet to discuss, without foregone conclusions or pledges. After this, nomination by the congressional caucuses passed out of use. As late as 1823-24 the friends of Mr. Crawford, of Georgia, tried to call a congressional caucus for his nomination; but very few members attended, and the project failed. Nomination by the state legislatures then began, as a recommendation or mark of local commendation, in cases where there was not a general agreement on a particular man, owing to his eminence in the party. The use of the nominating convention is ascribed by Alexander Johnston to the fact that "the new politicians, whom the rising

democratic spirit and the extension of the suffrage were together bringing to the front, were determined to try the issue with the old party leaders in a new form."¹ In short, the voters wished to have a share in the work of choosing the candidates whom they were to elect. Social knowledge of these had ceased. It was no longer possible to presume on it. The United States had entered on a new era in its politics.

The establishment and growth of the nominating convention, in truth, constitute the capital fact of modern democracy in America. Of no other political phenomenon has the influence on the government and on the character of public men been so powerful. It is effecting a change in our political manners of which there is no parallel. But there is nothing in American history, of the progress and consequences of which there appears to have been so little prescience. There is no mention or allusion, either in *Tocqueville* or in any of our early writers, to its probable or possible effect. One finds no allusion to it in any of the commentators on the Constitution, early or late. The fact seems to be that its tendencies were hidden from the country during the reign of men of influence in our politics, such as Clay and Webster and Calhoun, by their own overwhelming importance, and subsequently by the absorbing political interest developed among all classes by the anti-slavery contest. This interest, it may be said, forced foregone conclusions on the conventions. Their work was done before they met, by public sentiment. They simply registered decrees already issued. It is since the war that the real working of the convention has been made manifest, and the vastness and complication of the machinery necessary for its production have become fully understood.

It was made necessary in the beginning, as I have said, by the size of the

¹ *Cyclopædia of Political Science*: article, Nominating Conventions.

population. We were making the first attempt in the history of the world to govern a very large population by universal suffrage, and the previous modes of nominating candidates for office either by personal knowledge or by the recommendation of notables had broken down. The people had grown too numerous to have personal knowledge of candidates, and they were too democratic to accept the recommendation of any one claiming superior powers of discrimination. A system of nomination in which every one could take some part seemed to have been made necessary by the circumstances of the country, and the elected convention seemed the fairest and easiest. Indeed, it was hard then, as it is now, to conceive of any other.

Another fact speedily appeared, and that was that universal suffrage was made more difficult, as a political agency, through the mere growth of society. When it was first established, the electors were a small body who were animated by great eagerness to vote. In nearly all discussions about the suffrage, in the early part of the century, it was taken for granted that a great number of electors would feel the same eagerness to exercise it, as a few. The strong desire of the excluded masses to make their will known in this way was the fundamental assumption of what was called radical politics. It does not appear to have entered any one's head that there would ever be difficulty in getting the bulk of the electors to come to the polls. There were many fears about the bad influence of their vote on the government, but there were no fears that they would not immediately and fully exercise the privilege conferred on them. In like manner, the canvass, as we call it, or the work of persuading them to vote in a particular way, did not seem likely to be arduous. Their number not being great, it was supposed they could be easily reached by influential speakers whose opinions had weight. There was no trouble, for

instance, in getting at the 16,000 of the State of New York in 1792 except the trouble of traveling, which really gave electioneering a gravity in those days of which we now know nothing. A man who comes by an express train to talk to us cannot seem as serious an apostle as the man who comes by stage or on horseback. His place, in our day, is only inadequately filled by the swarm of young orators whom each party lets loose at the opening of a political campaign, who are rarely known to the body of the electors, and are listened to with the lukewarm attention which is all that a man who has not already made his mark can claim.

As the number of electors increased, too, the mere machinery of elections became more complicated. The early practice of *viva voce* voting, which was simple and natural in the days when each man either was entitled to vote as he pleased or owed his vote to somebody else, threw a large part of the trouble on the voter. But the ballot, which was well known in the ancient world, and was adopted by most of the American colonies, as numbers grew, threw greatly enlarged responsibility on governments. The provision of ballots and their distribution, and the enactment of precautions against fraud, which is much easier with ballots than in *viva voce* voting, made elections more complicated than they were in earlier days.

All this helped to increase the importance of the nominating convention. The work of finding candidates to please this growing multitude, and of making it seem worth their while to participate in the contest, became more and more heavy. One result of this work was to raise the value of party in the popular estimation. It was soon discovered that party spirit was a great assistance in managing large bodies of voters. For one thing, it greatly diminished the active work of canvassing. It was found, as voters increased in number, that the work of per-

suading or influencing was much lightened by party fidelity. To have a party, and be accustomed to act with it, helps the great body of voters in modern times in making up their minds what to do at elections, and in fact what to do in any matter of common concern with others. It is only the few who have firm opinions about anything but their own affairs. About public affairs the majority need the strengthening influence of agreement with others, — a fact of human nature in which, probably, party takes its rise. There is a certain feeling of pride and of strength and importance in belonging to an organized body of any sort, whether a regiment, a club, or a union, as we see in the multitude of associations which spring up in a free country, and which the mass of men love to join. As soon as you have secured a man's devotion to his party, either through respect for its principles, or through pride in its action on some great occasion, or through admiration of its leaders, or through liking for that portion of it with which he comes in contact, the task of getting him to support its platform or candidates is greatly lightened. Indeed, argument ceases to be necessary. A presumption that the party is always right, even when it seems to him, at the first blush, wrong, arises in his mind. He becomes what is known as "a lifelong Democrat" or "a lifelong Republican;" that is, a Democrat or a Republican who does not need to be convinced at every election, but who, having been satisfied early in life that his party was the best party, remains convinced, no matter how the platform may at first run counter to his beliefs, or how much he may disapprove of the candidates. In this way, large numbers of persons who have not time or head for politics remain always confirmed and unshakable conservatives or radicals.

This is interesting as throwing some light on the nature and origin of what is called "loyalty," — a feeling of attach-

ment to a ruler in virtue of his office that was unknown to the ancient world, but has played a prominent part in the politics of the mediæval and modern world. Loyalty does not really depend upon the character of a ruler, but upon his filling a certain office through hereditary title. The prince still remains entitled to as much devotion as the follower is capable of, no matter what the royal conduct may be. To meet the chance of his behaving badly the fiction of bad advisers was invented, and grew into the ministerial responsibility of limited monarchies. The king can do no wrong except through the suggestions of bad men, whose removal from his councils restores the power of his natural inclination to do right. The transfer of this feeling of loyalty to party has been accomplished within the present century in the American democracy. There is no doubt that in the early days of the government what is called "party spirit" ran high, but it consisted mainly in abhorrence or detestation of the principles of the other party, rather than in devotion to or admiration of one's own. That the party had not become the power it now is we see from the ease and swiftness with which both the Federalist and Whig parties disappeared under the influence of mistakes or adversity. The history of both Whigs and Democrats at a later period, however, shows that the feeling of party devotion was rapidly growing. Down to the outbreak of the war, the number of those who were hereditary Whigs or hereditary Democrats — that is, Whigs or Democrats because their fathers were, just like the old Jacobites in England or the Legitimists in France — was large. Men told you how they were brought up to admire Jackson or admire Clay, and were therefore under a sort of romantic obligation to vote the Democratic ticket or the Whig ticket, and to approve of measures fathered by either of the parties. After the war, the Republican party, which had really taken the place of the Whig party, came out of

the conflict with claims on popular confidence and gratitude for which there is no parallel in political history except those of the English Whigs after the Revolution of 1688. It had saved from an immense disaster a great number of things which the nation valued, and there followed from this a strong presumption of its wisdom and virtue. It consequently retains the devotion of a large body of the nation in spite of errors or mishaps; but so does the Democratic party; men vote both tickets in large bodies, without reference to measures or men, under the influence of simple party loyalty. Even in the government of cities, when affairs in no way connected with national politics are under discussion, it is found very difficult to get them considered from any but the federal party point of view. Men vote as Democrats or as Republicans about the police or the gas or the mayor, and can give no reason except that this is what they have always done.

Now, this party loyalty, this confidence that one's own party is the best party to have power, is the basis of the present mode of management, and the origin of what is called "the machine." It is the confidence of the managers that they may rely on loyalty to the party to secure votes, however weak may be their title, which makes the machine possible. The machine consists of one or a dozen men in each county or district, charged with the duty of seeing that party loyalty is kept alive under all circumstances, of seeing that all persons entitled to vote do vote in a certain way, and of protecting them against the influence of hostile arguments, or it may be of giving them a taste of these advantages of loyalty at once, by promises of employment, or of advertising, or of cash, or of custom, or of patronage. The machine, therefore, is constantly working against and discrediting discussion, either of men or of measures. Loyalty does not discuss; it acts, and it has a certain contempt for the balancing of arguments. Given party

loyalty and the nominating convention, and the creation of the machine becomes easy.

But in creating the machine a beginning is made with the primary. The hypothesis that one's own party is always the best party rests on another hypothesis: that in every district the primary is attended by all those who have a right to attend it, and that they take part in its proceedings. The falsehood of this assumption is notorious. A fair sample of what may or does happen in the cities was afforded by an examination made by twenty-five leading Republicans into the conduct of the Republican primaries in New York in 1895. It was thereby shown that frauds in the proceedings were practiced on a very great scale; that large numbers of persons voted at the primaries who had no right to do so; and that an enrollment secured in this way was, the investigators said, unworthy of "serious attention." That this happens continuously in the great cities there is no reason to doubt. But exposures of this kind are made only occasionally, because exposures come from internal dissensions, the quarrels of two factions within the party. These differences rarely arise about measures. They are generally caused by disputes about offices. As long as there is no disagreement on this point, little is revealed about the constitution or procedure of the primaries in the cities. In the case here cited, although the frauds were brought to light after an elaborate investigation, nothing was ever done to punish them or prevent their having effect. The delegates thus elected took part in the presidential nomination almost without remonstrance.

But the attendance of persons who have no right to vote at primaries is not more remarkable or frequent than the non-attendance of those who have the right. In the cities the proportion of the actual vote cast to the total enrollment is rarely over one third. In the

country the same thing happens. From inquiries I have made of competent authorities, it would appear that even in New England the attendance of the voters at the party primaries is very small. A competent observer writes from New Hampshire:—

“I would say that, in my judgment, the attendance upon the primaries at our biennial elections in — averages from one third to one half of the voters. In the country towns, where the vote has been close in recent years, I think the same proportion might prevail; but in towns where the majority is strong, one way or the other, I do not believe that over ten per cent of the voters attend; and in the cities, while the proportion is quite large, the greater portion of those who do attend are the ‘heelers’ and rabble that are dragged in and driven in and bought in, in order to secure nominations for candidates. I think very few of the substantial, intelligent, well-to-do citizens attend the caucuses in the city. A better class attend those in the towns;” that is, in the country.

Another, a leading editor in Vermont, writes that he thinks the Republican caucuses are attended by “numbers sufficiently large to make them adequately representative of party judgment, in the farming communities as well as in the large towns and cities.” But he acknowledges that there is a machine, and that it has often to be fought, and that it is more frequently defeated than triumphant. In spite of an overthrow in 1889, he says: “It got itself patched up again for the election of 1896, was beaten at the primaries after a red-hot canvass, but, grown more unscrupulous and desperate by its previous defeats, its candidate found in a convention that was perilously near an even division his opportunity — and I believe that he improved it, and that, for the first time in my knowledge of Vermont politics, money, used as corruptly as Tammany is said to use it to accomplish its purposes, decided

the issue of the convention; and scores of others believe as I do.”

Concerning Massachusetts, a careful observer writes me:—

“In lack of any definite information regarding the attendance at the caucuses in Massachusetts towns, the nearest matter to the point is what I remember of a debate in the House of Representatives in 1895 upon the caucus bill, one of whose provisions was that the caucus should be open for at least thirty minutes. It was then represented, and not denied, in behalf of the towns, that there was no need of such a provision for them, that the attendance was usually small, and that the business was transacted by voice vote in a few minutes. Anything which I can recall of my own observation is to the same effect, and there is no doubt that the statements represented the general truth, whatever exceptions may arise occasionally.”

From Pennsylvania, I hear from a very good authority the following:—

“Replying to your letter, I can say, from interviews with prominent politicians here and from the country districts, that the proportion of voters in the country districts who attend the primary elections is about fifty per cent of the total vote of the majority party, and less than ten per cent of the minority party. In many districts where there is no contest the primary election is scarcely more than a formality, and in some districts only a corporal’s guard of voters turn out. I think fifty per cent would be a fair average where there is interest in the result.”

It is hardly necessary to say that the result would not differ materially in other parts of the country. What one hears even from the States possessing the best reputation for pure politics is that there is a machine; that it is constantly and tirelessly at work; that a large part of the energy of good citizens is expended in opposing it or preventing its having its way at elections; and that this energy

is generally displayed spasmodically, and only when the machine becomes too confident of its own power and attempts something unusually objectionable. A Maine newspaper of good standing, the *Lewiston Journal*, sums up the whole matter as follows:—

“Until the caucus is reformed thousands of the more intelligent voters will stay away from the primaries; for, having gone to them repeatedly to find them under the control of a mob, or under the manipulation of those who have no regard for an honest reflection of party judgment, voters get disgusted with the entire caucus system and stay away from the caucus altogether, occasionally rebuking it by cutting and slashing the ticket at the polls. We have had samples of these mob caucuses in more than one Maine city; and even in cities where there is a more orderly caucus, the system of balloting pell-mell, without registration, gives great opportunity for fraud by giving the ballot to men who never voted at all, or who rarely vote except for immediate revenue. Now that we have the Australian ballot in the general election, the demand for the reform of the caucus is more than ever imperative.”

I have selected most of these examples from New England, because it is the part of the country in which American political customs have arisen, and in which the most serious view has always been taken of politics. New York and Pennsylvania may be said to represent more distinctly than any other part of the country what America is to be hereafter in the matter of wealth and population, and complexity of interests, and the growth of great cities. The cities are everywhere gaining on the country in number of inhabitants; that is, the population is becoming more and more urban, and we may therefore conclude that the smaller towns, as they grow, will become more and more assimilated in political manners and customs to New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, and

will exercise a controlling influence on the government. To check this prospective preponderance, the recently amended Constitution of New York contains a provision that what is to be the Greater New York shall never contribute more than half the members of the Senate. So that the difficulty of securing the attendance of voters at the primaries, in so far as it is affected by numbers, is likely to increase rather than diminish, and the importance of party loyalty to the managers of parties is likely to grow, providing the present system of nomination continues.

This failure on the part of the bulk of the voters to attend the primaries for the purpose of participating in the choice of candidates appears to be due to causes not foreseen by the earlier Democrats. One is the decreased interest in politics caused by increased individual activity and complexity of private affairs. The contrast between the world at the beginning of this century and the world in our day consists not less in increase of population than in increase in the number of occupations, in facilities for making money, and in ease of moving from place to place. It is simply impossible, considering the limits of human powers, for a man living in 1897 to feel the same interest in the working of the machinery of his political party as the man living in 1817. The demands of other things on his attention are infinitely greater; so are his opportunities of improving his condition; so is the area over which he may extend his activity. The whole world, one may say, is his field. Literature, science, art, invention, philanthropy, make drafts on his attention of which his great-grandfather never dreamed. A good illustration of this change in the world's outlook may be found in *Pepys's Diary*. When Pepys, living in the latter part of the seventeenth century, met friends, they were apt to adjourn to a tavern and sing songs together or to one another. This meant

scarcity of topics of conversation. Their world was a very small one, in which few things occurred worth talking about. At that time, attendance on political primaries would have been a distraction as well as a duty, and the merits of candidates would have been discussed with keen zest. In our day, song-singing to one another, among men, would be looked on as an extremely silly and uninteresting practice. To the agricultural communities which composed the civilized world at the beginning of this century it would not have seemed so. In brief, private affairs have assumed, in these later days, an importance as compared to public affairs which our forefathers never could have anticipated. This state of things is causing everywhere a demand for government without trouble, or with very little trouble. The demand for good and enlightened government is as great as ever, but the desire for simple government, which can be carried on without drawing largely on the time and attention of the private citizen, is greater than ever. Government was never so much considered as a means to an end, and not as an end in itself, as it is to-day, — a mode of looking at it which goes far to explain the success of “the man on horseback,” or dictator, in troubled communities.

From the time of the Reformation until about 1830, men were mainly occupied upon political freedom; the great concern of our day is domestic comfort, what is called success in life, or, in other words, pecuniary independence. We are mainly interested in this. We are eager that all should enjoy it, even the poor. Our questions are social questions. Political liberty has passed into the category of natural and usual things, like railroad traveling. We are now troubled about lodgings, diet, reading-rooms, old age, pensions, and the “living wage.” Consequently, there has for a long while been a decreasing interest in politics, except on great occasions, on the part of the busy,

active, intelligent portion of the community. This tendency has been strengthened in our country by the slow or imperfect action of the vote on the conduct of public affairs. It is not exciting to vote in November for a congressman who will have no influence on legislation or administration for over a year. This is the arrangement of an older world, and one very different from ours. This is also true of the election of legislators or executive officers. One election is as much as the bulk of citizens in the great centres of industry and population are willing to give time to. The number of abstentions from the polls among the intelligent classes in cities is very great. But the mere selection of candidates under our present system involves two elections, a double demand on time and attention. Experience has shown that the average citizen will not answer this demand. The effect of his vote on a result which is not final is too uncertain to interest him. He dismisses from his mind the whole process of selection, and falls back upon loyalty to his party as a sufficient guide in ordinary times. It is only at periods of great excitement or great party excess, such as 1860 or 1884, that he troubles himself about, or rises in revolt against, the choice of candidates.

The result of this is that the work of choosing party candidates through the nominating machinery has fallen, as it were naturally, into the hands of an idle class, which either loves political intrigue or does not look further in politics than salaried offices, and a large portion of which consists of men who either have failed in life or have never had any regular occupation. In their hands the work of nomination has been reduced to a sort of game, of considerable complication, beginning with the holding of primaries, either fraudulent or very thinly attended, and conducted solely with the view of turning out a result secretly determined beforehand, either by a small knot of persons termed

"the machine," or by a single person known as "the boss," who directs the whole operation. The object of the primaries is no longer to express the will of the party, but to secure for certain designated persons the support of party loyalty. The process is based on the confidence of those who conduct it that, whatever the result may be, the voters will accept it, for the sake of the party. The consequence is that the objections made originally to nomination by Congress or by the legislatures — that the nominators are self-constituted, and that the bulk of the party is not consulted — are fully applicable to the present mode of nomination. We have come back, under much more unfavorable conditions, to the earlier system, with more than all its faults.

It is a dangerous thing to attempt to describe causes in politics; that is, to say exactly to what particular cause any political phenomenon is due. In truth, it may be said that nothing in politics has only one cause. Everything is due to a composition or combination of causes. The utmost we can aver is that, of the several agencies which bring a thing about, one has been unusually powerful. What we call the machine, for instance, has undoubtedly affected public life and political manners unfavorably; but then the machine could hardly have grown to its present proportions without public apathy; and public apathy, in turn, is due partly to the machine, and partly to the size of the masses which have to be handled and must be persuaded before any direct effort can be produced. So we find ourselves almost in a vicious circle in accounting for any of the leading features of our democracy. Government is, undoubtedly, the product of the national character, but, on the other hand, it does much to mould the national character. The machine has assumed functions which have to be discharged by somebody, but in discharging them it produces indiffer-

ence or dislike of the work among the rest of the community. The machine does not persuade. It acts, it arranges, it provides candidates and platforms, but it rather discourages persuasion. It does not support its candidates by arguments, but by appeals to party loyalty. The voter is asked to support this or that candidate, not on account of his principles or character, but because he is the party candidate. But there is nothing in a democracy so important as persuasion. That this work should be well done, and done continuously, is one of the conditions of healthy national life. Indeed, it may be called the heart of democracy, which sends the blood through all the national arteries. As soon as it ceases, circulation becomes languid or intermittent, the political institutions of a country become anæmic, and a dictator, or single ruler of some sort, appears in the distance.

The machine undertakes the work of providing the voter with candidates and getting him to come to the polls, but it does not undertake the previous process of keeping him informed about the rights and wrongs of public questions. It undertakes, if I may say so, to keep party spirit, but not public spirit, alive. It does not attempt any regular work of public instruction. In fact, it discourages discussion, and presents for leadership men clever in management rather than men clever in oratory, men skillful in a certain kind of intrigue for the party benefit rather than men skillful in propagating ideas of any kind. To this change in the type of the public men I venture to ascribe the frequency of what are called "crazes," of late years; that is, the sudden seizure of the popular mind by enthusiasm for some extravagant idea, or some scheme opposed to human experience and unwarranted by human knowledge. This disappears after a while before what is called "a campaign of education." A campaign of education, such as we have

had to carry on against the greenback movement of 1875, or the excessive tariff of 1890, or the silver craze of 1896, is in reality an attempt to do in a few months, under stress of some pressing danger, the work of persuasion or instruction which should be constantly going on. This constant persuasion or instruction must be a condition of all safe and successful democracy, and to be carried on fruitfully should be carried on by public men. In the English democracy, one of the most wholesome signs of the times is the incessant appearance, both before and during the meeting of Parliament, of public men on the stump. In fact, addressing his constituents on all the leading questions of the day, home and foreign, is as much a part of an English leading politician's functions as sitting in his place in the legislature during the session. It is part, and a most important part, of popular education. The discontinuance of this practice among us is one of the bad signs of our times. There are but few of our public men who ever address an audience except during some exciting canvass, and they then deal mainly in generalities, such as praise of their own party or denunciations of the other. Thorough discussion of distinct measures or events from all points of view, such as the discussions of the currency question which took place during the campaign of education in 1896, is very rare, almost unknown.

It may be said that this work is done by our press, but nothing could be further from the truth. There are but few newspapers which are conducted by men equipped for such work, and there are but few editors, however well equipped, who undertake it; nor does the public expect it of them. The ephemeral and superficial character of the newspaper is so deeply impressed on the popular American mind that the editor who attempts anything of the kind may almost be said to face a hostile or an indifferent

audience. Even if the newspapers do it, they cannot do it with the authority of a speaker actively engaged in the work of legislation. The work of newspapers is really most effective when it consists in enforcing or spreading the views of distinguished public men, — always supposing that such men have the weight and authority they ought to have. The virtual disappearance of these men from our political arena is comparatively recent. If I said that it commenced with the appearance and growth of the machine, I should not be far wrong. There are plenty of men living who in earlier days did not make up their minds about any public question without hearing from Webster, or Clay, or Calhoun, or Silas Wright, or Marcy, or Seward; and they never had to wait very long. These leaders spoke on the question, either in Congress or on the platform, with a distinctness, reasonableness, and thoughtfulness which make the collected speeches of such men as Calhoun and Webster, even to-day, very valuable fountains of information and suggestion. I myself can remember the time when the opinion of his party in New York was not fully formed until William H. Seward had said his say; when the business of the newspapers was mainly to comment upon and enforce his views; and when the nearest approach we had to a boss was a devoted follower of an eminent public man, steadily engaged in spreading his fame and pushing his political fortunes.

Now, what is the reason of this change, of the disappearance of this class of men from public life, and of the comparative silence of those we have left? In answering this question I bear in mind the caution I have already expressed against giving only one cause for political effects; but I can myself make no analysis of American political manners which does not prove that the control of all entrance to public life by the boss and the machine is the chief reason why we are cut off from political

instruction by people actually engaged in the work of government. There is no term of politics more frequently used than the term "responsibility," but the popular notion of its meaning is very vague. Men in office live under two kinds of responsibility. One is the theoretical responsibility, under all political constitutions, of officials to the people who elect them and pay them. But the other, and the one far more strongly felt, is responsibility to those from whom they get the permission to contend for the prizes of public life. These, and not the people, are their real masters. It is they who permit them to enter on the public stage; it is they who can dismiss them or close their political career. The one is a vague, theoretical, or literary responsibility; the other is real, practical, and constantly present to every officeholder's mind. The boss and the machine hold the keys to all our leading offices. It is they who say whether a man shall even be allowed to compete for public favor. It is they who decide whether a second term in office shall be accorded to him, whether his career in public life shall be closed or continued. This question, as he knows well, is determined by considerations which have little to do with the real value of his public services. It is determined by secret rules of distribution in the matter of offices, of which every boss has a code. Whether the man shall have a nomination depends largely, not on his exposition of political doctrine or on his advocacy of certain measures, but on his services as an instrumentality for the division of patronage; for it is with patronage simply, and but rarely with measures of policy, that the boss occupies himself. It is he who decides what kind of office one who wishes to enter public life shall hold; whether he shall be a state legislator or congressman, a superintendent of insurance or the governor of a State. I have a case in mind where a man of some ability was ordered

by the boss to resign his seat in Congress in order to become a city treasurer, and the order was immediately obeyed. It is to the boss that such a man has to render an account of his official career. It is the boss whom he has to please by his votes and speeches. It is the boss whose dissatisfaction may ruin him.

This power of the boss, too, is rendered all the more effective by our custom of insisting upon the candidate's residence in the particular district or locality which he seeks to represent. In France and England all constituencies can choose their representatives among all the politicians in the kingdom, no matter where they live. It is thus nearly impossible for the dissatisfaction of one constituency to exclude a man from political life. If he offends or fails to satisfy one, he can, if a man of distinction, almost certainly find another. If he quarrels with one local boss or caucus, some other is generally glad to take him up. But with us a quarrel with the boss of his residence or home is fatal to a politician's prospects. This residential qualification is the one thing needed to make the boss's power over him complete.

Thus I am forced to the conclusion that it is this real responsibility to the boss and the caucus, and not to the public, which accounts for the disappearance of distinguished men from public life, and for the decline of instructive political oratory. The inducement to public speaking is a desire to affect the opinion of those who have real power over a man's career. There are probably few men who would undertake it for the mere purpose of showing that they have something to say. They speak to increase their influence with the public; to prove their fidelity as public servants; to insure a continuance of public confidence in them, and thus to insure their continuance in the official positions they occupy. When the public has ceased to possess any power over their political

career, when their renomination no longer depends upon public favor, the necessity of conciliating or impressing the public is naturally less felt, if felt at all. The boss controls every office in the principal States. He does not unite these offices in his own person, as Augustus or Tiberius did, but he designates the persons who are to hold them, and they accept his dicta with increasing docility. It is, therefore, not surprising that the boss's wishes, his idiosyncrasies, his standards of political efficiency and duty, and not those of the public, should be constantly present to the candidate's mind; that he should seek most of all to please the boss. For oratory the boss has no use or admiration. His ideal of a public man is one who votes right, but does not talk, while the public has but little taste for or interest in the man who does not put himself in frequent and interesting communication with it. I dare say there are few in New York to-day who know the names of more than one or two of the Representatives in Congress from the city. The man in office feels but one responsibility; for no man can serve two masters, and the power which gave him his place and can take it away is the master he seeks to serve, and in the ways the master prefers.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the effect of this on the tone of public life. But there is one point connected with the making of what is called "tone" which ought not to be passed without mention, and that is the necessity, for its maintenance, of complete publicity as to the reasons for which a man gets office. There is nothing more necessary for the maintenance of what I may call political health than that all the world should know why a certain man gets a certain place. The distribution of place for secret reasons is one of the worst abuses of despotism, and the possibility of its return among us used to be dwelt on with a certain terror by the earlier commentators on the Constitution. Of

course, I speak only of the larger and more responsible places concerning which public curiosity is excited. If these are even partially filled by men who do not appear to have reached them by what Burke called "manly arts," — that is, by public services or openly ascertained qualifications, — the effect on tone is very rapid and very marked; for tone consists not more in self-respect than in respect for those with whom one has to act. All attainment of public places by secret favor or intrigue, and the sudden appearance in responsible positions, for reasons unknown to the community, of men of patent unfitness, naturally lowers in their own estimation all the rest of the body to which they belong.

It is hardly within my plan to speak of remedies, and yet no discussion even of the tendencies of our nominating system would be adequate which did not make some attempt to say whether any substitute for it can be provided. I do not conceal my belief that the present system is the great canker of American institutions. I do not believe it can be long practiced without changing the structure of the government. It is accustoming the less intelligent class to what is really a new form, and is reducing the more intelligent to the despair of helplessness, and yet the maintenance intact of any government depends largely on popular habit and confidence. No constitution can retain its vigorous vitality which exists on paper simply; it must also be rooted in popular customs and ideas. The type of statesmanship which a democratic constitution calls for must be carefully preserved, and so must the orthodox sources of distinction. Any growing willingness to be content with inferior men has to be combated; the old ideals must be upheld. We must, as Emerson says, "obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime." But when we come to speak of substitutes, we are met at the outset by the difficulty that the persons to be reformed are in the posses-

sion of power, and are thoroughly satisfied with the present system. They predominate in Congress and in most of the legislatures in the country, and would resist vigorously any attempt at change. People seeking something different at their hands would be likely to meet with the same reception as the European democrats who, after the downfall of Napoleon, sought constitutions at the hands of despotic monarchs. The class called the politicians have the strongest interest in the maintenance of the existing state of things. Moreover, the elected convention has effected such a lodgment in our political manners that any attempt at change would possibly be met with a good deal of popular indifference or dislike.

But in considering remedies we have of course to take note of the evils to be remedied. The primary meeting is defective: first, in that the party voters attend it in only very small numbers, and consequently it has ceased to express the party will, or expresses it only very inadequately: second, in that, as we know it at present, it offers no obstacles to the carrying out of arrangements made secretly and beforehand by the boss or managers. The delegates to be elected are generally decided on before the primary meets, and they are rarely persons who represent the intelligence or morality of the party. Any sufficient remedy, therefore, would either furnish inducements to voters to attend the party primaries, or furnish some substitute for the primaries, or in some way prevent such secret selections as are now made by the boss in advance of the meeting.

Dr. Clarke, of Oswego, who has labored on this question for a great many years, and has produced a plan of reform which he has in vain tried to get embodied in legislation, proposes to overcome the difficulty of popular indolence and indifference by dividing the voters into small district constituencies, of the

same size as regards numbers, and drawn by lot from the total number of registered voters. These small constituencies, say of one hundred apiece, are each to choose an electoral delegate, and the assembly of all these delegates is, in a city, to elect the mayor or other elective officers. This is in effect, as far as the size of the constituencies is concerned, really the present system in a rougher shape. Each district is treated as a separate entity, and controlled by "a leader," who generally gets his living by holding some inferior public place, and keeps the voters of his party in discipline and order. The difference comes when Dr. Clarke proceeds to choose the "electoral delegates." The machine insists on designating them beforehand, and prescribing for whom they shall vote in any election in which they may take part. Dr. Clarke would conceal them from the machine by selecting them by lot, like jurymen, and making their services compulsory. The plan then has the two great merits of diminishing the size of the constituencies in an orderly manner, and of concealing from the boss the delegates who would be chosen. But the difficulty of its adoption lies not only in the latter fact, but also in the fact that it obscures or hinders the direct action, through party organization, of the free popular will which the masses still fondly believe to be within their reach and which they strongly desire. Its adaptation to our system of government, too, is therefore not so simple.

Another of the great difficulties of party primaries is the difficulty of determining who has a right to vote at them. The present mode of nominating assumes that a man always belongs to the same party, and always votes its ticket under all circumstances. Consequently, the usual qualification for a party voter is having voted the party presidential ticket at the previous election. But he may not have done so, for various reasons that no longer have any force; or he

may since then have changed his mind, and may honestly desire to change his party. Party belongings are matters of opinion. We can only know from a man's own statement to which party he really belongs, and it is against public policy to throw obstacles in the way of any citizen's going freely from one party to another. It is through this possibility of change that public opinion acts on government. Yet in our nominating system we treat party as a permanent status, the loss of which excludes a man from all share in the work of nomination. For instance, unless I voted for Blaine in 1884 I could not participate in the selection of Harrison in 1888, and unless I voted for Cleveland in 1888 I should have been incompetent to aid in selecting him as the party candidate in 1892. So that in devising any reform the existence and utility of parties have to be acknowledged, and means have to be provided for recognizing a genuine party man and for the protection of primary meetings or conventions against bogus voters. I have not heard of any such practical available test, and the invention of one, as long as people insist on government through party, will be difficult.

The only mode of escape from this difficulty as yet devised is what is called "independent voting;" that is, refusal to belong to any party, and free passage from one to another, as the circumstances may seem to require. But this necessarily involves the abandonment of any share in the work of selecting party candidates, and shuts the voter up to choice between two on whose nomination he has had no influence. Moreover, it takes out of each party, if it is to be effective, a large body of the most thoughtful and patriotic of the voters; that is, of persons who still retain a keen sense of the fact that party is an instrument, not an end, and whose aid would be most valuable in raising the character of nominations. I do not think I err in saying that the

power of the machine and of the boss over nominations has increased *pari passu* with the growth of independent voting. Each party, in getting rid of its more mutinous or recalcitrant members, solidifies the power of the machine, makes insurrection less frequent, and renders "kicking," as it is called, more odious. It weeds out of the party management, too, the element most sensitive to public opinion, and most anxious to secure the approbation of the more thoughtful class of the community. What remains is composed of men hardened against criticism, indifferent to all approbation or disapprobation but that of their own fellows, and knowing little of any political virtue except that of fidelity to party friends. In the State of New York, which may be said to be the arena in which all political tendencies first show themselves, this has been strikingly true. In no other State is the independent vote so powerful and active as in New York, and in none is the machine so audacious or so insensible to warning. The overthrow of one party by this vote seems only to suggest imitation to the other. Each follows closely the very ways which have brought ruin on its predecessor, so that the independent vote is brought almost to the end of its resources. It can punish one party only by putting the other in power, and this party takes care that the condition of things which brought on the punishment shall continue unchanged, and even finds means to negotiate with the other for a division of patronage.

"Independent voting" then has clearly ceased to be a remedy. Something better has still to be found. The most popular remedy is throwing the protection of law around the caucus or primary meeting, and making frauds in its composition or in the conduct of the proceedings criminal offenses. This, it is true, would prevent such cheating as took place in New York in 1895, but it would not secure a larger attendance of the

voters, which is the chief need of the primary meeting. The meeting would still fail to represent the bulk of the party, though the law might make those who were present more decorous. And as assuredly as the attendance continued to be small, it would be controlled and its proceedings be prearranged by those who had personal interest in being present. Legalization would not overcome the reluctance of indolent or busy voters to take part in a proceeding which was not conclusive, and in which any opposition to a programme previously arranged by active party managers would make them unpopular, and expose them to discussions to which they would feel unequal. It would prevent gross frauds on the spot and make attendance safe and orderly, but it would do nothing towards making the primary a full representative of party opinion and feeling. In other words, it would still continue to grind out results carefully prepared by the boss, and the art of politics would continue to be taught to our youth, not as the art of government, but as the art of "getting delegates."

Is the situation then hopeless? Are we tied up inexorably simply to a choice of evils? I think not. It seems to me that the nomination of candidates is another of the problems of democracy, which are never seriously attacked without prolonged perception and discussion

of their importance. One of these was the formation of the federal government; another was the abolition of slavery; another was the reform of the civil service. Every one of them looked hopeless in the beginning; but the solution came, in each case, through the popular determination to find some better way. In all ages this has been one of the democratic characteristics. It is the only régime in which there is no disposition to stagnate. It may improve or it may deteriorate, but it is an incessant movement, and has a passion for experiments, some of which end badly, but those which have behind them the general human instinctive longing for efficiency are apt to succeed in the end.

The first condition of the successful removal of an abuse is its general recognition as actual. After this comes search for something to take its place. I think, from what I observe in the press, that this recognition has come, or is coming very rapidly, and that we shall before long see the beginning, at least, of the search. In some States, already, legislation for the reform of the primary is under consideration. In Michigan, a bill now in the legislature purposes to abolish nominating conventions and compel the primaries to nominate, which would strike a serious blow at the power of the boss, if voters could be got to attend.

E. L. Godkin.

AN ARCHER IN THE CHEROKEE HILLS.

ONCE upon a day — it was just at the welding-point, where spring is brazed upon summer with a sudden luminous, aromatic heat — I had a tent beside a bass-brook. The angling was good for two or three miles, up stream or down, while all about in the wood, practically speaking untouched of axe or saw, the birds and squirrels offered every delight known to the shooter in a longbow, the lover of nature, the man who has inside of him a remnant of sweet savagery. But I was somewhat unhappy.

An accident — the snapping short in twain of my only weapon — had badly crippled my resources; for when the upper limb of my bow broke, just at full draw, as I was aiming upon a fine male summer duck, a gorgeous target indeed, there ended the better half of my sport. Moreover, when the piece sprang off with a keen crack, it gave me a blow across the head not so much milder than a Hibernian policeman deals when a street-corner fight is on. And there, quite alone, I stood, both bereft and belabored, — all on account of a machine-made bow with a flaw in its wood aggravated by two years' lack of adequate seasoning.

There can be little to say, at the best, upon a matter of despair. An outing is rarely flexible or ductile. You have seven or fourteen days, no more, at the command of delight: those days are infinitely precious; you must compress into them a multitudinous realization of all the pleasures accumulated during perhaps a whole year of anticipatory longing — and your bow breaks on the second morning of your golden vacation, leaving you gaping at space twenty miles deep in a lonely forest!

I held one piece of the faithless weapon in my left hand; the other piece lay on the ground at my boot-toes. Mean-

time, the gayly penciled wood-duck — which is also called summer duck, as I have said — did not fly, but swam in a small circle on the brook's cheerful water, eying me askance. Inwardly, very deep, something belonging to my temperament exploded, sending a blaze through blood and brain, making a fierce light by which I chose my epithets; but the subtlest of these could not mend the bow. It would have been partial compensation had the duck but taken to wing; for its evident willingness, even anxiety, to be shot at was now like an insult unbearable. And when at last, frightened by my raging voice, it did fly away, twinkling between the plane-trees above the brook, it left me in no mood for the congratulations offered by an officious blue jay.

Probably most men and all women have enough common sense to comprehend why, my sylvan archery thus abruptly ended, the joys of the fishing-tackle fell stale. What you lose is ever the very thing upon which all other things depended for the leaven of delectability. Striding back to my tent in melodramatic indignation, I was further worried by three young squirrels, toothsome to look at, hanging low on the bole of a big tulip-tree. Nature appears to have a sense of humor, vast, profound, immitigable. I could not keep from laughing somewhat hysterically at what my predicament suggested. There is something, indeed, positively ludicrous in the picture of an archer out shooting in the wild-wood without a bow!

"Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis, neque arcu
Nec venenatis grævida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra."

As a master of archery, I have doubts whether Horace knew how to nock an arrow or loose a string; his adventure

with the wolf in the Sabine wood may seem to have that weight dear in the estimation of schoolmen, — likely enough! — but the practical archer brings even to Latin verse a sense of that grin supposable to the countenance of a fierce beast, *quale portentum*, the like not elsewhere to be found, when it concluded to run from an unarmed poet. But then Horace was singing of a girl by the name of Lalage — the wolf did right. To escape from a bard big with a love-song is the first law of nature.

Still, it was in a doleful mood that I reached my tent and sought philosophy in a pipe abetted by the seventh idyl of Theocritus. Know that my pipe was French brier-root, with but one stop, and that for tobacco, not bucolic wind. I like perhaps overwell to read about pastoral tootings, yet as a concrete fact I prefer a frog to a flute; his noise is the better, and his flesh, when broiled upon a bed of hickory coals, is ambrosial. You will dress the game thus: skin his hinder legs and loins, whack them off, wash them in the brook; be quick and lay some bruised cress thereon, vigorously rubbing it for a minute; then wash again, salt, pepper, insert a clove; then to the coals for a hot, crisp broiling, while your palate trembles for joy and while a cardinal grosbeak sings in the haw bush yonder.

This particular idyl, the *Thalysia*, is to Theocritus what the *Ode to a Nightingale* is to Keats, — evidently the song he takes closest into favor. Reading it in a wild-wood gives just the light for safe criticism, as reading the *Ode* under a lamp in the library best reveals what Keats imprisoned in his immortal phrasing. Where and when has an outing been described so perfectly and with such fitting enthusiasm as in this golden idyl of *Cos*? How does Theocritus manage to make one feel the very dust of the country road under one's eager feet, with an abounding youthful sense of hurrying on toward the distant farm, where

amid loaded orchards, beside the fountain, Demeter's feast is spread? Like all true poets, he was a boy, his genius had heyday in it; he would rather play than work. There he gets sympathy universal by touching the core of truancy in us all.

And what direct, unhindered vision he lets fall upon his simple little drama! The shepherd fellow they meet, he of the tawny goat-hide dress, with a fine friendly smile on his face, stands forth alive, full-blooded, a trifle rank as befits one fresh from cheese-making, but he is a poet with a manuscript in his pocket which he aches to read. Alas! poets are built so. Theocritus, too, is prepared in like manner for any chance of mouthing his latest song. It is not in the record, but I suspect that both of his companions, Eucritus and Amyntas, had a few verses hidden somewhere about their clothes. And there in the highway at noontide, while even the lizard dozed on the stone wall and the larks were hiding from the heat, they stood and spouted their melodious Greek, doubtless perspiring freely, especially Lycidas, wrapped in his shaggy he-goat hide! After that they parted; Theocritus and his two chums going on to the harvest feast, Lycidas disappearing leftward down a road toward Pyxa.

Now again the pebbles clinked and hummed under their hurrying shoes; far behind them fell the tomb of Brasilas. The fair Amyntas showed the fairer for the flush of exercise, and all three together tumbled down when they at last reached the farm, stretching their tired young limbs on a fragrant bed of leaves. Ah, but how delightful the feel of such a couch under the poplars and elms, beside the bubbling well! Cicadas in sunburnt coats rasped away at their shrill tunes amid the dusky foliage overhead; in the distant thorn thicket something lilted softly; finches and larks and doves were at full cry, while golden insects whirled above the shining water.

Summer was kissing Autumn; the seasons were blending their riches, loading the air with fruity and winy odors, while some jugs, sealed up four years ago, were opened for the feast. Delicious!

Now, if anything could have consoled me in the matter of my broken bow, this reading was just it; and yet when I heard the gray squirrels barking in the hickories over beyond the brook, I flung down Theocritus with a thump; there was no comfort for me. Out of the brook's prettiest dimple, right there before my tent, up leaped a twelve-inch bass, making a fine liquid note as he broke the surface. What of it? The one thing I wanted was my bow. Perhaps if I had broken my fly-rod desire would have been reversed: the bow might have appealed to me in vain while the squirrels scampered and chattered.

Partly by accident, yet more by the fine instinct of a mountaineer who bore me to the spot, I had camped in a most charming place. From the tent's door to the brook the distance was three jumps of a hare, so that, sitting there, I heard the lulling swash of small waves among polished stones, — a very good noise to sleep with, going through a dream so fittingly, disturbing it (as a soft wind stirs drowsy summer foliage) only to deepen or brighten it. All around the wood was old, stately, primeval, filled with tender gloom, permeated with gratefully musty odors. Blue mountains notched the sky, wherever a glimpse of distance could be had, with iris tints on vagrant fleecy-clouds above, while down the rocky slopes masses of pine and jack-oak boscaje alternated without any distinct lines of separation. A furlong or more beyond the brook one of those indefinite mountain roads meandered toward some obscure goal. Along it, at rare intervals, an ox-cart clattered. I could hear the driver's petulant voice. Each going-by interested me, for I was expecting Claude to join me, coming direct from home.

To make a short story long, he did arrive on the following morning, a right cheerful apparition, trudging over from the road, loaded like a pack-mule, but singing gayly: —

"Should like to play my way
Through the starry fields to heaven,
As the slugging centre-rush
Of a football eleven!"

He was an undergraduate, clean, doughty, pink-and-white, looking as if just forth from the baths of the gymnasium. Not in the least an archer, but untiring with bass-tackle, he eyed the stream knowingly while crossing it on a log blown bridgewise over from bank to bank long ago. He wore the very smile of Lycidas. And the first thing he unpacked was a magnificent yew bow, sent me by a friend in London; next out came a sheaf of hunting-arrows ready for the string. That bow was, as it still is, a thing of beauty. Yonder it now stands in a corner of my library bookshelves, with two others, also gifts from English archers. Yet I bought each of them at a startling price; for be it known that a yew bow from London, valued at £11 10s., is held in the New York Custom House pending the time in which a draft for enormous duties must be sent. But the beautiful, the super-excellent weapon is cheap at any price, — hand-made, unbreakable with just usage, unchangeable, growing springier, sweeter of cast, more valuable, every day, like a violin of Cremona.

Not long ago I read a newspaper man's very detailed description of how to make a good longbow, but with his first paragraph he spoiled his science, as a duffer always must. "Hickory," he said, "hickory is the best wood for a bow." You should see a true archer smile at that; for a hickory bow is a heavy, sluggish, worthless stick, about as resilient as putty. The same journalist fetched out once again that sear fable of amazing feats of archery done by our Western savages. In fact, the Indian is not, and never was, even a fairly good

bowman, albeit at short range he could hit a buffalo somewhere between brisket and hip with his rudimentary arrows. And his bow!—it is no more to be compared to the symmetrical weapon turned out by a London bowyer than a tom-tom is to a Spanish guitar. It is, indeed, an abomination of both material and craftsmanship.

May I tell the history of my best bow, the dark one nearest the wall? Plaything, the newspaper wise man named the like, in comparison with a five-foot *bois d'arc* (he called it hickory) segment of a hogshead-hoop, hight a bow, in the hand of a half-naked Sioux buck! It came from a yew-tree of Spain to the London workshop, a billet in the rough, but to be split out with care; and not a flaw in it. The bowyer scrutinized it with the connoisseur's knowing eye, found it perfect, laid it up to season. And for five years,—dream of it!—for five long years that billet passed from stage to stage, slowly hand-worked into a bow; then yet another year it was tested and polished before I could have it. From the strongly wrought horn nock-tips to the green plush handle midway between, it is a comfort to look upon; you might well call it a sonnet in wood. A hickory bow, indeed! and an Indian archer! With this yew, at eighty yards, I shot nine out of eleven arrows through a gourd eight inches in diameter.

My delight now spilled over; I clutched the bow, snatched it out of Claude's hands, as if some enchantment might whisk it away before I could absolutely realize it. How evenly it flexed from tip to tip, save where the handle stiffened it! I laid my ear to the taut string and thrummed out Diana's hunting-note, or was it the yew-tree's song brought from the windy hills of old Spain? Just above the handle shone a plate of mother-of-pearl set in the wood for the arrows to slide upon. A goodly sprinkle of gray in my hair; still, was a boy ever happier? But that summer duck—

Claude went his way with rod and creel, while I set off over a hill-spur to intercept the brook far above, where amid water-weeds and grass-tufts it flowed in desultory windings from pool to pool. On the way I must try the new bow and fresh hunting-shafts at knots on logs, low-hanging sprays of foliage, or whatever offered a mark. Light in hand, as a bow must be, sweet of cast, with that indescribable energy possessed by yew, it made shooting a matter of high satisfaction, like that of poetry when we read Anacreon's fragments or Shelley's odes; only there is an added physical romance in the act of archery out in an ancient wood. If you should hear the windlike sough and the keen stroke of a blunt-headed arrow, you would have a sense of a glad new force in the air,—or an old one called forth again.

In those hills of Cherokee Georgia the wild flowers take what time pleases them for blooming. Violets, larger than I have seen elsewhere, painted sky-blue spaces on the slopes; yellowroot, purple geranium, and all the sweet gush of spring's veins made a flow of delicate colors beside lichen-frilled rocks, or decorated the buttressed roots of the trees. I remember taking for target a tuft of wild pink, my arrow knocking the blooms into a dust of rosy tints that floated a moment, then went out like an extinguished light.

On thinly wooded ridge-tops birds are always few, but descending toward watered lands you find them in greater number, till in the thickets fringing the brooks they sing distractingly in every avian key, fighting the while, or rushing in pursuit of what to fill their crops withal; a bedlam of phrases, a delirium of color and motion. This is true more particularly where you cross the path of migration earlier in the spring, at a time when clouds of oscines are passing northward toward their immemorial nesting-places.

The sylvan archer, taking his too scant and infrequent outing, is more or less a pot-hunter, partly from necessity, somewhat by yielding to the strong clutch of temptation. He must not be criticised by tender-minded persons who never felt the old sweet ancestral savage emotion churning their blood, when a November frost, proclaiming the quail and partridge, sent a whistling shaft of nipping wind over the stubble; rather let a sympathizing sportsman do the weighing of motives and the reckoning of values. For my part, being deep in the wilderness where the word "trespass" is obsolete, when I am hungry for bird-flesh, let the bird beware, as the worm and butterfly must beware of the bird, as the wren must dodge the shrike.

While yet the sun was low in the east, a dewy chill lingering in the mountain air, I reached the little marshy flats bordering my brook two miles above the tent. Here I had expected to surprise a wood-duck or two in the puddles of water which were surrounded with rims of tall grass. Not a feather, not a wagging, brilliant head, not a webbed foot, however, was there, — only a small bittern, lank as a toothpick, flew up before me; so I stole down-stream beyond the flats, and just in the edge of the wood up flashed a woodcock like a dull yellowish blaze. I marked his flight to where he went down; but I could not find him. He must have run far.

The banks of the stream rose higher as I passed on into a forest of scattered oaks, where broomsedge in thin wisps dotted the stony ground. Here meadow-larks, two or three pairs, appeared to be nesting, while aloft in the treetops rang the woodpecker hammers, like the rapping of carpenters heard far away. At a place on a bluff of the bank a thicket of haw bushes hung over the water. Behind this I crept, foreseeing that from its cover I could have a long look down-stream over a straight, quiet reach of silver on which my duck might be disporting.

Sneaking upon game, as we archers call this crafty method of outwitting wary birds, is a cat's art, in which light stepping and the very poetry of skulking are chief elements. Such pursuit is its own reward; for, hit or miss, when at last the shot is sped, you have done a difficult thing in coming within bow range of a bird born to the business of seeing you first. On hands and knees I slipped through that dense, fragrant bosket, till I could peep forth over the water, holding in my left hand the bow, in my right a steel-pointed, red-feathered arrow carefully selected.

And there indeed was the duck, close in by the bank, but down-stream too far. I must get nearer, at least forty paces nearer, to feel reasonably sure of a fair shot at a target so small; but how, seeing that I should have to break cover and trust only to chance objects for masking myself? Nearer yet to the ground I shrank, going now serpent fashion, wriggling from tree to sedge-tuft, from rock to weed-fringe, all the time gazing at the duck, taking swift advantage of its every moment of inattention. I had chosen a little dogwood-tree, with low-hanging boughs, for my station to shoot from, albeit the foliage was thin, scarcely cover at all; and when I reached it, the thing was how to get upon my feet all unseen.

Even this I accomplished by slow stages, a great strain to nerves and muscles, — rising as the hand of a clock moves, rigidly, imperceptibly. Now the duck was preening a gay wing, sitting at a half-turn upon the water not ten feet from the bank; the distance was fifty-five paces, a slightly plunging shot through a rift in the dogwood foliage. I stood a moment to feel my circulation right itself; then I drew. And it was a shot of great beauty, although bloodless, even featherless. The arrow fell barely short, with a bright splash, piercing the shallow water, so that it stood fixed aslant in the clay bottom, its three carmine vanes quivering like the wings of a

dragonfly. But the duck, — it spat one rasping quack, its feathers all stood up separately; then it flew as if shot from a mortar, a shimmering rocket between the dusky trees.

For an hour or more I lay under the dogwood resting, enjoying the incident just closed, while two mocking-birds beyond the brook fluted an amœbean sketch, a cardinal grosbeak joining in now and again with its jubilant whistle. In the opposite bank a pair of belted kingfishers had their nest-hole, about which they hovered at intervals, diving into it once or twice. A pewee flycatcher amused me for a while. He had lit on a piece of driftwood protruding from the water, from which perch he darted in every direction to take insects on the wing, always returning to the same place. A meek, solemn little bird, with a sad falsetto voice; he probably killed fifty gnats while I watched him work. And what a monster those tiny things must have thought him! In his crop he held a whole army of them. He is one of my best companions, coming to me in the loneliest places of the woods, from the far north even to the Gulf coast islands; always the same demure, feeble-looking dwarf, half stupid, yet strangely agile.

It is worth while. I dare say, to be idyllic one fortnight out of the whole rushing, grinding, practical year. An hour like that under the dogwood-tree gives to the ancient centre of one's life a bath of primitive freshness, with a nameless shock, dreamy, pervading, reminiscent. How clear the water's flow! And yonder arrow fixed in the current, gently wagging, its feathers a glowing red flower on a pale polished stem, communicates with the archer lying here; tells him of innumerable joys caught far and away by streams, meadow-lands, willow thickets, mangrove islands, and along the breezy coast-haunts of plover, the home of the pelican, the lonely sand beaches between the sea and the everglades — the story beams as it unfolds.

But I must trudge on, even wade in to get my arrow; for it is a good one of its sort, having the "solid" flight, that best evidence of high art in the fletcher's shop. Standing half knee-deep in the chill water, I had just plucked up the shaft, when far off down-stream a glint caught my eye. It was such a ray as a green flag leaf darts when wind and sun strike it together; but it was in the air midway between the water and the overhanging boughs. Ha! the duck coming back! Claude, as he went whipping along, had flushed it in a pool down below, as I correctly surmised, doing me a good turn by one of those charming accidents upon which optimism dines sumptuously.

Some day when your opportunity arrives, please observe the flight of a wood-duck coming head on into your eyes; for there is something delicately finished, so to speak, in the picture it offers, a trembling sketch in half-tints, driving along like a cloud-wisp in a gale, or a gay fairy yacht at utmost speed, listing sharply to this side and that. For a moment or two you may see it apparently nearly level with your eyes; but with its approach it seems to lift rapidly, showing its under parts more and more, its shimmering breast, its backward-pointing feet, its short tail. Before you are master of yourself, you staring duffer, the scudding bird has whisked overhead, — gone like a shooting star. And you forgot that you were out for game and had a weapon, did you?

Not so with the sylvan archer trained from boyhood in the school of sudden chances. The unexpected is always met halfway, bluff for bluff, with all that promptness and imperturbable nerve can do; otherwise the archer would be a forlorn tramp in the wilderness, his larder empty, his spirit sour. Up went my bow-arm, the arrow's nock jumped to the string, the bow bent until the cool steel shaft-point kissed my left forefinger knuckle. Then in my head a flash of

mathematics, a nice intricate problem of highest calculus was solved to fix my aim just adequately ahead of, and apparently above, the hurtling target. How long would it be going, this updrawn missile, from the bowstring to the point where it would cut the duck's line of flight? And meantime how far would the duck fly? You see the difficulty! A wink of time in which to solve it.

Correct habit is the secret of great shooting. When Horace A. Ford, the master bowman of modern England, did his wonderful target practice, it was always at one or another of three accurately measured ranges, so that he had but three points of aim to fix in his memory; moreover, his targets were motionless. But think of the sylvan archer's infinitely varied predicaments, his sliding scale of distances, situations, objects; and then contemplate a flying duck. The wonder of wing-shooting with the bow affects me as curiously now, after years of performance sufficiently pleasant, as when the first bird fell to my shot in the flush of vigorous boyhood. It seems a sort of guesswork, touched with both science and romance, reduced to the mechanical accuracy of habit; yet I always know, at the moment the arrow quits the string, whether my shot will hit or miss.

The shot of which I am now telling is one of the rubricated and gold-lettered records of my archery, an event serving as a perfect standard of reference. I let go the arrow cleanly, so that it sped like a bee, and it met the duck's breastbone at the fork, stopped the flight in a puff of down and feathers, just as Claude came in sight round the stream's distant turn. He saw it all. Before the duck could fall straight down to the water, off went the young man's cap with a wild flourish of approbation, while he gave his class yell and danced in the silver current, his fly-rod quivering limberly.

We two met a little farther down, where we compared bag and creel. He had three small bass against my male

wood-duck. Of them all together we could make a dinner not to be surpassed in the best restaurant, considering what other good things we had at the tent. Hunger smacks its sensuous lips in the wilderness, winks a greedy eye at anything cookable. Ah, but the savor of a spitted bird must be great when it can follow one five hundred miles and hold fast for almost ten years! "Sed alba non sine Coo;" the white, sweet wine of freedom must have done its part, while all around the wood-thrushes, those pipers of the golden reed, filled the air's most lonesome deeps with their phrases.

Culture's sips are grateful to the taste; one feels how the world needs the presence of refinement more and more; but freedom, even savage liberty, must be preserved as a thoft-fellow who will pull the boat of life lustily enough when culture sickens or shirks. I am conscious of my own need; this greedy glance I turn upon the few unshorn nooks of mountain, fen-land, shore waste, forest, is not a mere affectation; the thing I long for is freshness, the smell of a lonely wood at twilight, the break of day with dew and birds, where nature has not been lopped and repaired beyond recognition. It is medicine, it is cheer, recreation, a return to the authentic standard, this draught of what my distant ancestors drank, from morning till night, all the days of their lives.

And now that my yew had come, the mere shooting-desire burned rapidly down; for the best of sylvan archery is to stray and loiter, bow in hand, to and fro and round about, with imagination for company, spying upon the birds at their nesting, the plants at their blooming or fruiting or seeding, while exercise brings a glow to limb and countenance. To play as a child plays,—there is true recreation, with no person anear to curl a lip at you, but with enormous Mother Nature coddling you, encouraging you, for a whole fortnight. Yet I shot a great deal, shot till my arms ached; the woods will

remember me by the arrow-scars on bole and bough, high up, low down, where the blunt piles struck off the bark with whacks that rang clear and far.

It was during this outing that I made a careful study of the cardinal grosbeak. There were many in the haw thickets, where they had nests full of young, one brood taking wing before I broke up camp. The nest of this bird is seldom built high; usually the place chosen for it is a crotch, or a point where several small boughs converge, well hidden by foliage. And what fighters the little red cocks are! They pounce with fury upon every other bird coming near the nest, striking with wings and beak, scolding raucously meantime. The cardinal's cry, or song, is a loud, defiant, boisterous phrase whistled in the major key, filling a whole wood with cheerfulness. It sounds to me like "wheep-ear, wheep-ear, wheep-ear, wheep!" given in a shrill yet mellow fife-tone. The red feathers of the cock are dazzling, but the little hen shows only a tinge of dull carmine on her sober grayish plumage.

I got into a row with a pair of cardinals one morning, the whole proceeding on their part showing shameless ingratitude. Hearing some blue jays making a great noise in a wild plum thicket not far from the tent, I took up my bow and went to see what was the matter for such a hubbub. A mob of jays had surrounded a little hawk which I soon discovered in the middle of a plum-tree, where he sat quite still, evidently afraid. He saw me, however, and made a dash to break the line of his enemies; but he could not go far, they worried him so. I ran forward under cover of some low foliage, presently reaching a point from which I could shoot at short range, and

brought him down. Now the jays turned tail and flew away. But it had chanced that I shot from very close beside a cardinal's nest; indeed, my right elbow jostled it at the recoil of the bow. Then came trouble. Both redbirds assaulted me, pouncing at me with vicious beak-snappings, almost striking me in the face. They seemed not to account it anything that I had slain the marauder who would have made a meal upon one of them or their tender nestlings. Such is avian gratitude.

After a certain period spent in the woods, sometimes three days, sometimes three weeks, the romance of it cloys, falls stale. I am as eager to get back to my desk as I was to go away from it. I have eaten enough ambrosia; give me once more the solid diet of workaday life. But I bring back with me from the lonely places something, I know not what, like a smack of wild honey, that sweetens my memory for a year, or until another outing comes round. And so, taking leave of the notes from which this sketch is drawn, I fling one of them back over my shoulder, a Parthian shaft whizzing from a thicket beyond Tuccoa and Tallulah. Here it is:—

"May 19. Made a pretty shot this morning. It was from behind a rock on a hillside. Shot across a ravine and hit a young hare. The rock was in a thicket of blackberry and other bushes. As I stepped in the hare bolted out, ran down into the ravine and up the other side to a point opposite. It was a tangled place to shoot from; but I dared not move for fear of losing the main chance. Let drive, the briers tearing the back of my bow-hand. Centre drop. Clipped him behind the ears. *Le pauvre lapin*, I have already eaten him!"

Maurice Thompson.

"THE SONG O' STEAM."

"I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns — the
loves an' doves they dream —

Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing
the Song o' Steam!"

RUDYARD KIPLING, *McAndrew's Hymn*.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Kipling has furnished the text, this brief paper is in no way intended as a criticism or even as an examination of his verse. That he has in various places expressed more or less distinctly a sentiment similar to that which he here puts into the mouth of McAndrew is for the moment of less consequence than the fact that many moderns share the feeling with him. Often vaguely phrased and doubtless vaguely felt, but not infrequently explicitly held and stated, the opinion becomes more common every day that the poetry of the future is to be the poetry of science and invention, of steam and electricity, of microbes and bacteria; in short, of the triumphs of the intellect of man. The inquiry into such a theory is naturally one of intense interest; and while only the future can settle the question, speculation upon it has much fascination, and is not without value from the light which it may cast upon the nature and conditions of literary art.

I.

To understand what material is adapted to poetic use, it is necessary to have some definite idea what poetry is and what is its function. To endeavor to define either within the limits of a magazine article is almost certainly to appear dogmatic, from lack of space to justify conclusions. The risk must be to some extent faced for the sake of having at least an established point of departure; although nothing more need be attempted than to give a working rather than a completely philosophical definition.

Like all art, poetry is essentially an attempt to convey emotion. Whatever

form and whatever material it employs, whatever appeal it makes to the intellect or to the imagination, all are but means to this chief end of arousing the feelings.

The proposition has the air of a truism. Nobody is likely to contend that it is the office of poetry to convey information, while didactic poems have at least done so much as to establish the conviction that it is not the mission of verse to moralize. It is necessary to examine our definition a little, however, from the difficulty of being sure just what is meant in it by "emotion." The interpretation given to this word and the limits which are thus set to the boundaries of the art of poetry may determine the whole question which we have to consider.

The term "emotion" may be so extended in meaning as to include all human feeling which is secondary to sensation; but a single thought makes it clear that there is somewhere a division between feelings which are and those which are not suited to poetic treatment. The division may be made according to the importance of a given sentiment. The feelings of a child with a cake or an apple are genuine, and very likely intense; yet the issue involved is so trivial, when measured by the great realities of life, as to make infant emotions unworthy of high poetic treatment. We do not seriously receive as poetry Thackeray's gay little verse in *The Rose and the Ring*: —

"Oh, what fun to have a plum bun!
How I wish it never were done!"

Distinction may also be made in accordance with the nearness of given sensations to normal human experiences. The sentiments of a man in fantastically unreal surroundings, for instance, do not as a rule seize the imagination of the reader. The emotional experiences of Thalaba are hardly nearer to sane humanity than

the delightful extravagancies of Alice in Wonderland. That this obstacle may be overcome has been triumphantly proved by Shakespeare and Coleridge, not to mention others; but it remains a difficulty, even in the hands of a master. Emotion, again, may be found well or ill adapted to poetic treatment according to its possible or probable universality. The thing which all men may have experienced, as love, or fear, or pain, or hope, commends itself instantly as a subject peculiarly adapted for use in an attempt to arouse the imagination.¹ Finally, perhaps most important of all, is the question whether the emotion is personal and individual. Man goes to literature to learn what are the possibilities of life as they concern individual existence. He may be interested in general conclusions, but he is moved only by the revelation of the inner life of some single human being. The sentiments and passions of masses can be effectively used in poetry only as interpreted and made vital by the experiences and feelings of a single being. Broadly speaking, the more serious an emotion, the more sanely and universally human, the more individual and personal, the better it is adapted to poetic embodiment.

The nature of the subject with which poetry must deal will of necessity determine the sort of material which is to be used in expressing it. The conditions just laid down should help to a clearer understanding of what may or may not be properly and advantageously used by the poet. As the object of the singer is to convey emotion, he must deal chiefly with suggestion. Facts may be stated, but feelings must be evoked. Material is or is not poetic in so far as it will arouse the mind of the reader to create for itself, and thus incite it to realize for itself emotional possibilities. The test of the

value of material is, then, its power to suggest the sentiments which come within the domain of the poet.

Of course there are degrees in all things, and often material which does not perfectly fulfill the conditions laid down may, by the skill of the poet, be brought into use not ineffectively. These conditions are so fundamental, however, that, whether they are recognized or not, they will govern the success of work; and in the matter of poetic material a poet approaches the ideal in proportion as that material is of a nature to arouse emotions dignified, human, sane, universal, and individual.

II.

The question practically before us is, whether there is any sound basis for the traditional or conventional feeling that science and utilitarian means and methods are not adapted to use in poetry. Although there is in modern times much demand — for the most part from laymen — for the introduction into song of machinery and science, singers have still kept largely to the old ways and employed the old means. It is not unfair to add, moreover, that departures from established ways have not as a rule been conspicuously successful in the few instances in which they have been tried. The question is, How far is this poetic conservatism justified, and how far is it simply a slavish adherence to outworn tradition?

If we are correct in the conditions which we have laid down as essential to the fitness of poetic material, the answer to this question is to be arrived at by seeing how far modern inventions fulfill these conditions.

In examinations of this sort concrete examples are often most helpful; and it is possible to get some light by so simple a contrast as that between sword and

ward conditions, but upon inner characteristics; not upon human capabilities, but upon high imaginative development, acute sensibilities, and acute perceptions.

¹ Of course distinction is to be made between what is not poetic and what appeals to the illuminated few. Here the question is of emotional experiences depending not upon out-

gun. Despite the fact that by long and too often unmeaning use the mention of a sword has become thoroughly hackneyed; notwithstanding, too, that the actual use of the sword has largely disappeared from modern warfare; enormous as is the influence of the gun in our present civilization, and great the part it plays in peace and war alike, yet the mention of the sword continues to be more likely to inspire poetic feeling and to arouse the imagination than any allusion to the gun, no matter how adroit. Used sometimes with effect as a general symbol, a sort of background as it were, the gun remains obstinately unpoetic when it comes to the particular, or to exalted moods. Perhaps genius sufficiently great could touch the imagination by a picture of a hero raising his gun to shoot down at long range his deadly foe, but at present this appears a literary feat so difficult as to be impossible. The mere mention, on the contrary, of the bold warrior's taking his sword in hand to fight for right and life awakens instant response. The difference is not caused by popular experience. More of the readers addressed are likely to have handled a gun than a sword, but probably most have never meddled with either. The difference of effect lies, I believe, in the intense individualism of the use of the sword. The actual peril of the man who fights with a gun may be greater than that of him who uses the sword; yet in arousing the imagination the peril of the former is less effective, because it is in a sense so much more remote and uncertain. There is always a feeling, moreover, that he who wars at a distance may to some extent count upon happy chance, while in a hand-to-hand encounter danger is unavoidable. The reader instinctively kindles at the thought of the instant, immediate, personal peril of the man fighting breast to breast with the sword, while the idea of the sharpshooter firing upon an enemy from afar gives no such sensation.

If the analysis of the matter were carried further, it might bring us to the fact that instant, close danger appeals to universal experience. Every man knows in some degree what it is to stand face to face with fear, and even a sluggish imagination is able to carry this experience forward to some more or less adequate realization of the quivering emotion of deadly sword-play; while most men feel that the use of a gun is at least not inconsistent with shelter and comparative safety. Here and throughout something is to be allowed to conventional use. We have become accustomed to the sword as a symbol, and to some extent accept it from habit. Aside from this, however, there is a constant difference in the emotional power of steel and of firearms as an incitement to emotion. For instance, what would be the effect of the well-known line "the avenging sword unsheath," if for "sword" were substituted "gun"?

The contrast between a boat and a steamer also illustrates this point well. In a boat or a vessel, the oars, the sails, the rudder, are all personal, instant, handled directly by living men. If there is danger, it is met closely, face to face; the sailor feels the brunt of the sea and the wind on his very forehead, in his very bosom. The intellect is perfectly aware that the peril on the sea, if not so great to the steamer as to the ship, is yet enough to command sympathy and arouse compassion; yet the sense of personal contact between man and nature brings it about that sailing craft touch the imagination naturally and surely, while the steamer is to the fancy mechanical, impersonal, unemotional.

Instances are easily multiplied. One has but to contrast the horse with the locomotive, the sickle with the steam-reaper, the distaff with the spinning-jenny, to feel that it is practically impossible to produce the same quickening of the imagination by means of the one class of objects as by means of the other.

The problem is not a new one, and it is not difficult to conceive that it may have presented itself to the mind of thoughtful men when the printing-press came to dispute sovereignty with the pen. Compared with modern machines, the early press was personal, and hence it has been possible to use allusions to it with some success in modern verse. Compared, however, with the pen which it supplanted, even the hand-press is remote, mechanical, and consequently unemotional. The result is that even to-day, though penny-a-liners and rhymers of what might be called celluloid verse have constantly employed the image of the old monkish scribe writing with loving patience in his cell, it is possible still for a poet to evoke an emotional response by the same means, while no genius has succeeded in making poetic the press of our time, wonderful and all-powerful engine though it is.

To take yet one case more, if the poet has to deal with an unjust execution, the penalty which a noble man pays for fidelity to a high cause, he may heighten greatly his effect by picturing the block or the fiery stake. If a martyr, no matter how illustrious, were to be "electrocutted," what could the poet do with the fact in his song? He would dwell upon the nobility of the death, but even the barest mention of the method would suggest ideas so unpoetic as to imperil if not to destroy the whole effect. The poetic atmosphere would be entirely dissipated by the suggestion of mechanical appliances, the strength of currents, and kindred ideas. At the block, moreover, the condemned has a certain freedom which allows him to preserve his personal dignity; while in the electric-chair he is so swathed in bonds that the coward and the hero appear as if on the same unworthy level. The brave man cannot there by his bearing distinguish himself from the veriest craven. The fact of martyrdom, of self-sacrifice, is always inspiring; but circumstances may easily

obscure the significance of this fact. The death of a martyr, by whatever means, is in itself proper material for poetry; but it is evident that the method of that death may be entirely the reverse.

III.

In what we have been saying we have been considering the nature of the emotions aroused; but the fundamental question is whether given material will or will not arouse these. The essential object of art being to communicate and to create feeling, it follows that whatever appeals more strongly to the intellect than to the emotions is in so far unfitted for artistic use. However much poetry may make the reader think, it fails unless it make him feel more. A mathematical problem may give pleasure, but this enjoyment is unæsthetic because it is so completely dependent upon the understanding; and between imaginative enjoyment and intellectual delight it is necessary to draw the line with much distinctness.

The action upon the mind of intellectual suggestion, and the effect of emotional suggestion, it is easy to see, are essentially different. The one produces perception and admiration; the other, participation and sympathy. We comprehend and admire that which is addressed to the understanding; we share and we thrill with that which touches the sensibility. Intellectual enjoyment demands intellectual comprehension in direct proportion to its intensity. We are able to experience it only so far as we understand it. Admiration of scientific achievement may be keen, but it can hardly be passionate. The suggestion of the triumphs of the mind of man makes us think rather than feel; and the result is inevitably unæsthetic. It is not even the office of art to excite intellectual processes save as these induce emotion, and it is hopeless to attempt to use as artistic material that which is primarily to be appreciated by the thought only.

The achievements of the age in science and mechanics are so tremendous that they may well cause a man to catch his breath with amazement and almost with awe. If it is possible to embody this general effect, this spirit of wonder and reverence, there is no question that "the song o' steam" may fulfill the most exacting conditions of art, and that the telegraph, the steam-engine, and the dynamo may prove most effective material in the hands of the poet. The specific details of inventions are manifestly too intellectual to be of use aesthetically, but one would think that this splendid exultation in the conquests of human knowledge could be so used in art as to be triumphantly successful.

The first practical danger in the endeavor to convey this general effect is the difficulty of separating it from the consideration of particular means. The moment that there enters a consideration of methods, of mechanics, of cost, or of scientific principles, the mind of the reader takes control of the imagination, and the poem turns to prose on his hands. One of the most fascinating books imaginable from an intellectual point of view is Darwin's *Descent of Man*; but the idea of making poetry of even this masterpiece of science is obviously absurd. To use common parlance, it is addressed to the head, and not to the heart; and therefore it must remain prose to the end of the chapter. A cyclopean engine, storming a great ship through the waves and the winds of the tempest-swept Atlantic, holding in its care the treasure and the lives of hundreds, bearing joy or sorrow with the impartiality and the implacability of fate, is a superbly impressive thing in the abstract. If we try to press home this idea upon the reader quickened to the sensitively receptive poetic mood, his mind is almost inevitably seized with curiosity in regard to details of construction, and is benumbed by the consciousness that this gigantic power is but a

machine, unknowing, irresponsible, unresponsive.

It is my own belief, I may remark in passing, that the division of power and will is detrimental, if not destructive, to imaginative effect. A man and a sword are practically one. The means and the will are so closely united that the sword has no individual existence in the fancy; while in the case of a rifle it is almost as if we had to do with a separate entity. A horse gives himself up so completely to his rider that an effect of unity of will is produced. When it comes to a mighty machine, it is all but impossible for the imagination to blend man and means into one conception. The machine keeps its personality, and the fact that it lacks intelligence leaves it without the power to yield itself up and merge its individuality in that of its master. Since it cannot know that it is a slave, it seems subtly to keep its independence; in virtue of the fact that it has no will to be broken, it remains forever unsubdued. Of course this feeling may be largely personal, and I do not wish to insist upon it. My excuse for mentioning it at all is that it is a possible explanation of the difficulty of blending machine and master which many besides myself must have felt.

It is, then, the general results of great mechanical devices that must be relied upon for poetic effects. Particular details can be comprehended only by experts, and they address themselves to the mind rather than to the feelings. The idea, however, of the effects of modern inventions has in it nothing new *per se*. Our ships fly across the ocean as a shuttle flies through the web of a weaver; the telegraph and the telephone bridge the distance so that friends converse together over half the world; electricity dispels the darkness and achieves a thousand marvels more: yet what is there in any of these things which has not already been discounted and excelled in the fairy-lore of all ages? Generations

have grown thoroughly accustomed to the thought of each marvel as an idea. "But," it is urged, "now it is actual." True, and is therefore the less impressive as an emotional suggestion. That it is actual results in its being surrounded by commonplace suggestions, practical details, vulgar comparisons, the questions of rates of speed, of fares, of relation to travel and traffic, and a host of ideas utterly destructive to æsthetic mood or effect. Superb as are the masterpieces of invention, they yet bring with them in their achievement a sentiment of the odor of the sweat of toil and the scar of the whip of the slave-driver.

IV.

I have remarked already that to arouse the interest of the reader in a mass or in a cause it is necessary to reach him through the medium of the individual. A man is able imaginatively to share the feelings of another where he cannot grasp the consciousness of an army or a party. In the same way, it is possible for readers who themselves have no interest in science or machinery, and no appreciation of these, to be moved by the feeling of a man who is deeply affected by one or the other. It is possible, for instance, for many who are incapable of caring for a machine except as a matter of intellectual interest, to sympathize with the affection of an engineer for his engine. It is true that in such a case sympathy is almost surely less vivid than it would be were the object of affection more generally appreciated. He who is fond of a sword, a dog, a horse, appeals to a common and well-nigh universal sentiment. The reader feels that the engineer is not so much a man in his relations to his love as he is a specialist. The quality of humanity, however, remains constant. The engineer is outside general experience in his choice of object, but he still commands sympathy from the fact that he cares for something. The thing for which he cares

is no matter. Sympathy goes out to him as a human being, moved by a universal human sentiment.

It is the sentiment, and not the object, which arouses sympathy and kindles the imagination. No mistake could be more complete than to suppose that in the case just mentioned is to be found any argument in favor of the use of machinery as material for poetry. In McAndrew's Hymn it is the character of the stanch old engineer and his feelings by which the reader is moved. The wonders of the great engine are a hindrance, and not a help, if they are looked at in any way other than through the eyes of McAndrew. The piece succeeds or fails to the degree in which it makes his emotion real and contagious to the reader; and that, too, as emotion pure and simple, quite without regard to what has excited it. In so far as the attention is caught by tail-rod, crank-throws, feeding-pump, and "purrin' dynamoses," — finely suggestive as is the epithet in this last, — the emotional effect is weakened at the expense of the intellectual.

A poem of this sort succeeds, moreover, not only in proportion as it keeps the emotional superior to the intellectual, but in proportion as it makes the reader realize how general is the character of the feelings embodied. In this especial case, for instance, there is danger from the fact that the reader is constantly aware that the love of a man for a machine has in it an element of the unusual and peculiar, and that it is actually to be shared only by those who have lived in similar contact with machinery. McAndrew's enthusiasm is founded upon an experience rather far removed from ordinary human life. If we appreciate the devout fervor of the old man, we are moved; but we should be more readily moved if the object of his reverent emotion were a sleeping child, a frothing torrent, or the sun-flushed crest of Mont Blanc. In either case, however, it is the man, and not the machine. The song

which Mr. Kipling sings is what he has named it. It is not "the song o' steam," but the hymn of McAndrew. We are touched, if at all, not by the mighty engine, but by the emotion with which the old man regards it. It is the human, personal emotion which is poetic. It is not the triumph of mind over the forces of nature, but man's uplifting in contemplating that triumph.

v.

With intellectual triumphs, then, art has small concern. It may deal with the emotions which these cause. "The song o' steam" is a contradiction of terms, if it is taken literally. Poetry may embody the feelings which are aroused in man by the contemplation of the triumph of human skill over natural forces; but these feelings must be expressed in the language of poetry, and not in that of science. They must be embodied in symbols which appeal not to the understanding so much as to the imagination.

As an actual fact, the rider dashing madly along on jet-black steed may be hurrying to market to get the best price on a flock of sheep or a crop of cabbages; while the dull-looking man, well booted and well gloved, who is sitting prosaically in a smoking-car, may be bound on an errand of the most chivalrous daring. Yet the rider excites the imagination, and the other does not. Philistines cite instances of this sort to prove that art is a sham and inconsistent. The truth is that what appeals to

the feelings is the suggestion of daring, of peril, of emotional possibilities in the wild-looking horseman, — suggestion which is entirely lacking in the conventional passenger by rail. The suggestion is genuine; it calls up the idea of what is genuine. That it is not in harmony with actual circumstances is of no consequence. In the case of either traveler we are moved by what we know; and it is nothing to the point that there is seeming discrepancy between this and facts which we cannot know. Indeed, if we did know, there would be no difference. The wild rider would remain the symbol of danger, of adventure, of emotion and passion; while the passenger by rail would suggest only commonplace associations.

So, when all is said, the fact remains that whatever we may know about the power, the wonder, the greatness in construction and in effect, of the machine, it will to the end remain the symbol of ideas thoroughly unpoetic. Mechanical and scientific devices, no matter how ingenious, how wonderful, how efficient, are so closely and inevitably connected with ideas utilitarian, practical, and at best intellectual, that it is practically impossible to employ them successfully in an appeal to the imagination. Nor need this be cause for regret. Men say continually that the tales are all told, and that the language of art has become hackneyed; yet when the genius comes the old stories become new, and the hackneyed language takes upon it again the freshness of immortal youth.

Arlo Bates.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS.

VI.

THE BIRTH OF A LITERATURE.

"We are looking abroad and back after a literature. Let us come and live, and know in living a high philosophy and faith; so shall we find now, here, the elements, and in our own good souls the fire. Of every storied bay and cliff we will make something infinitely nobler than Salamis or Marathon. This pale Massachusetts sky, this sandy soil and raw wind, all shall nurture us. . . . Unlike all the world before us, our own age and land shall be classic to ourselves."

THE passage above quoted is from the Master of Arts oration of a young scholar — Robert Bartlett, of Plymouth — at the Harvard Commencement exercises of 1839. The original title of the oration was, *No Good Possible but shall One Day be Real*. Bartlett, who had been the first scholar in his class, and was a tutor in the university, died a few years later, but the prophecy above given attracted much attention, and was printed in an English magazine, — *Heraud's Monthly* (April, 1840); and when in that same year *The Dial* began to be published, the very first page of the first number gave as its basis "the strong current of thought and feeling which for a few years past has led many sincere persons in New England to make new demands on literature." It was a foregone conclusion, however, that these new demands could not be fully met by the prophets who first announced them. Prophets only clear the way, and must wait for the slower march of trained though perhaps unprophetic colaborers. A new era of American literature was at hand, but the Transcendental movement of itself could not directly have created it. Neither its organ, *The Dial*, nor the avowed successor of that magazine, *The Massachusetts Quarterly Review*, — announced by The-

odore Parker as being "*The Dial with a beard*," — ever achieved a wide circulation. Fortunately, in the natural progress of things a new combination effected itself, and those who, like Holmes, had ridiculed the earlier movement found themselves ready within twenty years to unite with those who, like Emerson, had created it; that first impulse thus forming, by cohesion, a well-defined circle of contributors who held for a time the visible leadership in American letters. That which saved this circle from becoming a clique and a mere mutual admiration society was its fortunate variety of personal temperaments. Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell, to name only the six most commonly selected as the representatives of this period, were really so dissimilar in many ways that they could not possibly duplicate one another, — indeed, could not always understand one another; and thus they were absolutely prevented from imposing on Boston anything like the yoke which Christopher North at one time imposed on Edinburgh. This was still more true of others just outside the circle, — Motley, Parkman, Thoreau, — and in this way the essential variety in unity was secured. Then there were other men, almost equally gifted, who touched the circle, or might have touched it but that they belonged to the class of which Emerson says, "Of what use is genius if its focus be a little too short or a little too long?" — Alcott, Ellery Channing, Weiss, Wasson, Brownlee Brown, each of whom bequeathed to posterity only a name, or some striking anecdote or verse, instead of a well-defined fame.

It is an embarrassment, in dealing with any past period of literary history, that we have to look at its participants not merely as they now seem, but as they appeared in their day, and we must cal-

culate their parallax. The men who in those years were actually creating American literature — creating it anew, that is, after the earlier and already subsiding impulse given by Irving and Cooper — do not retain the same relative precedence to which they at first seemed entitled; Emerson and Hawthorne having held their own more indisputably than the rest of the group. Some who distinctly formed a part of the original Atlantic circle have signally failed to develop staying power. It would have scarcely appeared possible, in those days, that the brilliant and popular Whipple, who was at first thought a second Macaulay, should be at the end of the century an almost vanished force, while the eccentric and unsuccessful Thoreau — whom Lowell and even his own neighbors set aside as a mere imitator of Emerson — is still growing in international fame. I remember well that when I endeavored to enlist Judge Hoar, the leading citizen of Concord, in an effort to persuade Miss Thoreau to allow her brother's journals to be printed, he heard me partly through, and then quickly said, "But you have left unsettled the preliminary question, Why should any one care to have Thoreau's journals put in print?" I had to abandon the argument as hopeless. It is also plain from Theodore Parker's correspondence that his estimate of Thoreau was but little higher than Judge Hoar's.

My own relation to this circle was the humble one of a man younger than the rest, brought up under their influence, yet naturally independent, not to say self-willed, and very much inclined to live his own life. I had long before noted with delight in Plutarch the tale of the young Cicero consulting the Delphic oracle, and being there advised to live for himself, and not to take the opinions of others for his guide, — this answer being called by Niebuhr "one of the oracles which might tempt one to believe in the actual inspiration of the

goddess." There was not one of these older men whom I had not sometimes felt free to criticise, with the presumption of youth; complaining of Emerson as being inorganic in structure; finding Whittier sometimes crude, Hawthorne bloodless in style, Holmes a trifle, Longfellow occasionally commonplace, Lowell often arrogant. All this criticism was easier because I lived at a distance from Boston. At times, no doubt, I was disposed to fancy myself destined to unite all their virtues and avoid all their faults, while at other moments I felt, more reasonably, that I might be of some use in gathering the scattered crumbs from their table. It is quite certain that I was greatly pleased when I had sent to *The Atlantic Monthly* my first contribution, *Saints and their Bodies*, and saw it printed in the fifth number; it being later characterized by Holmes as "an admirable paper," and he also designating me as "a young friend" of his, — a phrase which awakened, I regret to say, some scarcely veiled irreverence on the part of a young fellow at the Worcester Gymnastic Club, of which I was then president. Alas, I was already thirty-three years old, and youth is merciless. Nor can I wonder at the criticism when I recall that the daring boy who made it died a few years after in the Civil War, a brevet brigadier-general, at the age of twenty.

I had previously written an article for *The North American Review*, another for *The Christian Examiner*, and three papers in prose for *Putnam's Magazine*, one of these latter being a description of a trip to Mount Katahdin, written as a *jeu d'esprit* in the assumed character of a lady of the party. A few poems of mine had also been accepted by the last-named periodical; but these had attracted little attention, and the comparative *éclat* attendant on writing for *The Atlantic Monthly* made it practically, in my case, the beginning of a literary life. I was at once admitted to the Atlantic

Club, an informal dinner of contributors in those days, and at first found it enjoyable. Before this I had belonged to a larger club, — rather short-lived, but including some of the same men, — the Town and Country Club, organized in 1849, at Boston. The earlier club had no dinners; in fact, it erred on the side of asceticism, being formed, as Emerson declared, largely to afford a local habitation and dignified occupation to Mr. Alcott. Had its christening been left to the latter, a rhetorical grandeur would have belonged to its very opening; for he only hesitated whether the "Olympian Club" or the "Pan Club" would be the more suitable designation. Lowell marred the dignity of the former proposal by suggesting the name "Club of Hercules" as a substitute for "Olympian;" and since the admission of women was a vexed question at the outset, Lowell thought the "Patty Pan" quite appropriate. Upon this question, indeed, the enterprise very nearly went to pieces; and Mr. Sanborn has printed in his *Life of Alcott* a characteristic letter from Emerson to myself, after I had, in order to test the matter, placed the names of Elizabeth Peabody and Mary Lowell Putnam — Lowell's sister, and also well known as a writer — on the nomination book. Emerson himself, with one of those serene and lofty *coups d'état* of which only the saints are capable, took a pen and erased these names, although the question had not yet come up for decision, but was still pending when the erasure was made. Another vexed subject was the admission of colored members, the names of Frederick Douglass and Charles Lenox Remond being proposed. This Lowell strongly favored, but wrote to me that he thought Emerson would vote against it; indeed, Emerson, as he himself admitted to me, was one of that minority of anti-slavery men who confessed to a mild natural colorphobia, controlled only by moral conviction. These names were afterwards with-

drawn; but the Town and Country Club died a natural death before the question of admitting women was finally settled.

That matter was not, however, the occasion of the final catastrophe, which was brought on by Falstaff's remediless disease, a consumption of the purse. Ellery Channing said that the very name of the club had been fatal to it; that it promised an impossible alliance between Boston lawyers, who desired only a smoking-room, and, on the other hand, as he declared, a number of country ministers, who expected to be boarded and lodged, and to have their washing done, whenever they came up to the city. In either case, the original assessment of five dollars was clearly too small, and the utter hopelessness of raising any additional amount was soon made manifest. After the club had existed six months, a circular was issued, asking the members to remit, if possible, two dollars each before April 4, 1850, that the debts of the club might be paid, and their fellow members "be relieved from an unequal burden." This sealed the doom of the enterprise, and "the rest is silence." It is now far easier to organize a University Club on a fifty or one hundred dollar basis than it was then to skim the cream of intellectual Boston at five dollars a head. The fine phrase introduced by Mr. Alcott into the constitution, "the economies of the club," proved only too appropriate, as the organization had to be very economical indeed. Its membership, nevertheless, was well chosen and varied. At its four monthly gatherings, the lecturers were Theodore Parker, Henry James the elder, Henry Giles (then eminent as a Shakespeare lecturer), and the Rev. William B. Greene, afterwards colonel of the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. Among the hundred or more members, there were well-known lawyers, as Sumner, E. R. Hoar, Hillard, Burlingame, Bemis, and Sewall; and there were clergymen, as Parker, Hedge, W. H. Channing, Hill, Bartol, Frothingham,

and Hale ; the only non-Unitarian clergyman being the Rev. John O. Choules, a cheery little English Baptist, who had been round the world with Commodore Vanderbilt in his yacht, and might well feel himself equal to any worldly companionship. The medical profession was represented by Drs. Channing, Bowditch, Howe, and Loring ; and the mercantile world by the two brothers Ward, Franklin Haven, William D. Ticknor, and James T. Fields. Art appeared only in John Cheney, the engraver, and literature in the persons of Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, and Whipple. These five authors were contributors to *The Atlantic Monthly*, and took part in the early dinners of the Atlantic Club.

Holmes, as it appears from his biography, confounded this club, in his later recollections, with its larger coeval, the Saturday Club ; but they will be found very clearly discriminated in Longfellow's journals. During the first year of *The Atlantic*, under Phillips & Sampson's management, there were monthly dinners, in or near Boston, under the generalship of Francis H. Underwood, the office editor, and John C. Wyman, then his assistant. The most notable of these gatherings was undoubtedly that held at the Revere House, on occasion of Mrs. Stowe's projected departure for Europe. It was the only one to which ladies were invited, and the invitation was accepted with a good deal of hesitation by Mrs. Stowe, and with a distinct guarantee that no wine should be furnished for the guests. Other feminine contributors were invited, but for various reasons no ladies appeared except Mrs. Stowe and Miss Harriet Prescott (now Mrs. Spofford), who had already won fame by a story called *In a Cellar*, the scene of which was laid in Paris, and which was so thoroughly French in all its appointments that it was suspected of being a translation from that language, although much inquiry failed to reveal the supposed original. It may be well

to add that the honest young author had so little appreciation of the high compliment thus paid her that she indignantly proposed to withdraw her manuscript in consequence. These two ladies arrived promptly, and the gentlemen were kept waiting, not greatly to their minds, in the hope that other fair contributors would appear. When at last it was decided to proceed without further delay, Dr. Holmes and I were detailed to escort the ladies to the dining-room : he as the head of the party, and I as the only one who knew the younger lady. As we went upstairs the vivacious Autocrat said to me, "Can I venture it ? Do you suppose that Mrs. Stowe disapproves of me very much ?" — he being then subject to severe criticism from the more conservative theologians. The lady was gracious, however, and seemed glad to be rescued at last from her wearisome waiting. She came downstairs wearing a green wreath, of which Longfellow says in his diary that he "thought it very becoming."

We seated ourselves at table, Mrs. Stowe at Lowell's right, and Miss Prescott at Holmes's, I next to her, Edmund Quincy next to me. Dr. Stowe was at Holmes's left, Whittier at his ; and Longfellow, Underwood, John Wyman, and others were present. I said at once to Miss Prescott, "This is a new edition of *Evelina*, or a *Young Lady's Entrance into the World*. Begin at the beginning : what did you and Mrs. Stowe talk about for three quarters of an hour ?" She answered demurely, "Nothing, except she once asked me what o'clock it was, and I told her I did n't know." There could hardly be a better illustration of that curious mixture of *mauvaise honte* and indifference which often marred the outward manners of that remarkable woman. It is very likely that she had not been introduced to her companion, and perhaps had never heard her name ; but imagine any kindly or gracious person of middle age making no effort to relieve the shyness of a young girl stranded with

herself during three quarters of an hour of enforced seclusion!

The modest entertainment proceeded; conversation set in, but there was a visible awkwardness, partly from the presence of two ladies, one of whom was rather silent by reason of youth, and the other by temperament; and, moreover, the thawing influence of wine was wanting. There were probably no men of the party, except Whittier and myself, who did not habitually take it, and various little jokes began to circle *sotto voce* at the table: a suggestion, for instance, from Longfellow, that Miss Prescott might be asked to send down into her Cellar for the wine she had described so well, since Mrs. Stowe would allow none above stairs. Soon, however, a change came over the aspect of affairs. My neighbor on the right, Edmund Quincy, called a waiter mysteriously, and giving him his glass of water remained tranquilly while it was being replenished. It came back suffused with a rosy hue. Some one else followed his example, and presently the "conscious water" was blushing at various points around the board, although I doubt whether Holmes, with water-drinkers two deep on each side of him, got really his share of the coveted beverage. If he had, it might have modified the course of his talk, for I remember that he devoted himself largely to demonstrating to Dr. Stowe that all swearing doubtless originated in the free use made by the pulpit of sacred words and phrases; while Lowell, at the other end of the table, was maintaining for Mrs. Stowe's benefit that Tom Jones was the best novel ever written. This line of discussion may have been lively, but was not marked by eminent tact; and Whittier told me afterwards that Dr. and Mrs. Stowe both said that while the company at the club was no doubt distinguished, the conversation was by no means what they had been led to expect.

In the minor gatherings of the Atlantic Club I became gradually conscious

of a certain monotony. Neither Emerson nor Longfellow nor Whittier was a great talker, and though the conversation was always lively enough, it had too much the character of a dialogue between Holmes and Lowell. Neither of these had received the beneficent discipline of English dining-rooms, where, as I learned long after, one is schooled into self-restraint; and even if I never heard in London any talk that was on the whole so clever, yet in the end the carving is almost as important as the meat. Living in Worcester, I saw little of my fellow contributors except at those dinners, though Emerson frequently lectured in that growing city, and I occasionally at Concord, where I sometimes stayed at his house. It was a delight to be in his study, to finger his few and well-read books; a discipline of humility to have one's modest portmanteau carried upstairs by Plato himself; a joy to see him, relapsed into a happy grandparent, hold a baby on his knee, and wave his playful finger above the little clutching hands, saying joyously, "This boy is a little philosopher; he philosophizes about everything." To Worcester came also Alcott and Thoreau, from time to time; the former to give those mystic monologues which he called conversations, and which were liable to be disturbed and even checked when any other participant appeared, bringing anything but meek interrogatories. Thoreau came to take walks in the woods, or perhaps to Wachusett, with Harrison Blake, his later editor, and with Theophilus Brown, the freshest and most original mind in Worcester, by vocation a tailor, and sending out more sparkles of wit and humor over his measuring-tape and scissors than any one else could extract from Rabelais or Montaigne. Sometimes I joined the party, and found Thoreau a dry humorist, and also a good walker; while Alcott, although he too walked, usually steered for a convenient log in the edge of the first grove, and, seating himself

there, "conversed" once more. It may be that there are men now as quaint and original as were easily accessible in those days; but if so, I wish some one would favor me with a letter of introduction.

It was perhaps an advantage to me, and certainly a great convenience, that I did not begin writing for magazines until I was above thirty. I thus escaped the preliminary ordeal of rejection, a thing which I have indeed encountered but once in respect to prose papers, during my whole literary life. As Lowell, Holmes, and Underwood all heartily approved my early essays, I was tempted to stretch their range wider and try experiments. This was not so much from any changeableness or a wish to be credited with versatility, — a quality which I commonly distrusted and criticised in others, — but because there were so many interesting things to write about; and because I had possibly been rather too much impressed by one of Emerson's perilous maxims as applied to any writer, "If he has hit the mark, let others shatter the target." If my critics agreed that I could write a fairly good historical essay such as *A Charge with Prince Rupert*, or a good outdoor paper such as *A Procession of the Flowers*, it seemed better to try my hand at something else. There was no indolence about this; it was simply an eager desire to fill all the parts. Such versatility makes life very enjoyable, but perhaps not so really useful or successful as a career like that of my contemporary, Francis Parkman, who used to be surrounded, even in college, by books of Indian travel and French colonial history, and who kept at work for half a century on his vast theme until he achieved for himself a great literary monument. He was really a specialist before the days of specialism. To adopt a different method, as I did, is to put one's self too much in the position of a celebrated horse once owned by a friend of mine, — a horse which had

never won a race, but which was prized as having gained a second place in more races than any other horse in America. Yet it is to be remembered that there is a compensation in all these matters: the most laborious historian is pretty sure to be superseded within thirty years — as it has already been prophesied that even Parkman will be — by the mere accumulation of new material; while the more discursive writer may perchance happen on some felicitous statement that shall rival in immortality Fletcher of Saltoun's one sentence, or the single sonnet of Blanco White.

In 1859 *The Atlantic Monthly* passed into the hands of Ticknor & Fields, the junior publisher becoming finally its editor. It was a change of much importance to all its contributors, and greatly affected my own literary life. Lowell had been, of course, an appreciative and a sympathetic editor, yet sometimes dilatory and exasperating. Thus, a paper of mine on Theodore Parker, which should have appeared directly after the death of its subject, was delayed for five months by being accidentally put under a pile of unexamined manuscripts. Lowell had, moreover, some conservative reactions, and my essay *Ought Women to Learn the Alphabet?* which would now seem very innocent, and probably had a wider circulation than any other magazine article I ever wrote, was not accepted without some shaking of the head, though it was finally given the place of honor in the number. Fields had the advantage over Lowell of being both editor and publisher, so that he had a free hand as to paying for articles. The prices then paid were lower than now, but were raised steadily; and he first introduced the practice of paying for each manuscript on acceptance, though he always lamented that this failed of its end so far as he was individually concerned. His object was to quiet the impatience of those whose contributions were delayed; but he declared that such persons complained more than

ever, saying, "Since you valued my contribution so highly as to pay for it, you surely should print it at once." He had a virtue which I have never known in any other editor or publisher, — that of volunteering to advance money on prospective articles, yet to be written; and he did this more than once to me. I have also known him to increase the amount paid, on finding that an author particularly needed the money, especially if it were the case of a woman. His sympathy with struggling women was always very great; and I think he was the only one in the early Atlantic circle, except Whittier and myself, — with Emerson also, latterly, — who favored woman suffrage. This financial kindness was a part of his general theory of establishing a staff, in which effort he really succeeded, most of his contributors then writing only for him, — an aim which his successors abandoned, as doubtless became inevitable in view of the rapid multiplication of magazines. Certainly there was something very pleasant about Fields's policy on this point; and perhaps he petted us all rather too much. He had some of the defects of his qualities, — could not help being a little of a flatterer, and sometimes, though not always, evaded the telling of wholesome truths.

I happened to be one of his favorites; he even wished me, at one time, to undertake the whole critical department, which I luckily declined, although it appears by the index that I wrote more largely for the first twenty volumes of the magazine than any other contributor except Lowell and Holmes. Fields was constantly urging me to attempt fiction, and when I somewhat reluctantly followed his advice, he thought better of the result, I believe, than any one else did; for my story of Malbone, especially, he prophesied a fame which the public has not confirmed. Yet he was not indiscriminate in his praise, and suggested some amendments which improved that tale very much. He was capable also of

being influenced by argument, and was really the only editor I have ever encountered whose judgment I could move for an instant by any cajoling; editors being, as a rule, a race made of adamant, as they should be. On the other hand, he advised strongly against my writing the *Young Folks' History of the United States*, which nevertheless turned out incomparably the most successful venture I ever made, having sold to the extent of two hundred thousand copies, and still selling well after twenty years. His practical judgment was thus not infallible, but it came nearer to it than that of any other literary man I have ever known. With all his desire to create a staff, Fields was always eagerly looking out for new talent, and was ever prompt to counsel and encourage. He liked, of course, to know eminent men; and his geese were apt to be swans, yet he was able to discriminate. He organized Dickens's readings, for instance, and went to every one of them, yet confessed frankly that their pathos was a failure; that *Little Nell* was unreal, and *Paul Dombey* a tiresome creature whose death was a relief. Fields was really a keen judge of character, and had his own fearless standards. I once asked him which he liked the better personally, Thackeray or Dickens, and he replied, after a moment's reflection, "Dickens, because Thackeray enjoyed telling questionable stories, a thing which Dickens never did."

There has been endless discussion as to the true worth of the literary movement of which the circle of Atlantic writers was the source. By some, no doubt, it has been described with exaggerated claims, and by others with a disapprobation quite as unreasonable. Time alone can decide the precise award; the essential fact is that in this movement American literature was born, or, if not born, — for certainly Irving and Cooper had preceded, — was at least set on its feet. Whether it could not have been better born is a profitless question. This

group of writers was doubtless a local product ; but so is every new variety of plum or pear which the gardener finds in his garden. He does not quarrel with it for having made its appearance in some inconvenient corner instead of in the centre, nor does he think it unpardonable that it did not show itself everywhere at once ; the thing of importance is that it has arrived. The new literary impulse was indigenous, and, as far as it felt an exotic influence, that force was at any rate not English ; it was French, Italian, and above all German, so far as its external factors went. Nothing could be much further from the truth than the late remark of an essayist that Boston is "almost the sole survival upon our soil of a purely English influence." As a matter of fact, the current of thought which between 1816 and 1818 took our whole American educational system away from the English tradition, and substituted the German methods, passed through four young men from New England, who studied together at Göttingen, and who sent back the daring report that while our cisatlantic schools and colleges had nothing to learn from England, — not even from the Oxford and Cambridge of that day, — they had, on the contrary, everything to learn from the German institutions. These men were Cogswell, Everett, Ticknor, and, in a less degree, Bancroft. Three of these went from Harvard College, Everett and Bancroft at the expense of the university ; while Ticknor went from Dartmouth. They all brought back to Harvard what they could not find in England, but had gained in Germany ; Everett writing to my father in a letter which lies before me (dated June 6, 1818), "There is more teaching and more learning in our American Cambridge than there is in Oxford and Cambridge put together." They laid the foundation for non-English training not only in Boston, but in America, at a time when the very best literary journal in New York, and indeed in this

country, was called *The Albion*, and was English through and through.

It was, in fact, made a temporary reproach to the early Transcendental movement that it was too French or too German, and not English enough ; and when George Ripley's library was sold, it proved to be by far the best German library in New England except Theodore Parker's. There was at that time an eager clamoring not only for German, but for French, Italian, and even Swedish literature ; then, when the Atlantic circle succeeded to the domain of the Transcendentalists, it had in Longfellow the most accomplished translator of his day ; and the Continental influence still went at least side by side with the English, if it did not prevail over it. But behind this question of mere intellectual aliment lay the problem whether we should have a literature of our own ; and it was a strength, not a weakness, in these men when they aimed, in the words of young Robert Bartlett, to make us "classic to ourselves." Probably no one who did not live in those days can fully realize what it was to us to have our own aspects of nature, our own historic scenes, our own types of character, our own social problems, brought up and given a prominent place. The mere substitution of bobolink and oriole for lark and nightingale was a delicious novelty. At any rate, for good or evil, the transition was made. If the achievement took on too much flavor of moral earnestness, as is now complained, this may have been inevitable. In hewing down the forest, the axe must have weight as well as edge. In the work that obtruded itself while this literature was being created, — the crushing of American slavery by the strong hand, — it was not found that this moral force had been a thing superfluous. It was not a Bostonian, but a New Yorker (Mr. John Jay Chapman), who lately said of Emerson, "It will not be denied that he sent ten thousand sons to the war."

It is certain, at any rate, that a belief like this, in a literature actually forming before my eyes, was an important part of my happiness during my Worcester life, and that the work growing out of it became by degrees a serious interference with that required by the Free Church, and led me to quit the latter. I had also many other affairs on hand, being, as Mr. Alcott said of me, "a man of tasks;" and all these, while multiplying enjoyment and usefulness, were crowding too much on one another. I interested myself in the new question of a prohibitory liquor law, was for a time secretary of the state committee, and also took a hand — again aided by Martin Stowell — in enforcing the law in Worcester. Experience brought me to the opinion, which I have ever since held, that such a law is useless except under the limitations of local option, so that the moral pressure of each locality may be behind its enforcement.

I have already spoken of continued anti-slavery work in Worcester. I was also deeply interested in the problem of discharged convicts, having in that direction one experience so interesting that I must find room for it. In another town of Massachusetts I had known a young man of most respectable family, who, after a series of skillful burglaries, had been sent to prison on an eight years' sentence. He had there sustained an excellent character, and, after visiting him just before liberation, I had brought him to Worcester, and placed him in a family of worthy English people belonging to the Free Church, who carried on at home a little manufacturing business which he readily learned. Of course they were told his story, and their willingness to take him was the more admirable inasmuch as they had once tried much the same experiment and had been deceived. He behaved perfectly well, yet told me frankly that he used to loiter before jewelers' windows and think how easily he could get possession of the glittering

treasures inside. He ultimately married a farmer's daughter in a village near Worcester; he set up a little shop on very scanty capital, but made no effort to eke it out by any dishonorable action; and when the war came he somehow got a lieutenant's commission, but for some reason was never assigned to any regiment, and eventually died of disease. Here was a life saved from further wrong, and by the simplest means; and when, in later life, I attended as a delegate the meetings of prison reformers in Europe, I was firm in the conviction that such things as I have described could be done.

As to parish work, I found plenty of it, and on the whole enjoyed it. My people had almost all come from more conservative religious bodies, and some of the best of them were Spiritualists. Only one of the local clergy would exchange with me, — the exception being, as may be easily believed, Edward Everett Hale, who had not yet migrated to Boston, — but I was gradually brought into amicable relations with many of the others, and had no reason to complain. I was on the school committee until I was dropped, during the Know-Nothing excitement, for defending the right of a Roman Catholic father to decide which version of the Scriptures his child should read in school. Twice I have thus been honorably dismissed from school committees, for the same thing happened again in Newport, Rhode Island, ten years later, in consequence of the part I took in securing the abolition of separate colored schools. In both cases I was reinstated later; being appointed on a special examination committee in Worcester together with a Roman Catholic priest, and on the regular committee in Newport with a colored clergyman; thus "bringing my sheaves with me," as a clever woman said. I had a hand in organizing the great Worcester Public Library, and was one of its early board of trustees, at a time when we little dreamed of its expansion and widespread usefulness.

The old love for natural history survived, and I undertook again the microscopic work which I had begun in Newburyport under the guidance of an accomplished biologist, Dr. Henry C. Perkins. He had also introduced me to the works of Oken and Richard Owen; and I had written for *The Christian Examiner* (July, 1852) a paper called *Man and Nature*, given first as a lyceum lecture, which expressed something of that morning glow before sunrise which existed after the views of Goethe and Oken had been made public, but when Darwin's great discoveries were yet to be achieved. In Worcester I did a great deal in the way of field observation, and organized, with Hale and others, the local Natural History Society, one branch of which, the botanical club, still bears my name. I also read many books on anthropology, and wrote for *The Atlantic* various essays on kindred themes, which were afterwards published in a volume as *Out-Door Papers*. The prepa-

ration for this work gave that "enormity of pleasure," in Wordsworth's phrase, which only the habit of minute and written observation can convey; and I had many happy days, especially in the then unprofaned regions of Lake Quinsigamond. With all this revived the old love of athletic exercises: I was president of a gymnastic club, a skating club, and a cricket club, playing in several match games with the latter. I never actually belonged to a volunteer engine company, such as then existed everywhere, — it is a wonder that I did not, — but was elected an honorary member of Tiger Engine Company Number 6, though unluckily the Tigers engaged in a general fight at their annual meeting, before I could join, and the company was dissolved by the city fathers in consequence; so that this crowning distinction was at the last moment wrested from me.

Thus passed the years, until the Kansas excitement burst upon the nation and opened the way to new experiences.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE VERGE OF TEARS.

THERE was a moment when I could have wept,
Wept from a full heart: all the cords grew tight
That in their orbits move the spheres of sight;
Across my brain the blind sirocco swept;
My throat ached, and a withering palsy crept
Upon my tongue, that then I had not might
To fashion forth a sound, howe'er so slight.
Still and appalled my soul within me kept.

Thou who hast stood upon the verge of tears,
Needs not I tell thee of that desolate bourn,
But only this: when thou shalt reach the verge,
Be thou not other than thy human peers;
Weep then, oh weep! lest tears unshed return,
And be, long afterwards, thy spirit's stinging scourge!

Edith M. Thomas.

MERCURY IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT DISCOVERIES.

1.

WITHIN the orbit of Venus circles a planet of which, until lately, even less was known than of Venus herself. Of Venus we knew practically nothing; of this other, less than nothing, what we thought we knew turning out not to have been so. This body, which was thus not only a riddle, but a riddle misguessed, is the planet Mercury.

Nature makes no jumps; but science, our knowledge of nature, does. By one of these, we have come recently into possession of information about Mercury as interesting as regards the planet personally as it is of moment as regards planetary revolution in general; for while it tells us of the present condition of Mercury, it tells us something about the life-history of our solar system.

To most people Mercury is known chiefly as being very difficult to see; and to be seen at all he must be looked for low down in the twilight sky, at certain specified times, during certain equally specified seasons of the year. Seeing him is enhanced by the tradition that the great Copernicus died without ever having done so.

He is, however, not so difficult to detect as this probably true story about Copernicus has led many to suppose. Two impediments to the observation of Mercury stood in Copernicus's way: one, that Copernicus lived very far north; the other, that the mists at the mouth of the Vistula rose nightly to obscure the twilight sky. The latter obstacle is as evident as it made Mercury the reverse; the former will be none the less apparent when we reflect that in northern latitudes the path in which all the major planets travel is greatly bowed to the horizon. In consequence, that path is subject for a long distance from the sun to all those atmos-

pheric disturbances peculiar to the horizon, — disturbances which make observations near it practically impossible; and the farther north, the greater the difficulty.

Fortunately, at certain times and places Mercury is more removed from this all-obliterating influence than he is at others, and at such times he may be very distinctly seen, shortly after sunset, twinkling through the gloaming in the west. The whole difficulty lies in the sky, for the planet himself is much brighter than the background upon which he twinkles would lead one to think. If the observer chance to have a bright star — Arcturus or Altair, for example — in the west at the time, he may note, by comparing the planet with the star, how very much brighter the planet really is than he looks to be. As a matter of fact, Mercury shines with a lustre surpassing that of a first magnitude star, outshining, when projected against an equally illuminated sky, almost every fixed star in the firmament. But to detect Mercury one must be quick, in keeping with the planet's name; for a few minutes suffice to hide him as he settles into the horizon vapors, there to vanish from view, while a few days cause such a change in his distance from the sun as to make him invisible even at his most propitious hour. The best chance of detecting the planet is when he attains his greatest elongation in the early spring, inasmuch as then the ecliptic, or path in or near which all the planets move, has its greatest northerly inclination to the horizon. He is in consequence higher then, for the same distance from the sun, than at any other season, and so is raised out of the low-lying mists and vapors. This height is all important, for a slight difference of background makes every difference in the planet's visibility.

That the ancients detected him we know from records dating from before the Christian era. What is more, they detected that he was a planet; that is, a wandering star, one that moved among the host of heaven. They did not, however, recognize him as one and the same body on both sides of the sun, for they gave him two names, according as he was morning or evening star. The Greeks, for instance, called him Hesperus when he appeared in the west after sunset, and Mercury when he was seen in the east before sunrise. In the case of the Greeks this was but a poetic survival of archaic notions, for the Greeks knew very well — that is, the Greek philosophers did — that both apparitions belonged to one body, and that body an attendant of the sun.

With Copernicus came the recognition that Mercury was a body revolving round the sun inside of the orbit of the earth. So soon as this rectification of the solar system took place, by which the earth was relegated to her true subordinate position in it, the path Mercury pursued became known; for all the facts had been gathered before, and needed only to be arranged, to be understood. It was thus made evident that Mercury was the nearest planet to the sun, and that he revolved about that body in approximately eighty-eight days, in an orbit highly eccentric for a planet. The eccentricity of his ellipse amounts, indeed, to two tenths of his mean distance, so that at certain times he is nearer the sun than at others in the proportion of two to three.

With the invention of the telescope and the progress of science it was learned that he was a small body, with a diameter of something more than three thousand miles. (The earth, it will be remembered, is a little under eight thousand miles through.) And this, curious as it may seem, was all that was positively known of him until within the memory of men still young. Men are yet being brought up on this somewhat meagre knowledge,

plus some which is not so; for they are taught to believe that he is a very dense planet, and this with an assurance greater in proportion to the poorness of the textbook they study. Now, a planet's mean density depends upon his mass; and the mass of Mercury is not definitely known. The mass of some of the planets is very well known, — that of Jupiter or Saturn, for example; of all such, in fact, as possess satellites. The reason is that the possession of an attendant enables the mass of the primary to be very well weighed by the motion caused by him in that attendant. But, on the other hand, an unattended planet has nothing to betray his avoirdupois; the disturbances he may cause in passing comets, or the slight swayings he may induce in neighbor planets, alone affording any criterion of his cosmic size. Mercury is singularly ill situated, for he is so small as to produce little effect in either case. From observations of a certain comet, however, that chanced once to come near him, a mass was deduced for him which made his density quite great, greater than that of the earth. The density was really that of the deduction; for the data in the case were known to be of great uncertainty, and a little thought would have shown that general principles pointed the other way.

Common sense is as uncommon in science, unfortunately, as it is in everything else. Now, the prime factor in common sense is the sense of the importance of general principles. The cosmos is but the material manifestation of law; not meaning by this either divine or human laws, but the relations and reactions of things. And these laws, or principles, are perfectly general in their application. None of them ever fails; the appearance of failure being due simply to another's paramount influence. If we apply general principles to the case before us, it is plainly apparent that, whatever mode of genesis we admit for the coming into existence of the planets, the probable den-

sity of the matter composing them must have been approximately the same. We can best conceive this by considering what must have been the tenuity of the parent nebula even when Mercury was born. So much for the probable initial density. The final density assumed by a planet depends not only upon the initial density of the matter composing it, but upon the volume of matter the planet contains; for each particle of this matter attracts every other particle of it, and the greater the whole number of particles in the aggregation, the greater the crushing in of all and the denser the resulting body. The smaller the size of the planet, therefore, the less its density, other things being equal. We see, then, *a priori*, reason for inferring that Mercury cannot be dense.

Determinations of Mercury's mass subsequent to those upon which the usually quoted density of the planet depends have shown themselves more in accord with this *a priori* inference; the most recent deduction from these same perturbations having greatly reduced the resulting mass of the planet, and with it his density. But even now general principles are a safer guide than any of these particular determinations.

This is one of the points to which I referred as our minus knowledge of Mercury. It is much more far reaching than appears at first sight; for upon the mass of any planet depend that planet's physical characteristics, notably its power to hold an atmosphere, and, with its capability of holding an atmosphere, its ability to sustain life. We shall now see that the capabilities of Mercury in this respect are below the possibilities of life.

The probable mass of Mercury is about .039 of the mass of the earth; his probable diameter, 3100 miles; for he is probably a little larger than supposed. To measure the full disk of Mercury is possible only when he is seen in transit projected on the face of the sun. When he is so seen, the measures made of him are

certain to be too small, inasmuch as irradiation always makes a dark object seen against a bright one seem smaller than it is. If we could ever see Mercury full when off the sun, we could strike a mean and deduce a pretty accurate result. But we cannot do this. We are constrained to take as basis his transit measures, but it is absolutely essential that we should add to them a correction.

His probable mass and presumable size give us for his density about .65 of the earth's. Gravity, therefore, at his surface would be about one quarter of hers, and his critical velocity, or the velocity he could just restrain, 2.1 miles a second. Now, from the kinetic theory of gases we see that this velocity falls below that of water vapor, which is 2.5, and just above that of oxygen, which is 2.0, and nitrogen, which is 1.8. Hence Mercury cannot keep water vapor about him, and it is doubtful whether he could hold oxygen or nitrogen. As for the denser vapors, to vaporize these would require a temperature at his surface enormously high and perpetually sustained. We shall see in a moment that the conditions upon the planet's surface are such as to preclude even this possibility. Mercury, therefore, probably has no appreciable atmosphere. We shall find that this deduction is fully sustained by the look of the planet's surface.

II.

Having thus reviewed all we knew, and much that we did not know, but should have known, of the planet, up to within the last few years, we will proceed to the fundamental addition those years have given us. This addition has been the work of two sets of observations: those of Schiaparelli in 1889, and those at Flagstaff, Arizona, last summer.

In 1889 Schiaparelli began observations of the planet, which up to that time had presented to terrestrial observers a disk devoid of markings of any definiteness, a blank sheet upon which no cer-

tain characters were written. But Schiaparelli soon discovered that this lack of expression was no fault of the planet. Markings were found by him on the disk, — perfectly recognizable and delineable ones. As time went by he noticed that these markings slowly shifted in position upon the face of the planet. Minutes and hours, indeed, brought no change of place in them, but days did. Such shift showed that the planet rotated, and furthermore that the rotation was very slow. As he continued his search the period of this rotation was before long disclosed, and a very singular one it turned out to be; for it appeared that, quite unlike the earth, Mercury turned on his axis once only in the course of his circuit about the sun.

It is perhaps supererogatory to remark that the discovery remained largely unappreciated. Schiaparelli communicated it at once to the astronomical world, but scientific men refused to credit it with more than half-confidence. We have seen how they had accepted previously the erroneous determinations of Mercury's mass, which recalls the story of the simple old soul and her son Jack when the latter returned from his voyages and poured his tales into her ear. She accepted the mountains of sugar and rivers of wine with perfect composure, but balked at admitting the flying fish. "No, Jack," she said, "you will never make your old mother believe that fish can fly." The astronomical world reminds us in this of what Taine wrote of Prosper Mérimée: he was so resolved not to be taken in that he ended by becoming the dupe of his own distrust. Skepticism in moderation is a beneficial thing, but extreme skepticism betrays extreme ignorance.

Matters rested here until last summer, when the observations which resulted in the following knowledge of the planet were made.

Next to as good air as the observer can get, the most important prerequisite,

if he would see anything of Mercury, is that his observations should all be made by day. It will not do to wait for twilight to disclose the planet, as the tremors of the air at very low altitudes blur all detail upon his disk. He must be sought in broad daylight, while he is quite invisible to the naked eye. This is done by pointing the telescope toward his calculated position; if the instrumental adjustments are correct, he appears punctual to the law of gravitation, and looks for all the world like a little moon swimming alone in the vast blue sky.

The first characteristic he presents is pallor. He looks as wan as the moon herself when seen under like circumstances. His disk is of that pale white ashen hue with which we are so familiar in the moon by day. To an observer who observes aright every detail means something. Thus even this pallor is important. We note, to start with, that it is like the aspect of the moon. We next note that if we compare Mercury's disk with that of Venus there is a most marked contrast between the two. While Mercury is pale white, Venus is a brilliant straw-color; and her disk is ever so much brighter, square unit for square unit, than his. Now, when we consider the relative distance of the two bodies from the sun, we see that the contrast should be the other way if the surfaces of the two were alike; for the illumination Mercury receives from the sun in consequence of his proximity is more than two and a half times that which Venus receives; and yet, in spite of this, when both are seen against the same background, the surface of Venus far outshines that of Mercury. To what can this difference be due? A second thought will suggest the answer: Atmosphere. Venus, we know, has an atmosphere; Mercury, we have every reason to believe, has none. An atmosphere would produce just the effect we mark in the case of Venus, a brightening of her disk all over. Mer-

cury, being without such light-reflecting veil, shows as he really is. Here, then, from the surface look of the planet we have corroboration of the deduction from its probable density of its lack of atmosphere. Our moon is like Mercury, devoid of atmosphere, and she like Mercury looks pale. In both the pallor is what the actual surface of a globe of material not unlike our earth should present if bare of atmospheric covering. We shall see this more distinctly by comparing the relative reflecting power of the moon, of Mercury, and of certain known rocks. The moon reflects about .11 of the incident light, sandstone .237, and quartz porphyry .108. We see, then, from consideration of his pallor alone, that we probably look upon the actual surface of the planet, and that that surface is probably rock, sand, or soil, of a color between sandstone and quartz porphyry.

We now come to another point. As Mercury passes from the full to the crescent phase his surface diminishes visibly in lustre. I do not now refer to his loss of light as a whole, but to the loss in brilliancy of the illuminated part, square area for square area. His surface fades out, as it were. Just this fading out occurs with the moon. She too loses lustre as she wanes to a crescent. In the case of the moon, the loss has been attributed, and doubtless correctly, to the mountainous or craterous character of her surface. As the mountain peaks of the crater walls pass toward the sunrise or sunset edge of the disk — the edge which makes the phase — they cast longer and longer shadows, which, indistinguishable as such to the naked eye, result in cutting off just so much of the light, and give the effect of a paling of the surface. Mercury's like behavior may be due to a like cause, and the planet may possess a surface which is covered more or less with mountain ranges or with crater walls.

Thirdly, we may note that with absence of air goes absence of water. Even were

there water without air to start with, it could not remain in the absence of air; for as it evaporated to vapor, which in the course of time must happen to all of it, the same conditions which caused the air itself to leave the planet would cause the water vapor to follow suit, and thus eventually leave the planet water-bare.

Thus the absence of air on Mercury precludes the possibility of seas or oceans or rivers there. Furthermore, the absence of water prevents the existence of any vegetation upon the planet. The surface of Mercury is therefore, in all probability, one vast desert.

We will now turn to the markings and see what they disclosed. As soon as the planet was scanned at Flagstaff markings were apparent upon the disk. The markings were dark, very much darker than those of Venus. In consequence, they were proportionally easier to make out. In good air they were remarkably distinct, and even in bad air they were quite recognizable. They were numerous and permanent in place. Curiously enough, they were lines rather than patches. In this they differed noticeably from the moon's markings, which to the naked eye have the look of blotches. The two sets of markings agreed only in being the darker portions of their respective bodies. The patches on the moon, when examined telescopically, have the appearance of having been old sea-bottoms. This may be illusive inference, as it is more than questionable whether the moon ever had the necessary water; but it is certain that the dark patches are the smooth, plain parts of our satellite, while the brighter parts of her are the mountain and crater regions. We may perhaps infer from this that on Mercury, too, the dark areas represent the flatter country.

The first point to chronicle about the markings, because the most general one, is their entire absence of color. The whole disk, like that of Venus, was a *chiaroscuro* of markings, a picture in black

and white unrelieved by colored tint of any kind. Here we have a telltale appearance, as in the case of Venus; for the absence of color shows the absence of both water and vegetation. We know that did water or vegetation exist on Mercury's surface we could tell it by its tint, for this is precisely what we do with Mars. The hues of Mars are perfectly distinct even across so many millions of miles of space. His vegetation makes itself apparent by its beautiful blue-green tint.

Here, then, we have corroboration from another source of the absence of water on Mercury.

III.

As the markings were so distinct, it was speedily possible to see whether or not they moved across the face of the disk; if motion occurred, it would give the rotation period of the planet, and the position of the axis around which such rotation took place. It was very soon evident that the markings did not change their place from hour to hour, nor perceptibly from day to day. Whenever the observer looked, the same markings appeared in the same positions. Now, as the intervals between the observations were of all lengths from very short to very long ones, no rotation of short period was compatible with such immutability of place.

This showed what the rotation was not. As time went on it became possible to say what the rotation was; for as the edge of the illuminated portion of the planet shifted across the disk in consequence of the planet's revolution in his orbit about the sun, all the markings slowly shifted with it. As I explained in my paper on Venus, this showed immediately that the planet rotated once in the course of his journey round the sun; that is, that his periods of axial rotation and orbital revolution coincided.

But here a very neat little variation appeared in the consecutive appearances of the planet's face, — a variation not

visible in the case of Venus. During a portion of his orbital revolution, in a certain part of his path, the markings proceeded to lag behind the place they should have occupied, on the supposition of isochronism of rotation and revolution. The illumination crept faster across the face of the planet than the markings were able to follow. At first sight this will seem to have been conclusive evidence that the rotation period and the orbital one were not the same. As a matter of fact it really proved the reverse, the apparent variation from synchronousness evidencing the absolute synchronism of the two; for the variation was nothing more nor less than the planet's libration in longitude made visible.

Libration in longitude, or the apparent swing of the centre of the disk one way or the other, is the inevitable consequence of eccentricity of orbit. To understand it, we need only consider the planet's motion in its path. If a planet travel in a circle about the sun, its angular change must be the same for equal intervals of time. If, on the other hand, it move in an ellipse, the equality is no longer preserved. For when it is nearest the sun it moves much faster than when far away, being more attracted in the one case than in the other; furthermore, when near, the angle it describes is greater even for the same speed. Doubly fast, therefore, will be its sweep round the sun when it is near, compared with its velocity when it is remote.

Now, Mercury's orbit, unlike Venus's, is, for a planetary orbit, very eccentric, the planet being at times half as far again from the sun as at others. In consequence, when near perihelion Mercury sweeps through six and a third degrees a day; in aphelion he only manages to compass two and three quarters degrees. His rotation on his axis is uniform because of the great momentum of that rotation, and is equal to about four degrees a day. If, therefore, we suppose the planet to start from perihelion, the

angle of revolution will proceed to gain on the angle of rotation, and this gain will continue until the planet has reached that point in his orbit where his angular movement round the sun has so far diminished as just to equal his daily angle of rotation. In the case of Mercury, the equality is brought about 18 days and 9 hours after the date of the planet's passing perihelion. As the angle of revolution has throughout this time been gaining upon the angle of rotation, the difference between them will here be at its greatest, and will amount to the very considerable divergence of twenty-three and two thirds degrees. This has the effect of swinging all the markings to one side through the same number of degrees.

So soon as the above point is passed the conditions will be reversed, the angle of rotation now proceeding to gain on the angle of revolution and slowly catching up with its arrears. When the planet reaches aphelion the loss has all been made up, and the two angles start together again. But as the angular revolution is here least, the angle of rotation continues its gain until, at a point corresponding to the one in the first half of its orbit where the two angular movements were the same, they again become equal, the angular rotation having accumulated its maximum advance, — an advance it then proceeds to lose to equality again at perihelion. There is thus brought about a swing of the planet's face, first one way and then the other, and this is what is known as libration in longitude. In the case of Mercury the whole effect of the swing is forty-seven and a third degrees; twice, that is, twenty - three and two thirds.

Now, it so chances that upon the eastern side of Mercury there are markings which make this libration very strikingly and interestingly evident. When the planet is in his mean position two dark lines are visible cutting off the cusps, — one at a slight distance from the southern pole of the planet, the other nearly

the same distance from the northern one. As the libration swings, the markings round these two lines proceed to curve more toward one another, until when the libration has reached about fifteen degrees they are seen to join, forming one continuous band from top to bottom, with bright surface beyond them. After this time the bright area beyond widens. This gives the markings the look of a lyre, the time-honored instrument of the god, from which I have accordingly named the lines.

Mercury, therefore, like Venus, rotates but once during the time he takes to make his circuit of the sun. The phenomena of eternal day on one side of him and of everlasting night on the other, together with all the resulting physical effects of such a state of things upon the body's surface conditions, are the same for both planets except in so far as they are affected by two considerations: the presence of air and lack of libration on Venus, and the lack of air and presence of libration on Mercury; for as Mercury is practically devoid of air, so Venus is practically without libration. Venus's orbit is so nearly circular that from the extreme point of her libratory swing on one side to the extreme point on the other is only a degree and a half, or ninety miles measured along her surface, a debatable territory of day and night not worth debating. Now, both air and libration are needed for change, and each planet wants one or the other of these prerequisites. If Venus had a sensible libration or Mercury a sensible atmosphere, the resulting climatic conditions upon the strips of their surfaces which alone experience the recurrent alternations of sunshine and shade would be most interesting to consider. As it is, the two planets are equally impossibly circumstanced for any resulting effect, inasmuch as the lack of either of the above attributes, air or libration, is fatal.

The isochronism of rotation and revolution which the markings disclose not

only corroborates the physical state of Mercury's surface which the very look of the surface implies ; it explains how such a state of things came about. We saw this in the case of Venus, and precisely the same argument applies to Mercury except in so far as libration affects the latter. But even in the presence of air it seems doubtful if libration could alter the eventual meteorologic conditions ; for any water must of necessity seek the extreme point of the dark side, and leave the debatable strip of territory in the end as arid as the sun-baked portion of the planet. Finally, it is more than likely that Mercury has neither water nor air, and so lacks even the premises to any other conclusion.

Physically, the effects of the libration and of the eccentricity of the planet's orbit are probably nil ; phenomenally, they are rather interesting. Over the three eighths of the surface which are exposed forever to the sun, that body appears to oscillate back and forth through forty-seven degrees of sky, taking 51 days and 5 hours to go from his extreme eastern point to his extreme western one, and then 36 days and 18 hours to get back again, his westward swing being made nearly half as fast again as his eastward one. While the sun is thus oscillating he is changing in apparent size. At his extreme western position he appears as a sun about seven times as large as ours, proportionately bright and hot. From this he increases to nearly ten times in the middle of his motion east, and then decreases to seven times again at his eastern extreme. As he swings back he decreases further to about four times ours in the middle of his path, to increase again to seven times at his western limit and begin over again. The Mercurials, were there any such folk, would thus see in their sun a very palpable negative of their own orbit, as we may express it, projected on the sky.

In the debatable strip of territory the sun would rise and go through a part of

this path according to the position of the observer on the strip in question, and then set again at a different rate. To observers on the eastern side of the planet he would rise fast and set slow ; to those on the western, the reverse.

IV.

From what I have here sketched it will be seen that we are now in possession of evidence of the physical condition of Mercury to a not inconsiderable degree of detail. That condition may be summarized as follows : Mercury is a body devoid, practically if not absolutely, of air, of water, and of vegetation ; consequently incapable of supporting any of those higher organisms which we know as living beings. His surface is a vast desert. It is rough rather than smooth. Whether this roughness be due to mountains proper or to craters we are too far away from him to be able yet to say. The latter cause is the more probable. Over the greater part of his surface, change, either diurnal or seasonal, is unknown. Three eighths of his surface are steeped in perpetual glare, three eighths shrouded in perpetual gloom, while the remaining quarter slowly turns between the two. The planet itself, as a world, is dead.

Interesting as Mercury thus proves to be, the interest as regards the planet himself is of a rather corpse-like character. Less deterrent, perhaps, is the interest he possesses as a part of the life-history of the solar system ; for tidal friction, the closing act in the cosmic drama, has brought him where he is. The machine has run down. Whether he ever supported life upon his surface or not, the power to do so has now forever passed away. Like Venus and for like cause, he is now a dead world. And he was the first thus to reach the end of his evolutionary career, — earlier to do so than Venus, inasmuch as tidal action was very much greater on him than on her, and consequently produced its effect more quickly. Mercury has long been dead,

— how long, measured by centuries, we cannot say, but practically for a very long time. Venus must have become so comparatively recently. Both, however, now have finished their course, and have in a most literal sense entered into their rest. They are the only planets that have yet done so. They are the first, but not the last; for the same fate is doubtless in store for all the others, each in its turn. Each foretells it by having already reached a stage in the process almost exactly proportionate to its position. It is not a little curious, indeed, that the several stages should be as precisely represented by the several planets as they are. Our recent knowledge of the condition of Mercury and Venus has made this apparent. These planets have supplied the missing links in the chain of evidence; or rather, it is these that have made something more than missing links, for they stand at one end of the line, and by so doing furnish specimens of the final act in the process, without which the whole process would not have been evident.

As the matter of planetary decrepitude and death turns upon the cessation of planetary rotation, let us compare the rotation periods of the several planets, proceeding outward from the sun. As, however, it is isochronism of axial rotation and orbital revolution that determines this death, and not the actual rotation period, what we must compare is the rotations of the several planets as regards the sun, not as regards space. Represented in tabular form, these periods, planetary days as they are, stand as follows: —

Mercury :	infinity.
Venus :	infinity.
Earth :	24 hours.
Mars :	24 hours, 39½ minutes.
Jupiter :	9 hours, 55 minutes.
Saturn :	10 hours, 14 minutes.
Uranus :	unknown, but probably rapid.
Neptune :	unknown, but probably rapid.

This table is striking. We see from it that the slowing up of planetary rota-

tion is almost precisely timed to the distance of the planet from the sun. We could not possibly expect the accordance to come out closer than it does; for, other things being equal, the size of a planet must certainly affect the speed of its rotation, and the sizes of the planets are very diverse, ranging all the way from the giant Jupiter to Mars the pygmy or to Mercury the dwarf; Jupiter being actually more comparable to the sun itself in size than to Mars or Mercury. Now, as, in spite of such diversity, distance from the sun apparently determines the effect, we see how paramount a factor in the process of planetary decrepitude distance from the sun must be.

No less suggestive are the colors of the several planets. As the planets are commonly observed only by night, the full effect of their contrasting tints escapes recognition. If one have the opportunity of observing them telescopically by day, and avail himself of the chance, he will be surprised to find how striking this contrast is; for daylight brings out the colors in a way one would not suppose possible beforehand. Whatever differences are seen by night are intensified by day. For the four inner planets and the moon these colors are as follows: —

Mercury :	white and black chiaroscuro.
Venus :	straw-color chiaroscuro.
Earth :	ochre and blue-green.
Mars :	rose-ochre and blue-green.
Moon :	white and black chiaroscuro.

It is at once evident from this that Mercury, Venus, and the moon fall into one category, the earth and Mars into another. The former have the hues of death; the latter, of life.

As to the major planets seen by night, Jupiter and Saturn are brick-red between their cloud-belts, while Uranus and Neptune seem to be pale green; but we get so little light from the latter two that we may suspend definite judgment as to their tints.

In both the above classifications — rotation period as regards the sun, and

color — it will be noticed how curiously the planets go in pairs : —

Mercury and Venus :

Rotation, infinitely long ; color, arid.

Earth and Mars :

Rotation, about a day ; color, vegetation.

Jupiter and Saturn :

Rotation, about ten hours ; color, heat glow.

Uranus and Neptune :

Rotation, probably rapid ; color, doubtful.

While this coupling is doubtless fortuitous, the apparent progression underlying it is doubtless not so.

Thus do the several planets combine to give us a consecutive picture of the career of each. Through the telescope we look not only at the present, but back into the past and on into the future. From study of all we can read the main events in the life-history of each ; for each must have passed or must be passing from a formless infancy through a plastic youth to a rigid old age.

In detail, the life of each must differ from that of its neighbor ; for size and distance from the sun would each cause

a difference in physical characteristics into which — very interesting as the subject is — we have not space here to go. Suffice it that from the fact that the matter composing the cosmos seems to be of common character, and that physical forces, so far as we know them, must be universal in their application, we can make some deduction as to the conditions prevailing upon each of these globes. On some points we can affirm pretty positively ; on others, as yet, little or nothing. Whether, for example, there be other forms of life in the universe of which we have neither cognizance nor conception, we cannot be sure. But we can say that in certain cases life such as we know it cannot exist. We can affirm with something like certainty that no life like ours can now be possible on either Mercury or Venus. Whatever they may once have been, these two planets are now ghastly parodies of worlds, — globes having the semblance of possible abodes, but being really pitilessly the reverse.

Percival Lowell.

THE LADY AND THE PARSON.

A BIT OF VIRGINIAN HISTORY.

THE Lady was a widow, and her husband had been no less superb a person than Alexander Spotswood, lieutenant-governor of her Majesty's colony of Virginia. He had been an aide to Marlborough at Blenheim, and through the great soldier's influence had received from Queen Anne the appointment to do the work for which the governor, the Earl of Orkney, received by far the larger salary — and stayed at home.

Spotsylvania County was named in honor of Spotswood, and there on a "horse shoe peninsular" he built a castle, with its village, church, vast parks, and adjoining estate of forty-five thou-

sand acres. He called it "Germanna," because the Germans whom Queen Anne had sent over were clustered around his estate. On his lands iron ore was abundant, and to him, as the first manufacturer of iron in Virginia, posterity owes no small debt.

Six years after Spotswood's arrival in Virginia his restless spirit longed to penetrate the sealed fastnesses beyond the mountains to the westward, and to find a gateway to new lands through the hills, and a company of gentlemen followed him. We find them halting, at Spotswood's command, to drink the king's health in champagne (Anne's reign had

ended) and to fire a volley in the monarch's honor. After a short distance they stop again to drink the health of the princess in old Burgundy, and that of the rest of the royal family in claret, — nice distinctions of honor, — with fresh firing of volleys. Then the loyal following would have the governor's health. In this manner they proceeded, breaking the monotony of the journey with the hunting of deer, bears, and foxes. Daily the mountains drew nearer, and finally the brave gentlemen stood upon a rugged peak which Spotswood named Mount George in his sovereign's honor, doubtless with much drinking of the royal health. His companions then forced their way up a twin peak near by, and, to their leader's glory, named it Mount Alexander.

To each member of this band Governor Spotswood presented a golden horseshoe set with jewels and inscribed with the motto "*Sic juvat transcendere montes*," and from that time on they were called "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe." Not one of these trophies is known to be now preserved by a Knight's descendant. Here, however, is a letter to show that their memory has not perished: —

ST. JULIEN NEAR FREDERICKSBURG,
February 25, 1841.

DR. WILLIAM A. CARRUTHERS :

MY DEAR SIR. — I have received your letter of the 5th inst., and in reply to it can only say that I have seen in the possession of the oldest branch of my family a Golden Horseshoe set with garnets and having inscribed on it a motto, which I always understood was presented to my grandfather as one of many gentlemen who accompanied him across the mountains.

With great respect, yours,

FRANCIS BROOKE.

It is not possible that the governor who led this expedition could have been

other than a picturesque figure, and his wife, whom he married in 1724, two years after his office was taken from him, through a curious disaffection, must have shone in a strongly reflected light. She herself, indeed, was Lady Butler Braeme, godchild and kinswoman of the Duke of Ormond, and had met her husband at the court of Queen Anne many years before marrying him.

There were four Spotswood children, John and Robert (the former killed by the Indians, a shocking return for the governor's interest in a treacherous nation), Katherine and Dorothea. Katherine was the beauty of the family, and married Bernard Moore, of Chelsea; she was the great-grandmother of Robert E. Lee, and to her death was a defiant Tory, thereby incurring the displeasure of her family. Dorothea married Nathaniel West Dandridge, and was the mother-in-law of Patrick Henry.

At Germanna Governor Spotswood and his lady maintained considerable state and elegance. The place was itself a principality, and in addition to it he had other lands, mines, a house at Williamsburg, a plantation near York, and not a little personal property. He mentions in his will "two cabinets of plate, weighing one thousand and eighty ounces and four pennyweight of silver according to an inventory."

A letter from William Byrd, the exponent of Virginian grace and refinement, gives a pretty glimpse of life at Germanna. He was there in 1732, eight years after the governor had become a Benedict, and wrote: —

"The famous town of Germanna consists of Spotswood's enchanted Castle on one side, and a baker's dozen of tenements on the other. Here I arrived about three o'clock and found Mrs. Spotswood at home, who received her old acquaintance with many a gracious smile.

"I was carried into a room elegantly set off with pier glasses, the largest of which came soon after to an odd mis-

fortune. Among other favorite animals which cheered the lady's solitude a brace of tame deer ran familiarly about the house; and one of them came to stare at me as a stranger, but unluckily spying his own figure in the glass he made a spring over the tea table that stood under it, and shattered the glass to pieces, and falling back upon the tea table made a terrible fracas among the tea china, but it was worth all the damage to show the moderation and good humour with which she bore the disaster."

In 1740 Governor Spotswood died, and his widow entered, as a possibility, into the list of the persons frequently mentioned in colonial newspapers and manuscript marriage records after this wise: "Mr. — with Mrs. —, widow of the late Colonel —, who is possessed of a fine figure and a handsome fortune." As the mistress of Germanna, with its cabinets of plate, fine furniture, horses and coaches, and outlying lands, Lady Spotswood must have seemed, of all women, a marriageable widow.

In this very year 1740 the "Parson" — the Rev. John Thompson — appears upon the scene as the rector of the church at Germanna. In 1741 Lady Spotswood presented the church with a velvet altar-cloth, and perhaps it was this little olive branch that made the young divine bold enough to aspire to the hand of so exalted a widow; for soon afterwards he began to storm Germanna and its proud mistress, who, strange to say, was not averse to receiving the attentions of a handsome preacher. Indeed, she seems to have gone so far as to give him assurance of her affection. Then arose a protest from kinsfolk and acquaintance: "Could she, Lady Butler Braeme Spotswood, godchild of a duke, who had mingled with lords and ladies, descend to a union with a poor parson, a pensioner of her late husband and herself?"

In the light of these circumstances, it was a good fortune to find in a dusty

garret, not long ago, a box of old letters,¹ yellow and crumbling, yet vividly alive with the affairs of the Lady and the Parson. Let us untie the close knot of faded ribbon and see what falls from the package at last unbound.

First we pick up the ancient commission to the ministerial office from Edmund Bishop of London to "the beloved in Christ John Thompson," and a torn bill which tells what John Thompson had to pay for his deacon's and priest's orders. Then there is a sermon by the young clergyman, torn in the fold of the paper. His text is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" (yea, perhaps better); and in his own handwriting there is a list of his appointments, namely: "Ye lower Church;" "Ye Court House;" "Ye little Fort church;" "Mt Poney church;" "Buck Run church." One would scarcely suppose he had time for love-making, but his first letter to "Lady Butler Spotswood" is big with suggestion of a mind filled with sentimental as well as religious purpose: —

MADAM, — I send you my servant ye bearer according to promise hoping he will prove useful to you in reaping your harvest or in any other business you may have occasion to put him to. Madam I am extremely sorry to find your thoughts should all of a sudden take such a turn, but this I ascribe more to the malevolent influence of others than to your own generous disposition.

However Dear Madam I hope you will consider my case wth. a passionate affection. Consider I say Dear Madam how ardently I adore you, yt my very life and soul is wraped up in you, yt rather than be deprived of your agreeable person, I would chuse death wth. all its terrors. 'Tis true Madam, you may chuse whether you will make me happy, but in spite of all opposition I shall ever love you most passionately. And upon

¹ These letters are owned by Mr. David S. Forbes, of Fredericksburg, Virginia.

all occasions will shew myself, wth ye profoundest respect, dear Madam

Your most Affectionate Humbl Servant
JNO. THOMPSON.

June 20, 1741

P. S. Madam I should have waited of you, but I am necessarily obliged to ride to baptize a child.

The letters seem to prove our suspicion that Lady Spotswood must have first encouraged and then repulsed her lover, and finally have told him in plain English that she was too good for him ; for nearly a year after his first epistle he writes again, and the corpulent old letter with its broken red wax seal is the next to be unfolded. The argument it contains is, "A preacher may marry a princess if he choose."

The egoism in the epistle must be condoned if we remember the high stakes for which our lover was playing.

MADAM, — By diligently perusing your letter I see that there is a material argument which I ought to have answered, upon which your strongest objection to completing my happiness seems to depend, viz ; that you would incur ye censures of ye world for marrying a person of my station, by which I understand that you think it a diminution of *your honour* and ye *dignity* of *your family* to marry a person in the station of a Clergyman.

Now if I can make it appear that the ministerial office is an employment in its nature ye most honorable, and in its effects ye most beneficial to mankind I hope your objections will immediately vanish, yt you will keep me no longer in suspense and misery but consummate my happiness.

I make no doubt, Madam, but yt you will readily grant, yt no man can be employed in work more honorable than what immediately relates to the King of Kings and Lord of lords, and to ye salvation of souls immortal in their na-

ture, and redeemed by ye blood of ye Son of God.

The powers committed to their care cannot be exercised by ye greatest princes of earth, and it is the same work in kind, and ye same in ye design of it with yt of ye blessed angels, who are ministering spirits for those who shall be heirs of salvation. It is the same business yt ye Son of God discharged when he condescended to dwell among men which engages men in ye greatest acts of *doing good* in turning Sinners from the errors of their ways, and by all wise and prudent means in gaining souls unto God. And the faithful and diligent discharge of this holy function give a title to ye highest degree of glory in the next world, for they that be wise shall shine as ye brightness of ye firmament forever.

The Greeks accounted the priesthood with equal dignity with kingship, which is taken notice of by Aristotle in several places in his politicks. Among the Latins we have a testimony from Virgil yt at ye same time Aeneas was both priest and king. Nay Moses who was prince of Israel before Aaron was consecrated officiated as priest in the solemn sacrifice, by which ye covenant with Israel was confirmed.

And ye primitive Christians always expressed a mighty value and esteem for their clergy as plainly appears from ecclesiastical history. And even in our day, as bad as the world is, those of ye clergy who live up to ye dignity of their profession are generally revered and esteemed by all religious and well disposed persons. From all of which it evidently appears yt in all ages of ye world whether Jew, Heathen or Christians great honor and dignity have always been conferred upon the Clergy.

And therefore dear Madam from hence you may infer how absurd and ridiculous those gentlemen's notions are who would fain persuade you yt marrying with the Clergy would derogate from ye honor and dignity of your family whereas, in strict

reasoning the contrary thereof would appear, and yt it would very much to support ye honour and dignity.

Of this I hope you will be better convinced when you consider the titles of honour and respect yt are given to those who are invested with ye ministerial functions as are amply displayed in ye Scriptures.

Those invested with that character are called ye ministers of Christ, ye Stewards of mysteries of God, to whom have been committed the word of reconciliation, ye glory of Christ &c. And then it is moreover declared, that whosoever *despiseth* them *despiseth not man* but God.

All which titles shew that upon many accounts they stand called and appointed to God himself; and therefore if a gentleman of this sacred & honorable character should be married to a lady though of ye greater extraction & most excellent personal qualities (which I am sensible you are endowed with) it can be no disgrace to her, nor her family, nor draw ye censure of ye world upon them, for such an action. And therefore, dear Madam your argument being refuted you can no-longer consistently refuse to consummate my happiness.

JOHN THOMPSON.

May 1742.

But instead of inducing the Lady to relent, this argument seems to have filled her with indignation; though her counselors, I dare say, were in part responsible for the following sharp letter: —

TO THE REV. MR. THOMPSON.

S^r. — I had almost let a resolution never to converse with you agan in this manner or indeed in any other for I think its to very little Purpose to make use of repetitions in such a case, its certain, two years is a sufficient space of time for any person to know their own mind. [The love-making must have begun in a very short time after Governor

Spotswood's demise.] I have often told mine to little purpose, and assure you S^r, have no thoughts of marrying as my affairs are at this times circumstanced

I am sorry to find Finlason and you have had words, being sensible such things take air and in the end may turn out to your disadvantage in ye thoughts of a people who are Strangers to honour or Generous principles. This is all I have to offer except desiring you to desist from any further pretensions to me than those of friendship which will oblige S^r in a particular manner her who is yr. Humbl: Servant

B. SPOTSWOOD.

July 29. 1742.

No one can say that the following answer is not full of dignified resignation:

HONOURED MADAM, — May ready success still meet yr. honourable designs. May the sincerity of yr. friends prove worthy of yr. innocent confidence in them. May ye charms of your body be as lasting as those of your mind. And may no pain interrupt your ease nor misfortune yr. felicity.

But should I follow the dictates of my heart whilst it is pouring out blessings upon you I might tire YOU, but never ye zeal of my love.

Having thus made ye Will of dying hopes I will trouble you no longer but let them in silence expire. From Madam

Your faithful Serv't.

JOHN THOMPSON.

This proud relinquishment of his hopes perhaps alarmed the Lady, for at once she addresses the following letter of solicitous tone: —

TO REV. JOHN THOMPSON.

S^r. — M^r. Rose came according to expectation, and set out on Friday at 4 o'clock with M^r. Camell for his quarter. He is to preach for Hartwell at ye Court House this day and expect him

here again at 5 or 6 o'clock this evening to meet Mr. Bengers.¹

They both intend to stay at Germanna until Wednesday next. I have not heard one word of the affair. I have writ you a letter yt was proposed but care not to trust it in this manner, so yt you must defer yr. intended journey until I can see you. You have a very good excuse, for it is too hot, and unfit to Travel, and there is a necessity for my speaking with you upon the subject of the letter. This is all I have to offer but that I am as usual

Your Friend and Humbl. Serv't

B. SPOTSWOOD.

P. S. I have enclosed your Sermon as an excuse for THIS.

Our widow was a trifle sly. John Thompson perceived in this symptom a weakening of purpose; again he writes:

HONOURED MADAM,—You must either give up your cause or else acknowledge yourself guilty of great insincerity and ye most monstrous ingratitude and execrable cruelty.

But I would fain persuade myself yt cruelty and ingratitude can never harbour long in so serene a breast as yours, & yt this storm will soon be over, that so your heavenly graces may shine forth with greater lustre and again admit to favour Madam

Your most faithful &
affectionate Serv't

JOHN THOMPSON.

Now comes a broken bit of parchment:

"Witness this document that in the year of our Saviour 1742, on the ninth of November I joined in Matrimony Mr. Thompson with the lady Butler.

"Signed the same year and day.

"JAMES MARYE,

"Rector of St. George's Parish in Spotylvania County."

¹ Her brother-in-law.

The next letter unfolded has scribbled upon it, "The copy of a letter to my Father."

HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,—Being sensible of ye respect due from a child to a parent . . . I hold myself in duty bound to acquaint you wth all ye occurrences of my life, but more especially wth those yt bear a propitious aspect, & therefore make bold to inform you of my different scene of life, having changed my former state for that of wedlock and am entirely happy with a lady of most exquisite and amiable qualities, of an ancient and honourable family who was formerly married to Colonel Spotswood, late Governor of Virginia who at his death left behind him four children (two boys & two girls) *extraordinarily* well provided for. To his eldest son he left lands, Iron Works &c, in value about £2000 sterling per annum, to his youngest son £3000 sterling, and to ye girls £2025 sterling each, and to his lady (now my wife) a jointure of £500 sterling per annum, one half of which before my marriage with my consent she settled upon her children. The other we reserved to ourselves as a competent maintenance.

We all live together ye mansion house being in my parish & shall until the heir come to age who was 17 last Christmas. I received Brother Robert's letter dated ye 28th of May & shall take care the next opportunity to answer it. In ye mean time give my sincere love to him & to all my brothers & sisters. I shall ever remain with ye profoundest respect Dr. Parent

Your most dutiful & obedient son

JNO. THOMPSON.

June ye 9th 1743.

Beneath the letters and the diary is a tiny parcel in crumpled paper. Unfolding it carefully, we bring to light a nest of flashing red stones. Did they fall from a golden horseshoe?

Sally Nelson Robins.

THE JUGGLER.

VII.

It created something of a sensation, one morning, when the juggler — for the mountaineers as solemnly distinguished him by the name he had given them of his queer vocation as if it were the serious profession of law — appeared among the lime-burners on the slope of the mountain. With his sensitive perceptions, he could not fail to notice their paucity of courtesy, the look askance, the interchanged glances. Singularly obtuse, however, he must have seemed, for he presently ensconced himself, with a great show of consideration for his own comfort, as if for a stay of length, in the sheltered recess where the lime-burners were seated at some distance from the fire, for the heat was searching and oppressive. The heavy shadow of the cliff protected them from the sun. Below, the valley was spread out like a map. If one would have dreams, a sylvan ditty that an unseen stream, in a deep ravine hard by, was rippling out like a chime of silver bells swaying in the wayward wind came now to the ear, and now was silent, and somehow invited the fantasies of drowsing. Everything that grew bespoke the spring. Even the great pines which knew no devastation of winter bore testimony to the vernal impulse, and stood bedecked with fair young shoots as with a thousand waxen tapers.

The juggler, lying at full length on the moss, his hands clasped under his head, watched their serried ranks all adown the slope, broken here and there by the high-tinted verdure of the deciduous trees. He conserved a silence that seemed unintentional and accidental, perhaps because of his unconstrained attitude and of his casual expression of countenance, since he apparently took no note of the cessation of conversation among

the lime-burners which had supervened on his arrival.

Talk was soon resumed, curiosity becoming a factor.

"Who's 'tendin' the pertracted meetin' down yander, from Sims's?" demanded Peter Knowles, looking at Royce to intimate whom he addressed.

"Only the head of the house," responded the juggler: "Tubal Cain, the man of might, himself."

Peter Knowles still gazed at him with frowning fixity. "That thar Jane Ann Sims ain't got no mo' religion 'n a Dominicky hen," he observed.

"Well," the juggler was fain to contend in a sentiment of loyalty to the roof that sheltered him, "she is busy; she has her household duties to look after."

"Shucks, ye young buzzard! ye can't fool me!" exclaimed Tip Wrothers, in half-jocular triumph. "Don't all the Cove know ez Jane Ann Sims don't turn a hand ef Phemie's thar ter do it fur her?"

"Yaas," drawled Gideon Beck, "an' Phemie ain't got much mo' religion 'n her mammy. Jes' wunst hev she been 'tendin' on the meetin', — an' this air Thursday, an' the mourners constant, an' a great awakenin'. Phemie Sims would set the nangel Gabriel down ter wait in the passage whilst she war a-polishin' of her milk-crocks, ef he hed been sent ter fetch her ter heaven, an' she warn't through her dairy worship."

"If Mrs. Sims don't turn her hand, there's obliged to be somebody there to turn one. We don't have any rations of manna served out these days," argued the juggler. "It's well that somebody stays at home. Tubal Cain and I are enough church-goers for one house."

"Air you-uns a mourner?" demanded Beck, with a sudden accession of interest.

"No," answered the juggler, "though I've lots and cords to mourn over." He shifted his position with a sigh.

Wrothers and Knowles exchanged a significant glance which Beck did not observe. With a distinct bridle he said, "*I be a perfesser. I hev been a perfesser fur the past ten year.*"

"It must be a great satisfaction," responded the juggler.

It was something, however, which he did not envy, and this fact was so patent that it roused the rancor of Beck. One of the dearest delights of possession is often the impotent grudging of him who hath not.

The juggler, despite his assured demeanor, had reverted to that sense of discomfort which had earlier beset him when he went abroad in the Cove. He had marked a certain agitated curiosity in the church as the members of the audience at the "show" recognized the man who was deemed so indisputably in league with Satan. But this was merged in the new and fast-accumulating interest of the meetings, and upon a second attendance, barring that he was here and there covertly pointed out to wide-eyed strangers, denizens of further heights and more retired dells, his entrance scarcely made a ripple of excitement. This he accounted eminently satisfactory. It had been his intention to accustom the mountaineers to the sight of him, to have his accomplishments as a prestidigitator grow stale as a story that is told, to be looked upon as a familiar and a member of the Sims household; all this favored his disguise and his escape from notoriety and question. He had been prepared for the surprise and curiosity which the presence of a stranger in so secluded a region naturally excites. Since learning somewhat of the superstitions and distorted religious ideas which prevailed among so ignorant and sequestered a people, he could even understand their fear of his simple feats of legerdemain, and the referring of the capacity to work these

seeming miracles to collusion with the devil. But altogether different, mysterious, threatening, unnerving, was the keen inimical vigilance in Peter Knowles's eye, and the sense of some withheld thought, some unimagined expectation, which might be apprehended yet not divined, roused afresh the anxiety of detection which had slumbered in the security of this haven and this new life and this absolute death to the old world. As the juggler lay on his back, with his eyes fixed on that deep blue sky of May, fringed about with the fibrous pines above his head, he tried to elucidate the problem. Something alien, something dangerous, something removed it was from the fantasies of the ignorant mountaineer. But for all his keenness and his long training in the haunts of men, for all his close observation and his habit of just deduction, that thin-lipped, narrow, ascetic visage gave him no inkling what this withheld thought might be, — how it could be elicited, met, thwarted. Only one gleam of significance from the eye he interpreted, a distinct note of interrogation. Whatever the expectation might be, to whatever it might be leading, it was not devoid of uncertainty nor of involuntary inquiry.

He attempted to reassure himself. He tried to argue that it was only his consciousness surcharged with its weighty secret which made him flinch when any questioning eye was turned upon him. What could this mountaineer, ignorant and inexperienced as the rest, divine or suspect, — how could he dream of the truth?

And yet, so much was at stake: his name, his honor, — nay, the sheerest commercial honesty, — his liberty, perhaps even his life. And so far all had gone well! He clung now to his fictitious death as if the prospect of this existence in the Cove had not well-nigh made it real, so had his heart sunk within him at the thought of the future. He said to himself sharply that he would not be brought

to bay by this clumsy schemer. Surely he could meet craft with craft. The old habit of transacting business had no doubt sufficed to keep his countenance impassive, and he would set himself to add to the little they knew circumstances of which they did not dream, well calculated to baffle preconceived theories.

"No, I'm not a mourner," he replied to Beck's sanctimonious gaze, — "not much! The kind of sinner I am goes to meeting to see the girls."

A momentary silence ensued. Not that this pernicious motive for seeking the house of worship was unheard of in Eto-wah Cove. There as elsewhere it was a very usual symptom of original sin. Few saints, however indurated by holiness against such perversion of the obvious uses of the sanctuary, but could remember certain soft and callow days when the hope of salvation held forth no greater reward than the occupancy of crowded back benches and the unrestricted gaze of round young eyes. It was, nevertheless, a motive so contrary to the idea which Knowles and Sims himself had entertained of the juggler's sojourn here and grafted on the credulity of their cronies, — a lightsome motive, so incompatible with the grisly suggestions of murder, and flight from justice, and the expectation of capture and condign punishment, — that it could not be at first assimilated with his identity as a fugitive and criminal. His sudden unaccounted-for presence here, the unexplained prolonged stay, the report of the silent pre-occupied hours which he spent on the ledges over the river, fishing with an unbaited hook, the troubled silence, the answers at haphazard, the pallid languid apparition after sleepless nights, and, more than all, the agonized cries from out the feigned miseries of dreams, all tallied fairly and justified the theory built upon them. But this new element interjected so abruptly had a disintegrating subversive effect.

"Waal, ain't all the gals in the kentry

mighty nigh down yander at the meetin' now?" demanded Beck.

He spoke mechanically, for he had lost sight of his effort to induce the juggler to attend upon the means of grace, if ever he had seriously entertained it, and he would not, on sober reflection, have offered this frivolous inducement as a loadstone to draw the reluctant heavenward, — let perdition seize him first!

"Plenty there, no doubt," said the juggler uncommunicatively, as if having taken counsel within himself.

Old Josiah Cobbs chuckled knowingly, as he sat on the stump he most affected and nursed his knee. "The *right one* ain't thar, — that's the hitch! All the gals but one, an' that one wuth all the rest, hey?" He chuckled once more, thinking he was peculiarly keen-witted to spy out the secret of the juggler's indifference to prayer and praise. He perceived naught of the subtler significance of the disclosure, and easily quitting the subject he turned his head as if to listen.

The sound of the hymning rose suddenly on the breeze. From far away it was, if one must mete out the distance by the windings of the red clay road and the miles of fragrant springtide woods that intervened. But the music came straight through the air like the winged thing it is. And now it soared in solemn jubilation, and now it sank with soft fluctuations, and presently he recognized the tune and fell to humming it in unison with that far-away worship and with that air of soft pleasure in the religious cadences which one may often see in the aged, and which suggests the idea that in growing old hymns are as folk-song on the lips of the returning exile, and in every inflection is the rapture of going home.

The others neither heard nor heeded. They reminded Lucien Royce, as they were grouped around him, — some standing, some sitting or reclining on the mossy rocks in the flickering shade, but every eye fixed speculatively on him, — of that fable of many tongues wherein the beasts

of the field find a sleeping man and hold a congress to determine the genus of the animal, his capacities and utilities. He looked as inadvertent as he could, and but for the jeopardy of all he held dear he might have found in the situation food for mirth.

Jack Ormsby, who had not spoken heretofore, sat with a great clasp-knife in his hand whittling into thin slivers a bit of the bird's-eye maple that lay prone on the ground as if it had no better uses in manufacture than to furnish fuel to burn lime. He suddenly said, regardless of the possible inference and with a certain surly emphasis, "I hev hearn tell ez Euphemia Sims air a-goin' ter marry Owen Haines."

"I don't believe it!" cried the juggler.

Swift significant glances were exchanged, as he pulled himself into a sitting posture and looked with challenging controversy at Ormsby. The young mountaineer seemed surprised at this direct demonstration.

"They hev been keepin' comp'ny consider'ble, ennyhow," he persisted.

"Let bygones be bygones," the juggler said, with his wonted easy flippancy.

Old Cobbs rejoiced in the idea of love-making in the abstract. He had not realized who was the girl whose absence apparently rendered the crowded church but a barren desert. He only apprehended that one of the disputants advanced the possibility of a future marriage which the other denied. He sided at once with conjugal bliss.

"I reckon it must be true," he urged. "Thar ain't nuthin' ter be said agin it."

"Except he 's a fool!" exclaimed the juggler, with rancor.

"Ye mean 'bout prayin' fur the power?" asked Beck.

"A tremendous fool! He can't preach. He has n't the endowment, the gift of the gab. He has no call from above or below."

Royce felt no antagonism to the man,

and he realized that they all shared his standpoint, but he was not ill pleased that he should seem to be jealously decrying Euphemia's lover.

"Phemie don't 'low he be a fool, I 'll be bound," said old Cobbs. "I hev viewed a many a man 'counted a puffick idjit, mighty nigh, at the sto' an' the blacksmith shop, yit at home 'mongst his wimmin-folks he be a mo' splendugious pusson 'n the President o' the Nunited States."

"I reckon Jack 's right," remarked Beck. "I reckon they 'll marry." This stroke, he reflected with satisfaction, cut not only the juggler, but Ormsby also, notwithstanding the fact that it was the theory advanced by the young mountaineer himself.

"I 'll bet my hat they don't," declared the juggler eagerly.

This suggestion of superior knowledge, of certainty, on the part of a stranger angered Jack Ormsby, who vibrated between his red-hot jealousy of the juggler on one side and of Owen Haines on the other.

"We-uns know Phemie Sims better 'n ye do!" he said, as if this were an argument despite the chameleon-hued changes of the feminine mind. "Ye never seen her till ye kem ter Etowah Cove."

"How do you know I did n't?" retorted the juggler warily. He sat leaning forward, his hat in his hand; his hair, grown longer than its wont, was crumpled on his forehead; he looked at Ormsby with a glitter of triumph in his red-brown eyes.

"Whar'd ye kem from jes' afore ye got hyar?" demanded Ormsby huskily.

"I don't know why you are so inquisitive, my son," returned the juggler, airily flouting, "but since you wish to know — from Piomingo Cove."

This was true in a literal sense. Since he had been here, and had sought, with that instinct natural to civilized people, to grasp the details of the surrounding country, — some specimens of the genus

not being able to sleep until the points of the compass are satisfactorily indicated and arranged in their well-regulated minds, — he had learned that the long rugged valley which he had traversed, with only another cove intervening before he reached Etowah, was Piomingo Cove. They all remembered Euphemia's recent visit there. The inference was but too plain. He had doubtless seen her at her grandmother's house down in Piomingo Cove, and, fascinated by her beauty and charm, he had followed her here. And here he lingered, — what so natural! A proud, headstrong maiden like Euphemia was not to be won in a day; and should he leave her, with Jack Ormsby and Owen Haines inciting each other to haste and urgency, were matters likely to remain until his return as they were now? Most of the lime-burners' clique never hereafter believed aught but that this was the solution of the mystery of the juggler's sojourn in Etowah Cove.

Royce went down the mountain flushed with victory. He had desecrated a strong and favorable revolution in popular sentiment toward him, and the duty nearest at hand was to make the illusion true and lay siege to the heart of Euphemia.

He was not concerned as to how his wooing should speed. It was only essential that it should be a demonstration sufficiently marked to color his lingering presence here and sustain the impression which he had made on the lime-burners. He said this again and again to himself, to appease a certain repugnance which he began to experience when the idea with which he had lightly played became a definite and constraining course of action. He remembered that in reverie he had even gone so far as to canvass the disguise which marriage might afford, settling him here permanently as if he were a native, and, as time should pass, lessening daily the chance of the detection of his identity and of his life heretofore. He realized that this discovery impended at any moment for the

next twenty years. He had a great respect for the truth as truth, and its inherent capacity for prevailing; and this led him to fear it the more. A lie has so fatal a proclivity to collapse. He had often told himself that it was the part of policy to accept life here as one of the mountaineers, content with their portion of the good things vouchsafed, the brand of undeserved shame evaded, the hardship of ignominious imprisonment eluded, the struggle of poverty reduced to its minimum in this Arcadian existence; for sometimes he realized anew, with a half-dazed sense, that the old life was indeed gone forever, — if for naught else, by reason of his financial losses in the collapse of the firm of Greenhalge, Gould & Fife.

He now stipulated within himself, however, that this was to be only a feint of love-making, — a flirtation, he would have termed it, were it to be illumined by wax candles, or the electric light, or gas, in lieu of the guttering tallow dip. He adduced with a sense of protection — and he could not forbear a laugh at himself and his sudden terrors — the certainty with which he had cause to know that the heart of the fair daughter of the miller was already bestowed on the young "crank," as he called the man "who was fool enough to pray for what he wanted." Yet for all it was to be only a mere semblance of capture, he could but be dubious of these chains with which he was about to invest himself of deliberate intention; heretofore he had fallen headlong in love and headlong out, and would not have shackled himself of his own volition. Thus he rattled Cupid's fetters tentatively, timorously, judging of their weight, and with a wish to be safely out of them as well as swiftly into them.

It was but a feint, he reassured himself. On her part, she would have an additional conquest to boast of; and as to him, all the world — of Etowah Cove — would see with what grace he would "wear the willow-tree."

"Since Phyllis hath forsaken me!" he sang airily, as he made his way down the sharp declivity.

Never in all his mental exertions did he dream of difficulty in conveying to her intelligence an intimation of the supposed state of his heart. It had been his experience that such intimations are like spontaneous combustion: they take fire from no appreciable provocation. Nay, he had known of many wills-o'-the-wisp in this sort, suggesting flame where there was no fire. It is a trait of the feminine creature to often overrate the power of her charms, and to predicate desolation therefrom in altogether thriving insensible hearts. But perhaps because of her absorption Euphemia took no notice of a certain change in his manner toward her, which had been heretofore incidental and non-committal and inexpressive. Mrs. Sims, however, with that alertness to which the meddler in other people's love affairs is ever prone, marked it with inward perturbation, lest it should attract the attention of Tubal Cain Sims, whose evident antagonism to the juggler she had ascribed merely to a perverse humor. From the beginning, however, Royce had found especial favor in her eyes, — at first because he was so travel-worn and rain-soaked, and fevered and exhausted. Mrs. Sims had not experienced such solicitude since her only child was an ailing infant. Although he disproved her diagnosis of his illness and her arbitrary plans of treatment by appearing fresh and well the next morning, as if he had been newly created, she forgave him his recovery, and liked him because he was so strong and handsome and pleasant-spoken, and in some vague way, to her groping inexperienced realization of the various strata of human beings, so different, and so superior, and so capable of appreciating the wonderful Euphemia that he was really to be accounted worthy of the relenting of fate which permitted him to see her. After Euphemia's return Mrs. Sims suf-

fered a certain disappointment that the young people took such scant notice of each other in coming and going the household ways, and she was wont to console herself now and then by contemplating them furtively as they sat opposite, one on each side of the table, and fetching the fattest of her sighs to think what a handsome couple they would make! She remembered, however, as in duty bound, Owen Haines, and perhaps she drew from this consciousness deeper sighs than either of the young lovers could have furnished to any occasion. She was not proud like Euphemia, and she thought that if the Lord visited no judgment on Owen Haines for his pertinacity in praying for the power, his fellow saints or fellow sinners — whichever they might be most appropriately called — should be able to endure the ten minutes wasted in the experiment to win the consent of Heaven. But she wished that her prospective son-in-law could be more practical of mind. She realized that he was dreamy, and that his spiritual aspirations were destined to be thwarted. They had sent deep roots into his nature, and she could foresee the effect on his later years, — years pallid, listless, forever yearning after a spiritual fantasy always denied; forever reaching backward with a regret for the past wasted in an unasked and a spurned service. Her motherly heart went out to Owen Haines, and she would fain have coddled him out of his — religion, was it? She did not know; she could not argue.

But Euphemia was her only child, and it is not necessary that the materials shall be ivory and gold and curious inlay to enable a zealous worshiper to set up an idol. Mrs. Sims looked into the juggler's handsome face with its alert eyes and blithe mundane expression, and as proxy she loved him so heartily that she did not doubt his past, nor carp at his future, nor question his motives. The fact of his lingering here so long — for he had asked only a night's lodging, and

afterward had taken board by the week — occurred to her more than once as a symptom of a sentimental interest in Euphemia; for otherwise why did he not betake himself about his affairs? This theory had languished recently, since naught developed to support it.

Now when she began to suspect that this vicarious sentiment of hers on Euphemia's account was about to meet a return, Mrs. Sims's heart was all a-flutter with anxiety and pity and secret exultation. One moment she trembled lest Euphemia should mark the thoughtful silent scrutiny of which she was the subject, until she chanced to lift her long-lashed eyes, when the juggler reddened suddenly, averted his own, and drank his coffee in a scalding gulp. But when Euphemia evidently was oblivious of him, Mrs. Sims was wroth within her amiable-seeming mask, and said to herself that she would as soon have a dough child, since one could "take notice ez peart ez Phemie." Perhaps because of Mrs. Sims's superabundant flesh, which rendered her of a quiescent appearance, however active her interest, and perhaps because she did not appeal in any manner to the ungrateful juggler's hypercritical and finical prepossessions, he had no subtle intimations that she was cognizant in a degree of his mental processes, and had noted the fact that he had some purpose in the frequent serious dwelling of his eyes, and manifestly his thoughts, upon Euphemia.

The girl had never been so beautiful. In these later days, that saddened pride which at once subdued and sustained her added a dignity to her expression of which earlier it would have been incapable. It spiritualized her exquisite eyes; so often downcast they were and so slowly lifted that the length of the thick dark lashes affected the observer like a hitherto unnoted element of beauty. Her eyes always had a certain look of expectation, — now starlike as with the radiance of renewing hope, now pathetic and full of

shadows. It seemed to the juggler, unconsciously sympathetic, that those incomparable eyes might have conjured the man bodily into the road where they looked so wistfully to see him, so vainly.

"Confound the fellow!" he said to himself. "Why does n't he come? I'd like to hale him here by the long hair of that tow head of his — if she wants to see him." And his heart glowed with resentment against poor Owen Haines, who thought in his folly that a woman's "No" is to be classed among the recognized forms of negation, and was realizing on far Chilhowee all the bitterness of rejected love and denied prayers.

After a while Royce despaired of drawing her attention to him, — he who had been in his own circle the cynosure of all youthful eyes. "There's nothing in the world so stupid as a girl in love," he moralized, irritated at last.

This state of unwilling obscurity developed in him a degree of perversity. He was prepared to assume an attitude of lowly admiration, of humble subservience, the kiss-the-hem-of-your-robe-save-for-the-foolishness-of-it sort of look which might impress her and the rest of the Sims family and all admiring spectators with the fact of how stuck full of Cupid's arrows he had now become. But this requires a certain receptivity in the object. No man can play the rôle of lover, however lamely, when the lady of his adoration notices him no more than a piece of furniture.

As he passed through the passage one day, she happened to be there alone, tilted back in her chair against the wall, her small feet upon one of the rungs, her curls stirring in the breeze, droning laboriously aloud from the Third Reader, the pride and limit of her achievement.

"Here," he said cavalierly, reaching out and taking the book quickly from her hand, "let me show you how *I* read that."

Now elocution had been one of the versatile juggler's chief accomplishments.

He read the simple stanzas in a style of much finish. His voice was of a quality smooth as velvet, and his power of enunciation had been trained to that degree that its cultivation was apparent only in its results, and might have seemed a natural endowment, so scantily was the idea of effort suggested. His special and individual capacity lay in the subtle inflections of tone, which elicited from the verses meanings undreamed of by her. It was as if a stone had been flung into still water. Above these suddenly interjected new interpretations the circles of thought widened from one elastic remove to another, and Euphemia sat dazed in the contemplation of these diverse whorls and concentric convolutions of the obvious idea. She said nothing as he handed back the book with an elaborate ballroom bow, but gazed up at him with an absorbed, serious face, all softened and gently appealing like a bewildered child's, and then fixed her eyes intently upon the page, as if seeking to find and hold those transient illusions of fickle fancy that glimmered so alluringly through the plain, manifest text. He left her thus as he put on his hat and stepped out upon the path leading down the slope. He glanced back once, to see her still sitting there, motionless but for the wind which swayed the fair loosely curled hair of her bent head and the folds of her faint green dress as it did the sprays of the vines on the opposite side of the passage, which grew so thick that they formed a dark background for her figure in the cool shadowy green dusk; otherwise he might not have been able to distinguish it from out the glare and glister of the open sunny space where he stood. He gazed unobserved for a moment; then he turned and went on in much dissatisfaction of spirit. It was no way, he argued within himself, to assume the character of a lovesick swain by demonstrating his superiority to the fair maiden, — to flout her poor and painful efforts by the exhibition of

his glib accomplishment. "I must needs always have an audience, — be always exhibiting my various feats and knacks. I was born a juggler," he said ruefully.

But that evening when they sat at supper, — much later than usual, since the favorite Spot had wandered far into the forest, and did not return till she was sought and found and driven reluctantly home, with many pauses by the way, — the furtive glances across the table did not emigrate from his side. The meal was served in the main room of the cabin, to avoid the cloud of moths which the light outside in the passage would attract. In the white, languid, dispirited glow of the tallow dip the furnishings of the apartment were but dimly visible. Now and again the flicker of the wind set astir the pendent strings of pepper and bunches of dried herbs and various indiscriminate gear that swung from the beams. The mass of red embers where the supper had been cooked was spread apart on the hearth that the heat might be lessened, and here and there through the white efflorescence of the ash only the tinge of the vermilion hues of the coals could be discerned. Despite its subdued red glare the failing fire had little irradiating effect, and added scantily to the cheer of the apartment. The batten shutter flapped back and forth with a wooden clamor; the wind had brought clouds and rain impended, and Tubal Cain Sims's corn was not yet all planted, and the ground would be too wet to plough for a week or more. Grum and indignant because of this possible dispensation of Providence, he sat in his shirt-sleeves, with his shock head bent, only looking up from under his grizzled shaggy eyebrows to discern in the glimmer of the candle the food he wanted, and only speaking to growl for it. The one crumb of comfort he coveted was denied him. A certain johnny-cake had burnt up "bodaciously" on its board as it baked before the fire, and it would have

seemed that Tubal Cain Sims, from his youth up, had subsisted solely on the hope of this most dainty of rural cates, so surlily did he receive the news, and so solemnly did he demand to be told how in the name of Moses a cake that never was put near the fire, but baked by the heat thrown on the hearth, could be reduced to cinders.

"Witched somehow, I reckon," suggested Mrs. Sims easily; and since argument could not move that massive lady, Tubal Cain resorted to silent sulks, not in the vain hope of shaking her equilibrium, but for the sake of their own solace to the affronted spirit.

Although this disaster chanced within Euphemia's own jurisdiction and beneath her presidial care, she took no part in the spirited colloquy on the subject, but seemed absorbed in thought, ever and anon casting a covert look at the young man. As of late he had fallen into the habit, with the opportunity afforded at meal-times, of contemplating her with swift and furtive glances, more than once their eyes met, to the visible embarrassment of both; the juggler, to his astonishment, coloring furiously as might any country boy, and a touch of surprise and almost inquiry becoming visible in the eyes of Euphemia. Strange that so poor and primitive a contrivance as a pallid tallow dip could set such stars of radiant beauty in those long-lashed, pensive orbs. They looked bewilderingly lovely to the young man as they were suddenly fixed upon him, intent with the first intimation of personal interest which he had ever discerned in their depths.

"How long hev you-uns hed schoolin'?" she demanded abruptly.

"Schooling? I? Oh yes. From the time I was six till I was twenty-two," he replied.

Her face was a study of amazement. "Did school keep reg'lar all them years in the cove whar you-uns lived?" she asked.

"Oh yes, school kept as regular as

taxes." He had half a mind to explain that it was not always the same institution which had the honor of training his youthful faculties, and to recount the various gradations which had their share in his proficiency, from the kindergarten, the preparatory department, the grammar school, to the academic and collegiate career; but he stopped short, reflecting that this might result in self-betrayal in some sort.

Her mind was at work. Her eyes and face were troubled. "We-uns hev hed school in the Cove two years consider'ble time ago," she remarked. "They 'low the money air short, somehow."

"That ain't no differ ter we-uns," said Mrs. Sims cheerily. "Phemie l'arned all thar is to know."

Even old Tubal Cain threw off dull care for a moment and vouchsafed a prideful refrain: "I 'lowed the chile would put out her eyes studyin' an' readin' so constant, but she hev got her eyesight and her l'arnin' too."

But Phemie's face was flushed with a sudden painful glow. "I ain't got ez much ez some," she faltered, her head drooping slightly.

In the midst of the clamor of denial of any greater possible proficiency, from the two old people, who had not heard the juggler's reading during the afternoon, she involuntarily cast upon him so appealing, so disarming a glance that for once he was ashamed to even secretly laugh at them.

"If it's erudition that goes," he said afterward, lighting his pipe under the stars and finding the grace to laugh instead at himself, "I am the learned man to suit the occasion."

VIII.

Euphemia's interest did not relax. What strange perversity of fate was it that this little clod of humanity, so humbly placed, upon the very ground of exist-

ence, as it were, should have been instinct with that high, keen, fine appreciation of learning for its own sake?—for she knew naught of its more sordid rewards, and could not have dreamed that the relative estimation of these values, even by those of happiest opportunities, is often reversed, the reward making the worth of the learning. She did not realize an aspiration. Her wings simply fluttered because she felt the inspiration to rise. Royce could not have conceived of aught more densely ignorant. He had known no mind more naturally intelligent. Its acquisitiveness, like some primal instinct, hardly differentiated its objects; it only grasped them. He began to shrink from its comprehensive appropriations. The Third Reader bade fair to become a burden. He could hardly put his foot on the sill of the passage before he heard the flutter of its leaves, and the much-thumbed, dog-eared old volume was offered to his hand with the restrained enthusiasm of the remark, “Ye ’ll hev time ter read a piece afore dinner,” or supper. or bedtime, as the case might be. There was a certain embarrassment in these symposia. Mrs. Sims, it is true, looked on smilingly, with hervicarious affection shining in her eyes, but a chance question developed the fact that she understood hardly one word out of ten, the vocabulary of ignorance being of most constricting limitations; while Tubal Cain openly and gruffly sneered down the performance, tossing his shock head at every conclusion, and protesting that the young man read so fast, an’ with so many ups an’ downs, an’ with such a clippin’ an’ bobtailin’ of his words that it was plumb ridic’lous. For him, give him good Scriptur’ readin’, slow an’ peraise, like the l’arned men in the pul-pit. Did Pa’son Tynes read in that flibbertygibberty way? He reckoned not. And he wagged his head as if he would fain take his oath on that, the spirit of affirmation so possessed him. Moreover, Royce did not consider this Third Reader

a particularly meritorious compilation, and he often flung its pages back and forth in vain search of a satisfactory selection, and doubtless would have declined to waste the merits of his rendering on the least vapid had it not been for the submissive, expectant face of Euphemia, as she sat waiting in her chair, bolt upright, school-wise, with her hands clasped in her lap, the subdued radiance of her eyes capable of making a much wiser man do a more foolish thing. For his own sake—he did not dream of the possibility of the development of her taste—he would fain have had a wider choice that his delicate perceptions might suffer no despite, and one day he bethought himself of the resources of memory. They were both down at the mill. Some domestic errand had brought her there, and he chanced to be on a ledge near at hand languidly essaying to fish. He asked her a question touching the further course of the stream and the locality of a notable fishing-ground further down. As she replied, she paused and stood expectantly in the doorway, dangling her green sunbonnet by the string.

The mill was silent, as was its wont; the afternoon sunlight glinted through the dense laurel and the sparse spring foliage of the deciduous trees; the great cliff on a ledge of which Royce was standing beetled above the smooth flow of the stream. Many a fissure broke the massive walls of stone; here herbage grew and vines swung, and the mould was moist and fragrant; the perfume of the wild cherry in a niche on the summit filled all the air. Close by, a great sycamore which had fallen in a storm stretched from one bank to the other: its white bark and bare branches were reflected in the water with wondrous fidelity; even a redbird with his tufted crest, as he fluttered and strutted up and down the white boughs, now and again uttering sharp cries of alarm; even a nest in a crotch, and his sober-hued little brown mate with her head, devoid of any decoration in the way

of unnecessary and vainglorious tufts, stretched far out in anxiety and trembling.

Euphemia pointed out these reflections in the water, and after another long pause, "Ef we-uns hed the book now, ye could read," she sighed regretfully.

He played his line negligently; he cast his eyes to the far, far sky, as if his memory dwelt on high. Then he began to recite. The wind stirred in the trees; on the dark lustrous water a shimmer of sunshine fluctuated like some ethereal golden mesh. Once, the joy of spring and the bliss of love and the buoyancy of life overcame the fear in the redbird's heart, and he sang out suddenly, as if he too would have to do with the poetry of thought and the melody of utterance, and the little brown bird in the nest listened in admiring silence. All the time Royce was conscious of Euphemia's amazed and radiant eyes on his face; when he had finished he could scarce trust himself to meet the mute rapture of her gaze. He looked down at his futile line dragging on the water, and among the sounds of the sibilantly lapsing currents and the leaves wafted by the wind he heard her long-drawn sigh of the relaxing of the tension of delight, and he turned and met her eyes with a laugh in his own in which there was only a gentle mirth.

After this he had no peace. He was reminded of the importunacy of juvenile consumers of stories, whose interest seems whetted by the incapacity to read and thus purvey romance for their own delectation. He found it conducive to his entertainment to relapse into prose, and he rehearsed many a work of fiction from memory, failing seldom of the details, but in such lapses as must needs come boldly supplying the deficit by invention, — which effrontery doubtless would have gone far to commend to the authors the utility of lynch law could they have laid hands on him. It is true that in these recitals Euphemia was debarred the graces of the style of the authors, but then the

juggler thought he had a very good style of his own. All this involved long digressions, historical, geographical, astronomical, political, to explain the status of the *personnel* or the *locus in quo*; and while he talked her eyes never left his face. He had a habit of looking straight at his interlocutor, whoever this might be, and it was thus, perhaps, that he could with such distinctness conjure the image of those eyes of hers — of such beauty as he had never heretofore imagined — upon the retina of his mind at moments of darkness or absence or reverie, as he would. Much that he said she could not at first comprehend, and again he was reminded of the inquisitors of the nursery in the multitude and unsparingness of her questions; only, so searching and keen and apt were these that sometimes there was an experience of surprise and pleasure on his part.

"I tell you, Phemie," he said one day, "you are most awfully clever to have seen that."

The blood rushed to her cheeks in the joy, the triumph, of his commendation. Pride, the love of preëminence, the possession of worthy endowment, — these sentiments were her soul, the ethereal essence of her life. She had no definite ambition; she had no definite mental paths. She had groped in the primeval wildernesses of mind, as if there had been no splendid line of pioneers who had blazed out a road for all the centuries to come.

In the midst of his utter idleness, in the turmoil of his troublous thoughts, this review of the literature that had been dear to him was at first a resource and a distraction, and later it became a luxury. He began to be only less eager than she to resume the discourse where it had left off, and to conform to her leisure. Thus it was that he joined her in sundry domestic duties, so that while mechanically busy they might be mentally free, in Scotland, or Norway, or Russia, or on the wild seas. He was wont to go with her

to drive up the cows ; and surely never in such company did the old fancies tread this New World soil, — knights in armor and ladies fair and all the glittering hordes of chivalry crowding the narrow aisles of the wilderness, with the fairies and demons of many an antique legend. Once on the summit of a crag they looked out upon the world beyond the Cove, for the first time since his arrival here. Fair, oh, very fair it was, in the yellow haze of the declining springtide sunshine, and far it stretched in promissory lengths, like all the vague possibilities of the future. Parallel with the massive green heights near at hand ran others growing amethystine of hue, showing many a cliff and many a gleam of silver mountain streams winding amongst the divergent spurs and ravines and coves. Beyond lay the levels of a great valley, and here were brown stretches of ploughed fields, and here gleamed the emerald of winter wheat, and here swept the splendid free curves of the Tennessee River, flowing the color of burnished copper, so did the sunlight idealize the hue of the spring floods between the keen high tints of the green foliage fringing its banks where the rocks failed. To the north a thousand minor ridges continued the parallelism which marks the great mountain system, and these were azure of an indescribably exquisite and languorous shade, rising into a silver haze that was itself like an illumination. And where it seemed that the liberties of vision must surely be reached, the abrupt steepes of the eastern side of Walden's Ridge, stretching diagonally across the whole breadth of the State, shadowy purple, reflecting naught of the sunset, rose against the west, and there the sun, all alive with scarlet fire, was tending downward, with only one vermilion flake of a cloud in all the blue and pearly-green and amber crystal sky. He paused on the verge of the cliff and gazed at it all, while she stood and looked expectantly at him. Perhaps with her woman's intuition she divined that this

was in some sort a crisis in his mind. She was inexplicably agitated, breathless. But as he gazed his pulses did not stir the faster. Here and there he marked a brilliant slant of glitter where a steep caught the sun, now to the north and again to the southwest, across a space a hand might seem to cover, but which he knew measured fifty or a hundred miles. These indicated towns. There beat the life he had left ; and still at sight of them his heart did not plunge. He looked down at her with an expression in his eyes all new to them and which she could not interpret. Nevertheless it set her happy heart a-flutter. Nothing was said of the view, and with one accord they sat down on the verge of the cliff. He had adopted the mountaineer's method, and his boots dangled over the sheer spaces a thousand feet below, but he could not repress a shiver at this attitude as she too assumed it.

"I wish you would move farther back from the edge, or kneel," he said, with a corrugated brow. "I am afraid you may slip over, you are so little, and" —

"That would put an e-end to the readings mighty quick," she said, as she leaned over to peer down at the tops of the trees in the valley, and he turned sick and dizzy at her very gesture. He hardly dared to speak lest an unconsidered word might flutter her nerves and cause her to lose her hold. She had no intention of thus teasing his vicarious fright, but drew up the "stout little brogans" forthwith and tucked them under the edge of her skirt as she sat beside him. "Would n't it?" she asked, recurring to her remark as she executed this manœuvre.

"You mean if you should slip over into this dreadful abyss? I should never, never have the heart to read another word as long as I should live!" he protested.

He caught the look of exultant joy in her surprised and widely opened eyes for one moment, and then she turned them discreetly on the splendid vastness

of that great landscape in its happiest mood. He realized that she had no difficulty in comprehending the obvious inference. Her experience as a rural beauty and belle heretofore had doubtless served to acquaint her with the hyperbole of a lover's language. There were Haines and Ormsby within his own knowledge, and he could not guess how many suitors hitherto, — confound them all! He had not intended to win her heart. In view of her feeling for Owen Haines he had not deemed it possible. With the suspicion, which he would fain call realization, for it had all the importunity of hope, he experienced a rush of elation, of soft delight, which amazed him, while it almost swept him off his feet. Had he too not fallen in love during his "readings"? — for thus they both called his recitals. He knew that he had only to look into her eyes to make his heart flutter; but then it was a susceptible heart and easily stirred. She had grown dear to him in many ways, and he had learned this even when he did not dream of other result of their companionship than the broadcast impression that he lingered here for her sake. He began to strive to separate his ideal of womanhood from those merely arbitrary values which fashion and artificial life bestow. Is it a French man milliner only who establishes the criterion of beauty? He had but to glance at the face and form beside him. She was beautiful; she was good; she was of a singularly strong and individual character; her natural mind was quick and retentive and discerning, and of a remarkable aptness. She was so endowed with a keen perception of real excellence that knowledge had but to open its doors to her, for she possessed as a gift the capacity of worthy choice. She loved with spontaneous affection those things which other people are trained to love; she seized on the best of her own devout accord, unaware of aught of significance save her own preference. She could easily acquire all he

could teach her. With her quick grasp and greed of learning there would soon be little disparity. He began to meditate on the arbitrary methods of appraisal of the world. How sadly do we richly rate, not our own preference, but that which is valued by others: hence the vyings, the heart-burnings, the ignoble strife, the false pride, of many mundane miseries. He knew her real identity. Her nature would befit any station. Her beauty, — even the reference to the immutable standards of his own world could avail no detraction here, — it was preëminent. Having lived his life in one sphere, why should he, being dead to it forever, let its rigid conventionalities follow him into his new world? As to the coming years and the monotony of rounding out a long life in this narrow circuit, let the coming years take thought for themselves. For a moment the words pressed to his lips. Then he realized that this was no ordinary self-committal. To pledge himself to marry a woman of her degree in life — an ignorant mountain girl of an inexpressible rusticity and lack of sophistication, as far removed from a comprehension of the conventions in which he had been reared and the cultivated ideals still dear to him as if she were a denizen of a different planet — was a serious step indeed; he winced, and was silent.

This day marked a change. When they reached home the sky was red, and a white star was alight in the zenith. Spot stood lowing at the bars, and Mrs. Sims's dimples deeply indented her plumpness as she addressed the young people in pretended reproof.

"I sent you-uns arter Spot. From now on I be a-goin' ter sen' Spot arter you-uns."

With the sound of her chuckle out came briskly Tubal Cain, venomous with fault-finding and repining. "Hyar ye be, Euphemy Sims," he said, more harshly than he had ever before spoken to the apple of his eye, "a-foolin' away yer time

huntin' fur a cow what war standin' at the bars sence long 'fore sundown, ez sensible ez grown folks, an' Pa'son Tynes a-settin' an' a-settin' hyar waitin' ter see ye."

There was a convulsive throb at Euphemia's heart very like a throe of conscience; nevertheless she answered with an affronted coolness: "Pa'son Tynes? An' what do I keer ter see Pa'son Tynes fur?"

"Pa'son Tynes keer ter see you-uns, Phemie: that's what makes yer dad hop roun' like a pea on a hot shovel," said Mrs. Sims.

Royce began to have an illuminating sense that "Daddy Sims" was flattered to have so preëminent a guest as Pa'son Tynes, with his widespread oratorical fame, awaiting by the hour Euphemia's return, and that he could hardly forgive his idol that these precious moments had been wasted in the juggler's society. Royce perceived the farcical antithesis of the proposition which he had been arguing all the afternoon, and realized that there are arbitrary gradations in less sophisticated society than that on which he had predicated the proposition. He felt very small indeed, being thus called upon to look up to Pa'son Tynes.

"I dunno what he be wantin' ter see me fur," said Euphemia, still with the resentment of being esteemed in default, and evidently apprehending a purpose in the call other than the enjoyment of her conversation.

"Me nuther," chuckled Mrs. Sims; "you-uns bein' sech a outdacious ugly gal ez all the men-folks be compelled ter shade thar eyes wherst ye kem about."

Mrs. Sims's vicarious coquetry was unblushingly fickle. She did not wait for Euphemia to be quit of the old love before she was on with the new. Nay, in the very presence of the superseded swain she prospectively and speculatively flirted with his successor.

"A plague on all fat old women!" thought the juggler, ill at ease and out of countenance.

"I hev got my religion," said Euphemia stiffly, her pride revolting at the idea that perchance Pa'son Tynes had presumed her to be "convicted of sin" and that his call was pastoral. "I dunno what he kin be a-comin' pesterin' round about me fur."

"Waal, he ain't got all he wants," said her mother, still chuckling, "for he be a-comin' agin ter-morrer ter see you-uns. He axed me special ter keep ye home ter view him — no, that was n't the way; he knows thar's better things ter be viewed in this world 'n a lantern-jawed, tallow-faced preacher-man, though from thar own account thar 'll be a power o' nangels featured like that in heaven — he axed me special ter keep ye home till he could view you-uns!" And Mrs. Sims's chuckle of enjoyment broke from its habitual bounds and burst into the jolliest of obese laughter. It might have been termed infectious had any one been there enough in spirits to be susceptible to its influence. The juggler was disconcerted and strangely cast down; Euphemia, doubtful, antagonistic, prophetically affronted; and old Tubal Cain's interest still hinged on the topics of the conversation through the several hours while he had borne the parson somewhat weary company.

"He hev hed great grace in the pertracted meetin'," her father rattled on, still flustered by the occurrence. "He hev converted fifteen sinners; some hardened cases, too. An' he hev preached wunst a day reg'lar, an' sometimes twict."

"Let him go preach some mo', then," retorted Euphemia, vaguely resentful or angrily apprehensive.

She was silent during the serving of supper, carrying her head high, with her cheeks flushed and her eyes alight. Royce's glance forbore to follow her. He ate little, and with a downcast, thoughtful mien he found his pipe after supper and took it out upon the rocky slope that led to the river. The moon was up; long, glamorous slants of light lay

athwart the Cove; the shadows of the pines were dense along the slope, but through their fringed branches the light filtered like a shower of molten silver. The river was here touched with a crystalline glitter, and here a lustrous darkness told of its shaded depths. Looking across the levels of the Cove, one had a sense of the dew in the glister and sparkle of the humid leaves. Above all rose the encompassing mountains, imposing, dark, and stern. The little log cabin with the swaying hopvines and the window flaringly alight, the glittering reflection flung so far in the swift current below, had its idyllic suggestions in the moonlight, but he was not alive to the interests of the picturesque in humble environment, and had no fibre that responded to the enthusiasm of the *genre* painter. He looked toward the house not to mark how the silver-gray hue of its weathered logs was heightened by the smooth effect of the moonbeams. He did not even feign to care that one of the clay-and-stick chimneys leaning from the wall was so awry against the sky as to give a positive value of individuality in composing; what it did in regard to the proper emission of smoke was of no consequence, since it so served the airy designs of the possible painter. He approved of the cant of the roof no more than if he had been an architectural precisian. He looked with all his eyes for what he presently saw, — a shadowy light-robed figure steal out and sit down on the step of the passage, with her elbow on her knee and her chin in her hand, and gaze disconsolately, as he fancied, up at the moon.

"Euphemia, come down here," he called in a low voice. It had the quality of carrying far, although so softly pitched.

She started, stared out into the mingled shadow and sheen with dilated eyes; then, as he advanced she rose and went down toward him.

As they stood there together, the girl looked out from the shadow of the tree

above them at the blended dew and glimmer, and he looked imperiously down at her.

"See here, Phemie, why is that man coming to see you to-morrow?"

"I dunno," she responded vaguely.

"Ah, but you guess;" he caught both her hands. "Tell me why you think he is coming."

She lifted her eyes to his, which had a constraining quality for her. "He be kemin' ter see me — 'bout — 'bout Owen Haines — him — him ez prayed fur the power — I reckon."

He gave a short laugh of ridicule.

She could not join in his mirth. Only so short a time ago its cause had been the tragedy of the world to her. She could hardly bring herself to admit even to herself that now, scarcely three weeks later, she cared as little for it as if it had never been. But her world had changed. How it had developed! There were new countries; strange peoples had been discovered; a marvelous scope of emotion had been evolved. Romance had unfolded its wondrous page. She had seen Poetry trim its pinions and wing its flight. She had traveled far, far afield; she had lived a new life; she was a changeling. Where was her old self? Where was her fancied love for the young religionist, her wounded pride for his sake, her scorching, fiery compassion for her own? She remembered herself in these emotions as if she were another being. She could hardly pity Owen Haines. If he did not care for the flier of ridicule, why should she? For since — she had lived an enchanted life.

"What will he want of you?" demanded Royce gravely.

She faltered. She feared Tynes and his powers of argument. She dreaded, not being convinced, but the rigors of the contest. And if Owen Haines should, as a sacrifice to love, agree to relinquish his "praying for the power," she dreaded the renewal of their old status of "keepin' comp'ny."

"He will want me ter take Owen Haines back."

"But you would n't, Phemie, you would n't?" urged Royce breathlessly.

"He mought gin up prayin' fur the power. I turned him off fur that," she hesitated.

Royce's scheme was complete. All the Cove and the mountain regarded him as a dangler after Euphemia Sims. He could feign a hopeless jealousy. He could hold aloof for a time, and the old status would doubtless readjust itself with the ease and security imparted by habit. He had gone as far as he had ever planned. Now he could place the period and leave the rest to chance.

But if the life here had afforded so arid a prospect heretofore, how could he contemplate it without Euphemia? His very speech no other creature could understand. He felt that he would be as isolated as if he were on a desert island, and he had a fiery impatience of time, — the years that were coming seemed such long years. He had never been more in earnest in his life, as he looked down into her beautiful illumined face.

"But you will not, Euphemia," he said, slipping his arm around her waist. "You don't love him."

Beyond a start, half surprise and half coyness, she had not moved.

"Tell me — you care nothing for him?"

"Not now," she faltered. And she felt anew a pang for her lack of constancy.

He revolted at the partial admission with all a lover's insistence on preëminence. "Never — never! You *could* n't care for such a fool. And he does n't love you, or he would have given up that folly at once — or anything you wished."

Even now he hesitated. The breeze swayed the branches above them, and all the draping pendent wild grapevines that clung about the tree were suddenly astir. The circle of dark shadow in

which they stood was inlaid with silver glintings as the moonlight struck through the foliage; the soft radiance fell full in her eyes as he looked down into her face.

"I would give up all the world for you," he cried impulsively, "because I love you!"

She drew back a trifle, and looked over her shoulder into the glittering idealization of the familiar scenes of her life in the glammers of the moonlight and of love. She heard the low dryadic song of the leaves; she heard the beating of her own heart.

"Tell me that you love me, Euphemia," he pleaded. "Tell me that."

Amidst all the joy of her face there was a flash of triumph. She was withdrawing her hands from his, and the realization how like she was to women of a higher sphere, despite her limitations, came to him with a certain surprise. No sooner did she feel her power than she had the will to wield it. The solicitous, humble little rustic was expressed only in her outer guise. No finished coquette could have given him a more bewildering broadside of beautiful eyes as she said, joyously laughing, "What makes you ask such impossible questions?"

The phrase was borrowed of him, in his frequent despair of elucidating the whole scheme of civilization to her ignorance, in their readings. He could not laugh when it was so dexterously turned on himself. "Tell me," he persisted earnestly, "tell me, Phemie — or I 'll — I 'll" — the assertion had little humility, but he divined its effectiveness — "I 'll go away, and never come back again."

She was still laughing, but he marked that she no longer drew back. "Do you have to be told *everything*?" she quoted anew from his remonstrances because of her catechistic insistence. "Can't you see through anything without having it point-blank?" with his own impatient intonation.

He allowed himself to be decoyed into a hasty smile. "And you 'll send that

fellow to the right-about to-morrow?" he urged gravely.

"Oh, I'll be glad enough ter git rid of him!" she cried, in the extremity of her relief.

He realized with a momentary qualm that the new situation must be avowed openly to justify the position which Euphemia would sustain in case Owen Haines should offer to relinquish, as a sacrifice to love, the pernicious practice of "prayin' fur the power" in public. He recognized this step as a certain riveting of his chains; yet had he not been eager but a moment ago to assume them? And even now, as he looked down into her face, radiant with that joyous sense of supremacy in his heart, and seeming to him the most beautiful he had ever seen, the most tender, as it responsively looked up to his, he wondered that his untoward fate had so relented as to bestow upon him, in his forlorn exile, this creature, so delicately endowed, so choicely gifted, that even his alien estimate of values wrought no discord in the simple happiness that had come to him.

And it was he who revealed to Jane Ann Sims the altered state of things when the two went presently back to the little cabin on the slope. There she sat in bulky oblivion of the things of this world, and especially the dish-pan. Her spectacles were awry on her nodding head. The dish-cloth was limp in her nerveless hand. The tallow dip was guttering in the centre of the table, and about it the moths circled in fond delusions, regardless of the winged cinders that lay, now still, and now with a quiver of departing life, on the cloth. She made a spasmodic offer to resign the dish-cloth to Euphemia, waving it mechanically at her with a fat, dimpled hand and a gesture of renunciation; but the girl, all unallured, passed without a word into the shed-room beyond, and the juggler sat down on the opposite side of the table with one elbow on it

as he looked steadily across at Mrs. Sims's face, which was all lined with the creases of fat that were usually dimples. She had roused into that half-dazed condition of the sudden and unwelcome termination of the sleep of fatigue, and the tallow dip swayed reduplicated before her eyes like a chandelier. Mentally she seemed no clearer of perception. Royce had realized her maternal fondness for him, ungratefully requited, and he could not altogether reconcile this with the agitated and alarmed mien with which she received his disclosure.

"Marry Phemie!" she exclaimed in a sort of drowsy affright, as if her mental capacities had not yet laid hold on something that had roused her more alert apprehensions.

He was irritated for a moment. He knew in his secret soul that he forswore much, overlooked much, bestowed much, in this mad resolution, and this knowledge, quiescent under the immediate influence of the girl's beauty and charm and his loneliness, became tumultuously assertive in the society of Mrs. Sims.

"Why not? I love her, and I want to marry her. Is there anything so astonishing in that?"

"Laws-a-massy, no, honey!" Mrs. Sims sputtered, her eyelids faltering before the myriad-flamed tallow dip. She apprehended his rising wrath, and, somnambulistically waving her hand, seemed to seek to appease it. "Mighty nigh every young fool ez ever seen her sets up the same chune. 'Tain't astonishin' — but — honey" — she looked at him with sleepy admonition, still waving her hand — "don't talk 'bout sech so brazen an' loud." Then sinking her voice to a husky whisper that could have been heard in South America, "Shet that thar door ahint ye. Tubal Cain be asleep in thar." Her gesture, indicating the door, was accompanied by a premonitory jerk of her body which usually preceded rising.

"Don't disturb yourself, I beg," said Royce, still nettled.

He leaned back in his chair, and catching the door by the latch brought it to with a brisk bang. Mrs. Sims pursed up her mouth with a warning hiss imposing silence to preserve the gentle slumbers of old Tubal Cain, and neither noticed that the latch had failed to catch, and that the door, although apparently closed, stood slightly ajar.

"Phemie says — at least she gives me to understand that my affection is returned," Royce went on, in better humor.

"I hope she ain't tellin' no lies 'bout'n it this time, ennyhow," said Mrs. Sims waggishly; and it seemed to Royce that he was capable of singular temerity when he had exposed himself to the perils of seriously falling in love by simulating the tender passion in any instance in which Mrs. Sims was to be considered, however remotely. To be good-natured in ridicule by no means implies good-nature in being ridiculed.

"You have a right to say anything you like, I suppose, about your own daughter," he rejoined angrily. "She does n't look like a liar. For my part, I believe her."

"Shucks! Shucks!" Mrs. Sims shook a mildly admonitory head at him. "I'm jes' funnin'. An' yit I kin 'member tellin' Tubal Cain things cornsider'ble short o' the truth whenst I war a young gal like Euphemy, an' he war a-sparkin' round."

The young man looked uneasily out of the window. Could time really work such metamorphoses as these? Had she ever been young and lissome and soft-eyed and fair, and was Euphemia to grow old thus?

Perhaps it was well for the broken snatch of Love's young dream that there against the darkness he suddenly saw the bending boughs of an elder bush all whitely abloom, and among them, the fairest blossom of them all, Euphemia's face, half touched with the moonlight, yet distinct in the radiance that came from the candle within, smiling upon him as

she played the eavesdropper, her dimpled elbows on the window-sill and her fair hair blown back in the wind.

"Nothing was said about it till this evening," he went on, his satisfaction restored in an instant, "and I thought it was only the fair thing to let you and Mr. Sims know; you have both been so kind since I have been here."

Mrs. Sims's preliminary apprehension, which she appeared to have forgotten, was once more aghast upon her face. She raised a warning forefinger, and she spoke in her husky penetrating whisper: "Don't you-uns say nare word ter Tubal Cain Sims. Leave him ter *me*. I'll settle him."

"Why not?" asked the young man, alert to any menace, however remote.

Mrs. Sims knitted her brows in embarrassment. "Waal," she said, composing herself to divulge the truth so far as she knew it, since no polite subterfuge was handy, "he air cantankerous, an' quar'lsome, an' hard-headed, an' powerful perverse. An' he 'pears ter be sot agin ye, kase, I reckon, I like ye, — me an' Phemie, though Phemie never tuk no notice o' ye in this worl' till 'bout three weeks ago whenst ye undertook ter set up ter her so constant. Ye hev witched that gal; ye jes' *made* her fall in love with ye, whether or no."

The juggler laughed at this, casting a bright glance at the dusky aperture of the window where the white blossoms all stirred by the wind seemed to be leaning on the sill and eavesdropping too. They might not have all been so happily at ease had they known that, close by the door, still slightly ajar, and awakened by the bang which the juggler had dealt it, lay old Tubal Cain Sims, grimly listening to this conversation.

"I can't agree to that," said Royce, after a moment's reflection. He was certainly nothing of a prig, but he had his own views of honor, and they controlled him. "This is Mr. Sims's house; and I was received into it first as a guest,

and it is as a privilege that I have been allowed to remain. I can't make love to any man's daughter, under these circumstances, on the sly."

"But s'pose he won't agree — an' the critter is ez contrary ez — ez" — Comparisons failed Mrs. Sims, and she could only shake her head warningly.

"Oh well, everything having been aboveboard, I'd take the girl and elope!" cried the juggler, his eyes alight at the mere prospective fanning of the breeze of adventure. "Being an educated man, Mrs. Sims, I could make a living for myself and my wife in a dozen different ways, in any of these little towns about here. Why — what" —

Mrs. Sims, bulkily rising, had almost overturned the table and the crockery upon him. Her fat face was pallid and flabby, and it shook as she gazed, speechless and wild-eyed, at him. Her puffy hand besought him in mute entreaty before she could find words to blurt out, "Good Gawd A'mighty, John Leonard, don't lay yer tongue ter sech ez that! Don't s'picion the word ez ye'd steal my darter away from me. It would kill me — an' I hev stood yer frien' from the fust, even whenst they all made out ez ye war in league with Satan an' gin over ter witchments. It would kill me, bodaciously! Don't ye steal my one leetle lamb — thar's plenty o' gals in the worl', ready an' willin' — steal them — steal them! I want my darter ter live hyar with me, married an' single, — ter live hyar with me. We ain't got but the one lone, lorn leetle chile. Ef ye war ter run off with her, Tubal Cain would kill ye sure, ef he could ketch ye; an' ef he could n't, the mountain would. Don't — don't" — The tears stood in all her dimples and she was speechless.

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Royce indignantly, but pausing, with that care which he bestowed upon all manner of possessions representing property, however meagre, to right the table and restore the imperiled crockery. "What

sort of a frenzy is this, Mrs. Sims? Am I going to run away with your daughter? Have I shown any symptoms of decamping? Strikes me I have come to stay. I make a point of telling you — because I know that I am not here under your roof for any small profit to you, but as a matter of kindness and courtesy — of telling you all about it within the hour that I know it myself, and this is my reward!"

Poor Mrs. Sims, having sunk back in her chair, and the young man still remaining standing, could only look up at him with piteous contrition and anxious appeal.

"I hope Mr. Sims won't give me any reason to contemplate elopement. Was n't he willing for his daughter to marry Owen Haines, they having been 'keepin' comp'ny,' as I understand?"

She silently nodded.

"My Lord! what have I come to!" Royce cried, lifting his hands, then letting them fall to his sides, as if calling on heaven and earth to witness the absurdity of the situation. "I think I might be considered at least as desirable a *parti* as that pious monkey prayin' for the power!" He gave that short laugh of his which so expressed ridicule, turned, secured the end of tallow candle placed for him on the shelf, and, lighting it, ascended the rickety stairs to the roof-room.

The suggestion of an elopement was not unacceptable to him. If there should be any objection urged against him, — and he could hardly restrain his mirth at the idea, — an elopement into some other retired cove in these regions of nowhere would result not infelicitously, affording still further disguise and an adequate reason for both him and his wife to be strangers in a strange land. "A runaway match would account for everything: so bring on your veto and welcome!" he said to himself.

Next morning, however, he found his disclosure to Tubal Cain Sims postponed. His host had left the house before day,

and although he did not return for any of the three meals Mrs. Sims felt no uneasiness, it being a practice of Tubal Cain Sims's, in order to assert his independence of petticoat government, to deal much in small mysteries about his affairs. All day — her equanimity restored by the half-jocular, half-affectionate raillery of Royce, who had roused himself to the realization that it was well to continue friends with her — she canvassed her hus-

band's errand, and guessed at the time of his probable return, and speculated upon his reasons for secrecy. Night did not bring him, and Royce, who had been now laughing at Mrs. Sims's various theories, and now wearying of their futile inconsistencies, began to share her curiosity.

It was the merest curiosity. He did not dream that he was the chief factor in his host's schemes and absence.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE.

I.

MORNING and night a Toiler turned aside
Out of the fret and tumult of the street,
Into the dim gray halls, with silence sweet,
Where the great Victory marks the steady tide
Of centuries sweep along its currents wide, —
Headless, yet still with conquering life replete,
While bubble worlds go drifting past her feet,
And the great sculptors' dreams alone abide.
Morning and night the eager longing grew
That one might gather up the precious dust,
Trampled and strewn on Samothrace's plain,
And shape the splendor of that face anew, —
The prophet eyes, the brow serene and just,
The gracious lips too calm for love's dear pain.

II.

Then, in a dream, he saw her glorious face.
Out of the sea-mists curdling round her breast
It dawned like some clear vision of the blest,
As a soft wind of God sighed through the place,
Lifting the eddying veil a little space.
But lo! the brow was scarred; the eyes' deep rest
Clouded with pity for the host that pressed,
A dim, sad multitude, in woeful case:
Women and men incredulous of good,
Captives set free, but bondmen still to fear,
And children weak that clutched her garment's hem.
Tender and strong, with brooding hands she stood,
And, with a smile that brought the morning near,
Caught the new day and flashed its light on them.
Emily Huntington Miller.

A CENTURY OF ANGLO-SAXON EXPANSION.

ONE dream of the earliest poets has never quite faded from the minds of men. Foretold by prophet and seer; vaguely described in popular myth; lying far back in some ideal past, or yet to be realized in the distant future by the triumph of religion or the gift of the higher powers, somewhere past or to come is a golden age, a wide community of men in all that is highest and best, free from the common ills of life, under the protection of some beneficent power, — a world state, may we say, whose “officers shall be peace, and her exactors righteousness.” This is a dream that has visited the poet in his moment of inspiration, or the common man under the stimulus of contrasted evils, or prophet and priest through the sight of faith; but can we venture to say of our own age that, first of all generations, it has begun to look forward, at least in some half-conscious way, to such a conclusion of time no longer as a dream of the imagination merely, but as the vision of a possibility, from the standing-ground of facts and sustained with reasons? The unity of mankind, the smallness of the earth, the swiftness of communication, and the growth of world-wide interests, — these things are certainly making familiar to our thoughts the fact that the necessary conditions of this result already exist.

Some such consideration as this it is which lifts the story of the century’s expansion of our race — in itself the most wonderful of all time — above the level of common history. As the story of a mere expansion, which leads to nothing more, complete in itself, like that of Greece in the ancient world or that of Spain at the beginning of the modern, it is worth telling only for the moment’s interest. Considered as the first stage of a yet wider expansion, as first steps to

a kindly domination of the world, which may easily result, this century’s expansion of our race links itself with the most far-reaching thoughts and the highest aspirations of mankind.

The empire of our race is indeed not the first vast empire. History tells us more or less definitely of many others. It begins with them, in fact; for the Old Testament, the one textbook of the earliest history of the world for so many generations, gives us dim notions of their great extent, growing more real to us in these days through the deciphering of their monuments, their long lists of subject peoples, and the reports of the governors of distant provinces. The Middle Ages also had their vague ideas of great empires, purely imaginary like that of Prester John, or real like Genghis Khan’s or Timour’s; but these remain hardly more than names of wide but indefinite expansion. Were they more real to us, we should find them continental and vast, but not world states in any true sense, nor giving promise at any time of permanence.

Of all the great empires of the past, one only stands before these later times as a definite existence, and it alone has exerted a powerful influence upon the course of known history. Its outlines may be clear to us because it is near us in time and in geography, but there is another reason for the profound and permanent impression which it has left behind it. In the century which preceded the final conquests of the Roman republic, the world had been constantly growing smaller. Developing commerce and increasing intercourse and knowledge had created a community of interests and of civilization for all men within reaching distance of the central sea, the Mediterranean. This community of nations Rome overcame by the superiority of her

military genius; but she did more than this: by the skill of her political government and the justice of her laws she moulded it into one great state, — a true world state, for it embraced the whole civilized world of that time. This was a far greater achievement than the work of conquest, and this it was which gave to Rome her permanent influence upon all the later destinies of mankind.

What the third century B. C. did for the ancient world the nineteenth century has done for the globe as a whole. It has made it small and it has made it one. It has created a community of interests and of civilization as close as that which bound together the Mediterranean lands in the last age of their independence. This work of the nineteenth century stands among its greatest achievements. Our conception of the world was not possible to the man of a hundred years ago. Even Washington thought he had advised us against every dangerous foreign policy when he warned us against the entangling politics of Europe, — as if we could have no temptations in the world outside that continent. With the process of this change we are familiar, — exploration and colonization, the enormous development of commerce, the revolution in the means of intercommunication, steam and electricity; and with the results as well, — world prices, world news, world politics, and the rest.

The question rises irresistibly, Is this process to go a stage further? Is there to be, as in the ancient case, a world empire, not perhaps of centralized and despotic rule, but so mighty and widespread, so powerful on every continent, so free within and so just and generous without, that it shall stand at the head of the world without a rival, to keep peace unbroken, to teach the most powerful nations laws and institutions, to guide the more backward along the way of right growth, and to prepare the realization of mankind's long dream? This question no man can answer. But this we know:

one race, and one alone, has kept even pace through the nineteenth century with the growth of this world community. It has planted itself on every continent; it rules every sea, dominates the world's commerce, transmits the world's news, and is teaching all men its language and institutions.

The expansion of the race during the nineteenth century alone has given it this position. But little more than a hundred years ago it seemed to all the world that the imperial age of the Anglo-Saxons had closed forever. The dominion of the race, up to that date, had been of slow but steady growth. It had its dawn more than three hundred years ago in the struggle of the little mother kingdom with the colossal power of Spain; — a struggle for religion and independence which made a truly heroic age, however rough-hewn. But it was not an age of expansion except in daring and in knowledge. The dominion of England, at its close, was only over her own half of the island and over a part of Ireland. In the first half of the seventeenth century, real foundations of empire began to be laid in the colonies from which the United States has grown. At the same time wider interests began to arise, across distant seas which had become familiar in the conflict with Spain. By the middle of that century some vague ideas of the possibilities of the future were rising in the minds of Englishmen, and there was more of definite purpose in the struggle with their second great rival, Holland, than in that with Spain. It was not entirely, however, the growing ambition of England which destroyed the power of the Dutch. It was quite as much the vainglory of the Grand Monarch; for, closing his ears to the warning of Spain, that England was really the rising power of the future which ought to be feared, he brought France into alliance with her greatest rival to destroy her one most indispensable ally. Victory in the Dutch wars

broadened and strengthened the commercial power of England. Her colonies in America were growing into a great dominion, and she possessed stations in the Eastern seas and in the West Indies. Then came the long rivalry and the desperate struggle with France, evenly balanced for two generations, and hardly settled for a century and a quarter. Just past the middle of the eighteenth century, this conflict seemed to end in triumph like the others, in the acquisition of great dominions, for those days, in India and America, with the victories of Clive and the capture of Quebec. All her rivals had now gone down in succession before the rising power of England, and she might well believe herself, and be thought by the world, to have reached the height of imperial position.

Then followed the American Revolution. A great civil war split the empire in two. The only really successful colonies of England, actively assisted by all three of her defeated colonial rivals, separated from the mother country, and established themselves as an independent nation after a conflict which left bitter memories on both sides. It seemed at first sight the end of things. No one could then expect that there would be any further English colonizing within the limits of the revolted colonies, and there was little prospect of it elsewhere. The Anglo-Saxon empire appeared about to follow the Portuguese, the Spanish, the Dutch, and the French into decline and decay.

This was practically the situation a hundred years ago.

The new nation which the Revolution had created possessed, indeed, an imperial territory, though it reached at that time only to the Mississippi, but the greater part of it was still a wilderness. Only a few pioneers had begun to force their difficult way through the passes of the mountains, and to form scanty settle-

ments along the rivers which were their only means of communication. Nothing as yet gave evidence of that unprecedented growth which was, before the close of a century, to place the United States at the head of all the colonizing nations of ancient or modern times. During almost the whole first decade of their existence, the States were occupied with the task of finding a form of government which would make their national existence secure. Still longer time was required before the young nation began to command the respect of the world, and it was some years past its majority before the fact became manifest that expansion of territory, population, and wealth was to go on here at an unparalleled rate, — an expansion to which all the nations of Europe, England included, were to contribute; that in the Western world, by a new combination of the original elements, Celtic and Teutonic, but a combination under vastly more favorable conditions than the original one of fourteen hundred years before, a new Anglo-Saxon race was to be created, — new in its immediate traditions and in its outlook upon the future, but Anglo-Saxon in all the essential elements of race, in blood, ideas, and institutions.

If the outlook for the United States was without particular promise, the prospect of any new colonization by England might well seem almost hopeless. There was now no place left for the English colonist where he could be under the protection of his own government and find something like the conditions of his home except in the Canadian provinces, and there the future was not alluring. Wild and bleak, occupied by an alien population, of a race and religion long hostile, Canada could not be very attractive to the Englishman wishing to found a new home for his posterity. The only colony which England retained within the temperate zone, when she had recognized the independence of the United States, gave every indication that its

progress would be slow; and so slow did it really prove to be that the total European population of British North America, at the end of a generation, had not reached half a million.

It was the general judgment of the world, with one or two notable exceptions, that the American Revolution had prevented for all time the threatened supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is evident that such an opinion was perfectly natural. But we can now see, as was not then apparent, that the division of the race was the necessary condition of its advancement to the commanding position which it occupies to-day. Had England retained possession of the thirteen colonies, it is scarcely possible that the emigrant labor and capital of Europe would have poured into our lands as they have. Our frontier settlements might be now nearing the Mississippi, but could hardly be beyond it, and it is more than likely that all the territory of our second great annexation would still be under the rule of the Latin race. So far, also, as the other half of our race is concerned, if England had possessed the most of the North American continent, it is practically certain that Australia and New Zealand would have fallen to France, and that the English occupation of Africa would have been extremely difficult, if not impossible. The blow which the old régime in France spent its last gasp to deliver, thinking to destroy the supremacy of England, opened the way to a greater empire than could otherwise have been attained.

The first step in the construction of this new empire followed almost immediately on the conclusion of peace with the United States, but it carried with it at that time no promise of real expansion. Vague notions of a great colonial possibility in the unknown island continent of the South Seas had been floating about Europe since early in the eighteenth century, but no colonial venture had been made in Australia before 1787,

and none would have been made then, or till long afterwards, if England had not lost the thirteen colonies. It was an outlet for her criminal population which she was seeking, and the colony she then established was the famous — or infamous — Botany Bay. The original settlement numbered only one thousand persons. It was four years before the first free immigrant arrived, and twenty before the colony really began to prosper. All that had been gained by this first step was the preëmption of the territory of the future Australian nation.

England had in her possession, then, in the last decade of the eighteenth century, when she was swept into the whirlpool of the French Revolution, the Canadian provinces, whose English population had just been heavily reinforced by the American loyalists; in India, the fringes of her present great dominion; in the West Indies, Jamaica and some smaller islands; two mere stations on the west coast of Africa, and one in Central America; a single settlement of a few hundred convicts in Australia; and a few scattered outposts like Gibraltar and St. Helena. It was hardly an empire, certainly not a world empire. There was one real though unpromising colony in the West and one commercial dominion in the East, and besides these a few little points of occupation at wide intervals. The other Anglo-Saxon nation was occupying a narrow ribbon of land along the eastern edge of its territory, stretching from Maine to Georgia. A century is not a long time in the history of the world, and the most rash of prophets a hundred years ago would not have dared to predict the present dominion of the race. War and peace, conquest, trade, and colonization have each had a share in its creation, but in the final balance the enterprises of private individuals will be reckoned more effective than those of the state.

War took the first turn at empire-building. It was only a superficial judg-

ment which expected, as perhaps the French did expect, that England as a free nation would sympathize with the Revolution. The excesses of the Revolutionists in Paris and the passionate pleadings of Edmund Burke did no more than deepen a natural tendency; for as soon as the real nature of the Revolution was revealed, it was seen to be opposed to almost every principle of Anglo-Saxon liberty. When, therefore, the Revolution announced itself in official proclamation the enemy of all existing governments, and declared that it was commissioned to overthrow all existing institutions; and when, in opening the river Scheldt to general navigation contrary to existing treaties, the republic proclaimed that the law of nature, as interpreted by itself, of course, was to be superior to all international law, then war with England became inevitable. France only anticipated the act of England by herself declaring war.

More than twenty years of conflict followed, and during half that time England made scarcely any attempt to maintain an army of her own on the Continent. Her power was on the sea, and on the sea she could do her most effective work against the common enemy of Europe. It was also in their possible effect upon her dominion of the sea that the Continental successes of the French were especially dangerous to England. The occupation of Holland, and its organization in 1795 as the Batavian Republic, in close alliance with France, and at the same time the virtual or actual alliance with Spain, threatened England with far more than the united fleets of her old rivals. These she had successfully faced in the war of the American Revolution. But the absorption of Holland with its great colonial possessions might mean the sudden reconstruction of a formidable French world power. This was a risk too great to be taken, and many of the more important Dutch colonies were seized in rapid succession by

the English fleets. Already most of the French West India islands had passed into the hands of England. Now, in 1795, Ceylon, Malacca, and the Dutch stations on the Malabar coast of India were occupied; in 1796 Guiana, and in 1797 Trinidad and the Cape Colony, were taken. The old English possessions in the Spice Islands were reoccupied, and in 1800 Malta was captured. These acquisitions were an empire in themselves, and a still greater empire in their possibilities; but they were even more important to England than this, for, supplying as they did the connecting links, they first carried the Anglo-Saxon empire around the globe in any true sense.

The return blows which Napoleon attempted to strike through his occupation of Egypt and through the armed neutrality league of the northern nations were failures, but the struggle had been nearly as costly to England as to France, and by the close of 1801 she was ready for peace. By the terms of the treaty, England restored to her enemies all her colonial conquests except the two islands of Trinidad and Ceylon, — a striking proof of the sincerity of her desire for peace, since there was at that time no power in the world which could have forced her to yield a square mile against her will.

But it was a truce which had been signed rather than a peace, and when the war began again, after an interval of little more than a year, England once more swept rapidly into her possession the colonies which she had surrendered by the treaty. When the conflict with Napoleon was finally ended, England felt herself justified in retaining as her own a larger part of her conquests than in 1801. Her most important acquisition, both in what it was at the time and in what it was destined to become, was the Cape of Good Hope. The Dutch also ceded the territory of British Guiana, though England paid the Netherlands full value for both possessions. France

gave up two West India islands and the Mauritius, and Malta was retained.

In the year 1814, just as this struggle was drawing to a close, there appeared in England, in a stately quarto, a Treatise on the Wealth, Power, and Resources of the British Empire in every Quarter of the World, by Mr. Patrick Colquhoun, a distinguished statistician of the time. The book reported a total population in the empire of sixty-one million, of which forty-three million were non-British natives, including all the inhabitants of India at that time subject to the British. This result of his investigations strikes the author as something marvelous. He says that the details of his tables "must be perused with exultation and astonishment by every British subject, while to foreign nations they will convey the most exalted ideas of the unexampled power and resources of this great empire." And he had certainly good grounds for his exultation and astonishment. It was only thirty years since the enemies of England were rejoicing over her fall, and only twenty since the process of reconstruction had begun. But if he could have been allowed the gift of prophecy, and could have foreseen the condition of the Anglo-Saxon world at the close of the century, what language would he have employed? Words would have failed him entirely to characterize a state of things in which the British Islands alone have a population equal to nearly three quarters of his grand total, the empire at large more than six times that sum, and the daughter state across the sea, which no doubt he looked down upon with much good-natured contempt from the lofty height of his sixty-one million, a population twenty per cent larger than his total.

But the gains of war, important as they were, by no means measure the expansion of the race during the first decade and a half of this century. In three other directions, entirely unconnected with one another, and only indirectly

connected, or not at all, with the Napoleonic struggle, — lying also, for the most part, beyond the view of the author of the Treatise, — the power of the race had been advancing beyond anticipation.

Napoleon had not himself succeeded in reaching India, as he had probably hoped to do in his expedition to Egypt, but the expectation of his coming had set in motion the enemies of England, and had made her representatives quick to strike in anticipation of an attack. In this way came on the contest with the famous Tippoo Sahib which ended in his fall and in the absorption of his lands. This was followed almost immediately by a series of wars with the Mahratta states of the west and by more annexations. The result was that by 1815, or soon after, the territory directly under the rule of the British in India had more than doubled, though great additions remained still to be made.

Another reaction of Napoleon's plans of colonial empire led to a still greater gain. Three weeks after the preliminaries of peace had been signed, in October, 1801, and before the definitive treaty had been arranged, Napoleon ordered his brother-in-law, Leclerc, to take command of a great fleet and army which had been for some time collecting in the western harbors of France, and to sail for the recovery of the island of San Domingo. Napoleon had just obtained from Spain the recession of the vast territory of Louisiana, and it was by no means a wild hope that, from San Domingo as a basis, he might reconstruct the French empire in North America. But the fulfillment of this hope was delayed by the stubborn resistance of the island and by still more unconquerable disease, and before any real advance was made toward success the great European war which was to end only with Waterloo had begun again.

But what was to be done with Louisiana? In the decision of this question a new power was interested. The steps

taken by Napoleon had aroused the anxiety and suspicion of the United States. Had he succeeded in his plans for the occupation of Louisiana with a French army and for renewing colonization there, it is by no means impossible that so threatening a prospect would have had the result of driving our country into an alliance with England against the French. The imagination is tempted to dwell upon the beneficent consequences which might have followed from such a union in a common policy, brought about by a common danger, but sober judgment is inclined to say that it would have been premature, and that it is probably better, on the whole, that it did not occur. What did occur was a result great enough to satisfy any reasonable demand; for Napoleon, conscious that he could not protect Louisiana from the British with his inferior naval strength, preferred to have it pass into the hands of the United States rather than to allow England to seize it. Already American colonization was rapidly advancing in the Mississippi Valley. Three great States west of the Alleghenies had been admitted to equal partnership in the Union, and other future States had been marked out and given their preliminary organization, and were filling up with colonists from the East. Now, at a single stroke, without the firing of a gun, and at a price equivalent to less than three cents per acre, the area of the United States was doubled. All but a very small portion of the new territory lay to the west of the Mississippi, and it carried with it a claim, at least, to a coast-line upon the Pacific, which, reinforced by other claims, secured for our colonization the two States of Washington and Oregon. Of this great inheritance we were in a sense the natural heirs, for this cession was the logical conclusion of that which had closed the great war for the possession of North America fifty years before, — a war in which the thirteen colonies had had so large a share.

If the expansion of Anglo-Saxon dominion in India and in North America, in these first years of the century, was due indirectly to the Napoleonic war, the beginning of Australian development was wholly peaceful. To be sure, by 1815 it was only a very small growth which had been made, but it was a beginning, and in the case of Australia it was the beginning which was difficult. To bring about the change of a penal settlement, which had been founded with no expectation or desire that it should ever be anything but a penal settlement, into an attractive home for millions of free and prosperous colonists; into a series of colonies which should take the place, for England, once occupied by the American colonies; which should, indeed, far exceed the growth of the thirteen colonies during any period of their history, — this was no slight achievement. This beginning had been accomplished by 1815, and it was the work of individuals unaided by the government. In 1803, the government had, indeed, occupied Tasmania, then called Van Dieman's Land, as a station for further penal settlement, but that was hardly colonial development in the present sense. About the same time it occurred to Captain John Macarthur that the Australian lands, which did not seem to promise very rich returns from agricultural investments, might be profitably employed in sheep-raising, and with some difficulty he succeeded in getting a fine strain of merino sheep. The experiment proved at once successful. His example was followed by others, and the infant colony was supplied with the one thing which had hitherto been wanting, — an especially profitable industry to attract free settlers and capital. A few years later, during a season of drought, some graziers broke through the mountain barrier which separates the interior from the eastern coast, and found beyond vast ranges of rich pasture-land. Just at this time, Mr. Colquhoun, the author of the Treatise quoted above, re-

corded his judgment that the British population of New South Wales was lost to the nation, and added, "It is ever to be lamented that, in a choice of difficulties at the time, the British government should have been induced to have recourse to such an expedient" as the settlement of Australia! It was certainly not an era of such startlingly rapid progress which these changes opened as the more recent growth of Australia has been, but they made possible all the rest, and laid the foundation of what is destined to be one of the great nations of the world: the third, it may even pass the mother country before another century closes, and become the second of the Anglo-Saxon nations in wealth and population.

The twenty years which closed with 1815 have deserved so much detail because that was the generation which reconstructed from the apparent ruins of 1783, on new and stronger foundations, the Anglo-Saxon empire, in its two halves, and broadened it out into what it had never been before, a world empire. England had obtained compensation for the loss of the old thirteen colonies in the beginning of another New England of continental size in the South Seas; she had filled up the one great gap in her line of defense and of world occupation by gaining South Africa; and she had strengthened her hold upon every old possession and added not a few new ones. The other half of the race had doubled its area, had stretched across the continent from ocean to ocean, and had begun to feel the stimulus and broadening influence of colossal size.

With the close of the Napoleonic struggle there opens a new era of expansion. It is expansion by peaceful growth in wealth and population beyond recorded precedent in the history of the world. Not that war ceased with 1815. But war with rivals able to dispute the empire on equal terms did cease. Wars there have been which have led to expansion, but they have been local in character,

with bordering or semi-subject native states or with revolted subjects. The greatest conflict since Napoleon in which any part of the Anglo-Saxon world has been involved was the civil war in the United States, which was fought, not for direct expansion, but for a result which may be called negative, to remove from one portion of the country the greatest obstacle to its rapid development.

In the enlargement of the territory of the race, since 1815, the United States has done far more than its proportionate share. The only great annexation at a single stroke was ours until within the last few years, when the sudden scramble of the European nations for Africa has recalled the great figures and something of the romance of eighteenth-century colonial expansion. But if the single additions have been small, the aggregate has been large.

The portion of India subject to English rule has been practically doubled since 1815, though this has been done by a long series of annexations reaching down almost to the present. Next in value, perhaps in the end to be of even greater value, is New Zealand, the England of the South Seas, occupied in 1840 just in time to forestall the French. Twenty years before, the United States had obtained Florida. For the rest, we have the series of fortified outposts on the way to India, like Aden and Perim; Hongkong, transformed from a barren rock to a large and wealthy city; the Falkland Islands and South Georgia, near the Antarctic Ocean; the Fiji Islands and New Guinea, after long resistance to the demands of the Australians; and small but profitable territories in the Straits Settlements.

These acquisitions, taken singly, are all small and unimposing, but during these years the United States twice enlarged its borders by vast annexations scarcely to be rivaled for magnitude during the history of the race. Once, just before the middle of the century, by a war

which history will hardly be able to characterize in its final account as anything but a war of deliberate conquest, forced upon a weak neighbor, we obtained a territory destined to make real for us the early dreams of El Dorado, as large in area, if we include Texas, which really belongs to it, as the land of all the States and Territories together in 1800. Again, a few years past the middle of the century, by a fair bargain, with which we have had increasing reason to be satisfied, we bought from Russia another half million of square miles, carrying our total area beyond three million and a half.

But downright bargain and sale, even highway robbery of a disguised and somewhat gentlemanly order, are prosaic methods of expansion when compared with the stir and adventure of opening a new world to occupation. This kind of expansion the closing quarter of the nineteenth century has found in Africa for the last time in the history of the world. Up to 1884 scarcely more than the edges of Africa had been occupied by the European powers. It was in that year that Germany suddenly began an attempt to realize her long-cherished aspirations for a colonial empire. She naturally made the attempt in Africa, as the only place where it was possible to make it, and in doing so she started all the nations in a wild race in fear lest their neighbors should get the advantage of them. In this scramble, if England has been left far behind by some of the others in the area of her gains, she certainly leads them all in real value, and the prospect that the Anglo-Saxons will be the ruling power in the future of Africa is, to say the least, as good as was their prospect for the control of North America in 1750. This is surely true if we consider Egypt an English possession, and we can hardly suppose that England will ever abandon that country, whatever depths of sentimental emotion may be stirred in varying moods; nor, considering the

enormous benefits which result, would the world ever consent to such an abandonment, if it were not still much influenced by barbarian motives. It was a brilliant scheme which was attempted in 1894, to obtain from the Congo Free State a narrow strip of land connecting the waterway of Lake Tanganyika with the British sphere of influence to the north, and so to make an English highway from the mouth of the Nile to the Cape of Good Hope. Although it seemed the part of wisdom at the time to yield to the united objections of the other interested powers, it is by no means impossible that the object sought may be accomplished in the end.

What is the total result? A little more than eleven million square miles under the rule of England, three and a half million under that of the United States, — together, more than one quarter of the total land area of the globe.

But the conquest of empty land, however vast, is not a real expansion of the race. When we turn from the growth in territory to that in population and wealth, the record which is marvelous in the one case becomes almost incredible in the other. The United Kingdom, which has sent out every year so many thousands of its children to the colonies and to us, now contains a population considerably more than twice as great as the population of European descent in the whole empire in 1814. We are sufficiently aware of the fact that we have multiplied our own population by sixteen in a hundred years, and founded more than thirty flourishing colonies, not condemned by our system to continue long in the condition of colonies, but now full members of our Union. This rate of increase in population, however, has been equaled by the Australian colonies, which have, according to the census of 1891, a population almost exactly equal to ours as given by the census of 1790, and Canada slightly exceeds that number. If we reckon the growth of Australia from

1820, it greatly outdistances the record of the United States. In the fifteen years preceding the discovery of gold, the population of her colonies doubled twice, and after the discovery the seventy-six thousand inhabitants of Victoria were multiplied by four in three years. The "boom" days of Melbourne equaled or even surpassed the record of any of our Western cities, and Winnipeg multiplied its population by more than a hundred in the twenty years following 1871. It is a little hard for us to realize that Australia has two of the greatest cities of the Anglo-Saxon world, but if Melbourne were transferred to the British Isles, it would rank as the fifth city, and Sydney as the seventh; the United States has only four cities larger than Melbourne, and seven larger than Sydney, and Montreal is not far below in the list. In sum total, the population of the race and of its subjects exceeds four hundred and fifty millions, — more than its proportionate share of the world's population, reckoned according to the proportion of the world's territory which it occupies.

It is impossible to measure by accurate standards the growth in wealth, but apparently it has more than kept pace with the growth in population. The capitalized wealth of the United Kingdom, as it is reckoned by statisticians, has been multiplied by five since 1815; and the three largest colonies, Canada, Australia, and the Cape, exceed the record of the mother country at that date by a sum which would pay the British national debt; while the wealth of the United States has been multiplied by more than fifty within the century, and it is twenty years since we first passed the United Kingdom and took rank as the wealthiest of the Anglo-Saxon nations. The sum of wealth now made and added to the savings of the race in three ordinary years would buy up the whole of the British Isles and all the forms of wealth in them as they existed in 1815. On the other side of the account, while the national

debt of France has grown rapidly during the century, the British debt has been actually reduced by more than a thousand million dollars. Fortunately, the Anglo-Saxon instinctively shudders at the cost of war, but it is altogether probable that England could begin the coming century with a war as long continued and desperate as that with which the present century opened, without a larger national debt at the end, in proportion to its wealth, than weighed upon it in 1815.

One fourth the area, one third the population, and more than one third the resources and capitalized wealth of the globe; a dominion which furnishes all the commercial conditions of the world, and which might surround itself with a Chinese wall of exclusion against all the rest of mankind, and not forego a single article of necessity or of luxury or the profitableness of a single exchange, — surely this is expansion enough for a race whose enemies were rejoicing but little more than a century ago at the apparent destruction of its colonial empire. But this is only one side of the case.

We may measure in parallel columns of figures or by the foot rule the expansion of the race in land and resources, but in what terms are we to express that other expansion in responsibilities, and in problems of difficulty to be solved, domestic and foreign, which has been the inevitable result of our material growth? We are indeed only just beginning to regard this side of our expansion. We are proud of the imperial position of the race in the world, and yet we still haggle bitterly with one another over petty issues, and blindly stake that imperial position and our dearest interests on the contemptible result. We have grown into a world race, but step by step with this growth has come a fearful shrinking of the world. The interests of all the tribes of men have fallen into a common stream of diplomacy, and questions from the re-

motest regions of the globe press upon one another in settlement, until we must perforce let the Turk go on to cut as many Christian throats as he will through fear lest a Japanese gunboat appear in the Gulf of Carpentaria, or because of the superior importance of a South American swamp.

Still greater responsibilities have come upon us within our own borders. It was not possible that wealth and population should expand as they have done, with our still imperfect methods of organization and distribution, without a growing demand for change at many points, and even a sense of injustice and unfair treatment on the part of some. No sane man believes that we have seen the last passionate attempt to stir up a war of classes in ignorant support of half the truth, or that, through fear of the brutish allies of the right imperfectly understood, we have been for the last time compelled to refuse the demand we would concede.

And there is that other problem of union, of bringing the whole race into the lines of a common policy and the equal bearing of common burdens, — the problem of healing the breach made a century ago, which has already served its full measure of usefulness, and now bids fair to be a source of danger if it continues longer. This is a constitutional problem of greater difficulty than any that ever before demanded solution; for it requires, in common interests, a complete and strong union of the most widely separated units, together with the greatest freedom in local interests broadly interpreted. But this problem must be

solved. The scale of the world stands at a light balance, and a touch may turn it either way.

The simple truth is that, great as have been the demands upon the race to create the history of the past in which we rejoice, the demands of the future will be even greater. It is the result of this history, the proper and fitting result, that we are now brought to the supreme test of racial ability. The nineteenth century, truly considered, is but an age of preliminary and introductory expansion. If the genius of the race fail not; if calm submission to the law, unwavering devotion to the task in hand, steady refusal to follow glittering allurements or hasty choices, may still be our leading traits; if we may trust our sons to equal our fathers' deeds of self-devotion without the hope of fame, then is the achievement of the nineteenth century but a preparing of the way for the vaster expansion of the twentieth, — for the founding, not of the empire of the race, but of the united commonwealth of all nations.

But if these things fail us, if this so rapid growth has exhausted the moral stamina of the race, if by its unsettling hurry it has destroyed our power of patient self-control, then shall we repeat the history of other empires. This great fabric of ours, which, as far as human judgment can discern, needs but closer union to be secure against the shock of every danger from without, will in that case break asunder and fall, from its own inner decay. History will then record that the nineteenth century was our greatest but our final era of expansion.

George Burton Adams.

BRYANT'S PERMANENT CONTRIBUTION TO LITERATURE.

"It hath been said of old that Virtue dwells
Above, among the inaccessible rocks,
And treads the holy place with weary feet.
She is not seen by eyes of mortal man
Save him whom heart-consuming toil hath
worn,
He who hath climbed the height of fortitude."

If such a mortal man be born a poet, if one of the seraphim have touched his mouth with a live coal from off the altar, he is a comforter of men, and out of reach of praise. Yet a man may be a poet and have simpler duties before him. He will give utterance to those feelings, the common chattels of the heart, which men have, and know they have, but cannot put into words. When Cupid hovered about Psyche in the dark, she divined his presence, she felt his power, she knew his grace. but she needed the definiteness of sight, the certainty of touch, the god in bodily form. Her story is the allegory of human weakness and desire. We need a poet to tell us what we feel. The utterance of the dumb poetry which is in us is for those poets who act intermediate between us and the powers that endowed us with it.

It is essential to real expression of that dumb poetry in us that the poet should be in close relation with us. This nearness is almost always found in our American poets. It is natural that it should be so. A poet is affected by the character and habits of the people about him: his thought is colored by their thoughts, his attitude towards the great facts of life is suggested by theirs. In his turn he acts upon his neighbors, and a certain similarity of thought and feeling is established. We see in Keats the joy of Englishmen in English life; in Shelley, the aspirations of Englishmen; in Byron, their discontent; in Wordsworth, their contemplative asceticism. Yet it is not always so. Consider Ari-

osto, a great poet beyond dispute. In his *Mad Orlando* he takes so fantastic a plot, he adopts so brilliantly artificial a style, he displays such ironical contempt of life, that it is impossible that he should be in harmony with the serious life of common men. Our poets more than most poets — and this characteristic may be their chief merit — utter the sentiments of their fellows. They do not affect to consider themselves as men set apart, but endeavor to express the feelings of the people among whom they live.

This intimate interdependence of poet and people is very obvious in our best known group of poets. Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and in their several ways Poe and Whitman, utter the common human feelings that enter the hearts of common men. This is particularly true of Bryant. He says what a large body of people feel, understand, and hold in sympathy. This trait in his poetry is the result of his character, which is essentially American. If we take as the two ideal types of our American character George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, we are struck by a change from the repose and self-control of Washington to the emotion and self-control of Lincoln. This difference between the two serves fairly to illustrate the tendency of our American type. Bryant is an excellent specimen of the earlier. He was calm, intelligent, self-respecting, abounding in common sense, contemplative, gentle, peaceful, almost austere. He was like the country in which he was born. Hampshire County, Massachusetts, his birthplace, is in sight of the Berkshire Hills. If Bryant's verses were to be turned into meadow, hill, dale, and river, we should have almost the counterpart of western Massachusetts. It is somewhat significant that his two best poems, *Thanatopsis* and the

lines *To a Waterfowl*, were written there, in his early youth, before he had had experience of the greater emotions and incidents of life. It is on them that his fame chiefly rests, and it is they that best indicate the characteristics of his talents. Early in his long life they gave him public distinction, and at its close they still were his best titles to honor.

When *Thanatopsis* was published, the youth of Boston and New York were struck with surprise. A consideration of death came to them like an intellectual creative thought. They were like children of few years, to whom life and immortality are the same, who have no conception of death. These readers had a vague notion in the backs of their minds that death was a subject for philosophy, for the Greek drama; but that they, men of action, citizens of a free republic, separated by an ocean from Europe, rich in enterprise, invention, and machinery, resting upon a written constitution, and electing to the presidency a Jefferson and a Jackson, should stop to ponder upon death, was to them astounding. If Death had come into the poem like Slippered Pantaloon with his Scythe, mowing down the Fairest Flowers, and scattering the Passions, "baneful band," they would not have heeded; they would have classified the poem as poetry, and would have gone on their way rejoicing. But *Thanatopsis* came with solemnity: it was simple as the Bible; it suggested no thought beyond the natural compass of their minds; it gave the earth, the earth of New England, which they themselves trod, so hard to the plough, so stubborn to the harrow, an interest that it had never had before. They were touched and paused to read it, and to read it again, as a man hurrying by a church hears the organ, stops, pauses to catch the voice of the congregation, and then goes on softly, thinking.

Thanatopsis is a very extraordinary feat for a boy of eighteen years. Its language shows honest familiarity with

the English Bible. Its thoughts are elevated, its manner is quiet and restrained. Dignity and ease, sensibility and self-command, stand out conspicuous. But can we read a chapter from the book of Job, and then turn to it and not be aware of a falling off? Can we set *Thanatopsis* beside Gray's *Elegy* in a Country Churchyard, and not miss Gray's wider thoughtfulness, deeper tenderness, and surpassing art? Can we match it with Lines composed near Tintern Abbey? No, most assuredly. *Thanatopsis* does not rank with these great poems, but it is a noble poem, and disappointing only in this, that it gives promise of a greater excellence, which Bryant never attained.

The lines *To a Waterfowl* also quickly became famous. Young Americans had never thought very much about waterfowl. Wild ducks were good to set upon the table before a guest, they were hard to shoot, they were not plentiful enough to be articles of commerce, their feathers eked out those from the barnyard in stuffing the best pillows. Young men regarded the wild duck as the Church of England regards it, graciously endowed with life for man to take away, made for him to mar. Bryant thought differently. In later years he was impressed by the fact that the Rev. F. W. Robertson "seemed to amuse himself with naught but killing birds." Bryant, in his boyhood, felt as Wordsworth felt, that the life of a wild duck was one joyful expression of the spirit of all life. He did not try to reconcile religion and the doctrine that a creature rich in immortal life may take from his feeble fellow creatures all the life they have. He had learned, and he, too, taught the lesson,

"Never to blend our pleasure or our pride

With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

He drew a moral from the flight of the waterfowl through "the desert and illimitable air," and it was accepted. The doctrine was in harmony with the feelings of the Unitarians. The subject of

the poem was therefore peculiarly favorable. The simplicity and delicacy of expression are of great excellence.

Bryant's poems inevitably bring Wordsworth to our minds, yet it seems unfair to Bryant's talents to measure their increase by comparison with the fruits of Wordsworth's genius. Bryant's lot took him to the city, to newspapers and daily cares, while Wordsworth sauntered contemplative over Helvellyn and along the margin of Windermere. Great poetry has never been written by a man who was not able to give to it his concentrated thought and his whole heart. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Pope, Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, all the great poets of England have given undivided allegiance to poetry. Bryant could not do so, and his poems bear the marks of his involuntary disloyalty. A poet must be judged by his achievement alone. Bryant's verses, except at their best, show a lack of art. They are a little undisciplined; they betray truancy to the classics. Great masters of verse — Milton, Spenser, Tennyson, Swinburne — have wrought their poems and labored over them with the care and minuteness of coral insects. Horace has taught all his students the great Roman truth that discipline and care conquer the world. His lines march together as the men of the Tenth Legion paraded before Julius Cæsar. The second-best word goes to a court-martial, the superfluous syllable is cast off on the instant. The task of the poet is to learn form, that he may have dominion over matter. Drudgery and slavish service hew out the only road to freedom. Bryant holds so high his independence that he will not submit enough to discipline, and therefore he says, "The sun was near his set;" he speaks of "sylvan lakelet," and then before that has dribbled out of our memory "wavelets" come splashing along. There may be high authority for these expressions, but they were not meet for Bryant's purposes. This incivility to

English that appears in Bryant, seldom, yet too often, is due partly to his willful independence, partly to his lack of training, and also in a measure to his lack of sensitiveness. A man keenly alive to delicate impressions, to "shadows and sunny glimmerings," will do one of two things: either he will try and try again until he shall succeed in making his readers partakers of his sensations, or he will forbear; he will not put up with inadequate expression. Wordsworth has willfulness in bountiful abundance, but in those poems which we prize most highly there is the simplicity of perfect expression. This was the result of hard work. Dorothy Wordsworth says somewhere in her journal, "William has come back tired: he has spent all the day in thinking of an adjective for the cuckoo."

While most of us, of ourselves, with our feeble capacity for belief, with our lean imagination, in our dreamless days and our prose-ridden nights, do not feel that nature has personality, nevertheless the most hardened among us are compelled so to feel after reading Wordsworth. Then we believe in some attribute of Deity immanent in nature, and we grow conscious of what the Bible names "the presence of God." But Bryant only makes us see what he sees, — beautiful inanimate nature, fruitful in suggestion, quick to catch the color of our imaginings, ready to reflect our moods, but at most only tinged with us and painted with our thoughts. Certainly we need to be reminded that beauty lies about us, that pleasures have been scattered thick at our doorsteps, that "we are too ready with complaint in this fair world of God's." Yet this is work of a less degree of excellence than that of drawing aside the veil from the temple of God.

Bryant shows us many, but not all the aspects of nature. His love of nature is simpler than nature. He enjoys her calm, he finds repose in her inaction;

he does not enter into all her joyousness, her delicate growths, her childlike activities.

"Solitude to her
Is blithe society, which fills the air
With gladness and involuntary songs."

But Bryant falls into seriousness as soon as he is in a wood. So, too, nature's sorrowful fadings and fallings pass him by unheeded except as he draws a sorrowful inference for man.

We cannot but feel the great difference between Bryant's poems on nature and those of Wordsworth. In most of Wordsworth's familiar poems we find this sensitive recognition of nature "through the veil that seems to hide" her, — nature, as we would fain believe her, our young virgin mother, a Primavera singing out of the very dust from which our bodies are wrought. In Bryant we find nature is but an echo of himself. High, serene, calm, and sometimes beautiful, she rises like an eidolon of Bryant. Through Wordsworth we learn love and reverence for nature; he teaches us that she will suffer us like little children to come unto her, and we find rest, refreshment, and delight.

"She gives us eyes, she gives us ears
And tender hopes and delicate fears,
A heart the fountain of soft tears
And love and thought and joy."

In Bryant nature is a patch on a New England hillside. There is much beauty, much tenderness, much room for virtuous reverie and noble thought, but nature for him does not vary with its changing seasons. It is October, sunshine or shade, all the year; there is but one music in the pines, but one rustle in the fallen leaves; the grasses speak in monotone. Sometimes, it is true, Bryant is half conscious of a girlish spirit in nature, as if she were dodging round his subject, too quick to catch. He attempts to lay hold of her, and writes *Sella and Little Children of the Snow*. But nature, the wood nymph, is denied to him; She enchants all poets, they all woo her

"on summer eves by haunted stream," but few hold commerce with her. Few can say: —

"Here at the fountain's sliding foot
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside
My soul into the boughs does glide."

Although Bryant does not reveal to us the holy spirit of nature as Wordsworth does, or nature the forest nymph as Theocritus does, or even portray all her outward aspects, he does show the most important significance of nature for us. That light carelessness which some poets have, which from its very lightness is able to catch "the gay notes that people the sunbeams," is meet for the holiday time of life, for feast-days and for youth. We have a more abiding need. We need a constant insistence upon the moral law. Our faith is weak; with the bodily eye we cannot always discern how that law prevails in the world about us. The difficulties of belief cannot be overcome without the help of beauty, which bare laws of cause and effect, probable rules for escaping evils, cannot of their own nature put on. We need poets to make that moral law beautiful in our eyes, to "endue it with heavenly gifts," to cover it with "thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls" or with an authority that we will not question. Whatever man does so deserves well of the people. Bryant, in narrow limits, perhaps, and with uneven powers, has done this for us. Men with need of metaphysical and subtle reasonings, and men too much in the glare of common sense, may not feel the value of his work, but

"Country folks who live beneath
The shadow of the steeple,
The parson and the parson's wife
And mostly married people,
Youth green and happy in first love
So thankful for illusion," —

all these will feel that Bryant has added a touch of poetry to that moral law, has helped to show more clearly a loveliness

which our hearts accept as inherent in it, and to show how that moral beauty belongs to Earth, our mother, and is somehow in harmony with the powers that draw the tracery in ferns and frost, and put their colors in the poppy and the dandelion. The Forest Hymn, The Planting of the Apple Tree, The Death of the Flowers, O Fairest of the Rural Maids, Green River, and a number of other poems, incompletely perhaps, and with various degrees of excellence, bear witness to this great service which he has thus rendered to us.

Bryant first read Wordsworth at the age of seventeen. In the Fable for Critics Mr. Lowell says Bryant has "the advantage that Wordsworth before him has written." But this is hardly fair. We fail to find any imitation of Wordsworth in Bryant's best poems. He is a strong man who grows to his full stature of grace by his own natural growth, and not by any artificial graftings or foreign influences. The poem *To a Waterfowl* is quite different from Wordsworth's manner. Wordsworth has had many followers. Walter Bagehot said that he had a whole host of sacred imitators; that Keble translated him for timid women, and Hartley Coleridge for gentle devotees of nature. Bryant was not one of these. His disposition, impelled by the same large causes which moved Wordsworth, led him to the same simple subjects, — to the flowers of the field, and to the waterbrooks which nourish them. Yet the disciples of Wordsworth would lay claim to a larger art, born of a stronger mind and of a wider imagination, in the poems *To a Green Linnet*, *To the Little Celandine*, and their fellows. And no one would be quicker than such disciples to admit that a man might be a worthy poet, although unequal to the great Englishman. Hartley Coleridge, no mean judge, once read the *Waterfowl* to Matthew Arnold, after asking if he wished to hear the best short poem in the English language.

The mention of Hartley Coleridge suggests a comparison with Bryant. Of the two, perhaps Coleridge had the greater poetic sensibility. To him life appeared wrapped in his own fancy. He felt the "weight of unintelligible things," and he shrank under an acute consciousness that his native endowments were inadequate to cope with the unmanageable facts of the world. He sought refuge in Wordsworth, in poetry, in his own musings. Bryant had a strong character: he was perfectly competent to face the world, and to take from Fortune her buffets and rewards with equal thanks. He, too, turned for consolation to Wordsworth, to poetry, and to his own musings. He, too, was of a meditative mind, tinged with religious thought. He, too, had poetic talents of a limited range. Neither had capacity for dramatic expression. If our only knowledge of men came from their poems, we should not know that blood ran red through human veins. "We have too many poems by Lord Byron," said Bryant. Neither Bryant nor Hartley Coleridge had the ability to write a long poem. Bryant is reported to have said, "There is no such thing as a long poem;" his theory was that poems such as *Paradise Lost* and the *Divine Comedy* are strung upon a thread of verse which serves to hold the attention of the reader over the interpoetical spaces. Bryant did not have the gift of lyrical expression to as high a degree as Hartley Coleridge. In fact he has left no songs, though he has given that name to one or two short poems. Neither poet seems to have had much sense of humor. Yet, with a certain similarity in their native gifts, there was such an immense difference between their characters that it is hard to think of them together. Both were meditative, moderate, high-minded men, given to contemplation, but the difference in their characters has rendered entirely unlike the matter in their verse. Bryant had repose, self-restraint, peace, and mas-

tery within narrow limits. Hartley Coleridge was sick at heart, self-distrustful, appealing for help. It is a matter of temperament which of the two one prefers. One man likes Coleridge's sonnets better, another Bryant's poems.

To a poet as a poet, except in so far as the lack may prevent achievement, character, in the usual meaning of the word, is not essential. But as men are made without nice heed of logical necessities, they set a value upon a man's poetry in accordance, in large measure, with his character. This habit they justify by saying that the most necessary element in poetry is sincerity; that that poetry cannot be sincere which is not after the pattern of a man's character, and therefore, however delightful may be the sequence of words, the sway of rhythm, or the ring of rhyme, words not sincere are but tinkling cymbals and profit nothing. The juster method would seem to be to judge words by themselves; they lie before us, open, unconcealed, self-revealing, whereas a man's character is shrouded in doubt and uncertainty. Howbeit, it is certain that the high character of a poet is of great consequence to the people among whom he lives. It is a constant proof of the spiritual effect of lofty thoughts and of the truth of poetry. It strengthens our belief in refinement, in self-sacrifice, in nobility of action and of aims. It brings our hearts closer to our minds; it shows the nearness of poetry and religion. All this Bryant has helped to do. His calm, self-contained, noble character shines in all his poetry, and he has well and faithfully given a bright example of a virtuous man. It is said that

"of all their gifts to man
No greater gift than self-sobriety
The gods vouchsafe him in the race of life."

This gift they vouchsafed to Bryant, and the light of it shines in all his life.

Much stress has been laid upon the ethical nature of Bryant's poetry, and, as it seems to us, often in the wrong

place. It is certain that he was a good man; it is certain that he never wrote a verse that might not with propriety be read to virgins and to boys. These virtues, however, are not enough to give his poetry a high ethical character. Justly to deserve that reputation, poetry should be fit not only for young women and children, but for strong men. That which makes man larger, freer, more sensitive, more aspiring, more tender, quicker to seek whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are just and of good report, that is ethical. That poetry which stimulates our interest in men and women, which quickens our sympathies, which starts our tears and calls out our deepest feelings, is ethical. Byron, if he has broadened and deepened our comprehension of discontent, if he has awakened in us compassion, is an ethical poet. The greatest ethical poet is Shakespeare. No one has given us so noble a conception of humanity as he, or has made us so acquainted with grief or so intimate with human interests. Such is the standard by which to measure a poet's work. Bryant is didactic; he dwells upon the pleasure and innocence in nature, in contemplation, in the colors of flowers and the noise of falling waters. Many a man draws his noblest inspiration from these simple outputtings of nature which neither vex nor thwart him. They hinder not his will; they yield to his mood; they minister to his fancy; they obey his thoughts, and tender a simple fellowship which he has not found elsewhere. This deliverance from temptation, this comfortable solitude, have caused men to believe that by withdrawing from the world they have ascended towards heaven. It is well to encourage and develop such a habit and such a disposition. But contemplation is too narrow a school in which to study ethics. In this generation, when the metaphysical aspects of religion have a less firm foundation in the minds of men, morality is sought, not in communion with Deity, but in coming

closer to humanity, and in a world of such beliefs the poet must reckon with them.

We do not find among Bryant's poems any which stir our sympathies with passion or with joy. After reading every poem he has written, the reader is not richer in any fresh knowledge of mankind. He has learned no more of yearning, of despair, of all the doubts and perplexities that hedge us in. Bryant has told of quiet love, of gentle griefs, of sorrows subdued, of his own pleasure in meadows and brooks, in yellow violet and fringed gentian, in maple leaf and climbing vine; he has told of the refreshment and succor in reverie and contemplation, in rest from the bustle of cities. This is well. This interests us, it encourages us, it helps us to lead simpler, nobler lives; but are we not become better somewhat at the expense of freedom and generosity? Are we not become Pharisees? Do we not take the greater satisfaction that we are not as other men are, eager for vanities, greedy, self-seeking, self-proclaiming fools? Do we not become richer in self-respect than in charity? Bryant learned his own limitations, and put his talents to usury accordingly. In the simplicity of human feelings, the region of the greatest poetry, he found his most excellent expression, and he wrote *Abraham Lincoln*, *The Flood of Years*, and *The Death of the Flowers*.

It is strange that, good citizen as Bryant was, good American as it is claimed that he was, he had no emotional sympathy with democracy. He lived his boyhood among Federalists, and early was taught disapproval, to use a moderate word, of Jefferson and the Republicans. After he had grown to maturity he became a Democrat in national politics; nevertheless, he never was a real Democrat in any genuine meaning of the word. The sense of emancipation, of room, of freedom, which at the time of his birth had affected men so much in Europe, did not stir his boyhood nor his manhood. Byron, "with haughty scorn that mocked

the smart," showed through Europe like a fragment of the French Revolution; Shelley preached human liberty; Wordsworth was moved to "lyrical ballads." Across the Channel, Victor Hugo and his disciples took up the cry of equality. On this side of the Atlantic, the ideas of democracy have not affected any of our poets, except Walt Whitman, in an emotional manner, unless we consider the abolition of slavery as an element of democracy. Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, none of them breathed the hot breath of democracy. They were conservative, reasonable men, full of common sense and of respect for the past. Bryant embodied a very useful, profitable, and valiant aspect of democracy, of a kind most valuable to the stability of a nation, but not of a kind that a passionate lover of equality would acknowledge as democratic. Bryant was a believer in the individual responsibility of a man for his own soul. "Know thyself." "Be true to thine own self." "Look to thine own footsteps, and if thy straight path help another man to make his path straight, well and good, but thy duty is for thyself and with thyself." These were his mottoes.

The limitations encompassing Bryant's powers appear as soon as he departs from the narrow path of reverie in the meadows. Take *The Ages* as an example. This poem, he tells us, is meant, by means of history, to encourage the hopeful in their hopes that the world is better and happier than it was, and that it will be better and happier than it is. It touches various matters of history; among others, the Roman Catholic Church. Here is one aspect of her condition prior to the Reformation: —

"Where pleasant was the spot for men to dwell,
Amid its fair broad lands the abbey lay,
Sheltering dark orgies that were shame to tell,
And cowed and barefoot beggars swarmed the way,
All in their convent weeds, of black, and white, and gray."

The effect of the Reformation is thus described : —

“From many a proud monastic pile, o’er-
thrown,
Fear-struck, the hooded inmates rushed and
fled;
The web, that for a thousand years had
grown
O’er prostrate Europe, in that day of dread
Crumbled and fell, as fire dissolves the
flaxen thread.”

When the poet reaches the year of his poem, 1821, he alludes to the United States and to Europe in these lines : —

“Here the free spirit of mankind at length
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall
place
A limit to the giant’s unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race ?

Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,
And writhes in shackles.”

This is commonplace. It is poor in form, and narrow-minded in substance. We merely quote it as a sample of his work in matters not native to his cunning.

The mechanical work of Bryant’s poetry is generally well done : the rhymes rhyme, the rhythm moves along, the blank verse does not halt. His language is good, yet it is not flexible enough for lyrical poetry. Perhaps it is not fanciful to trace the influence of Pope, which fell upon him in boyhood, in much of his work all through life. A correct, monotonous metre shows in many passages, where his inspiration is scant of breath. Bryant, however, rarely tries to do what he cannot do fairly well. His fine self-sobriety taught him what to eschew. Sometimes his form is his misfortune, in that it recalls Campbell or Moore ; for a marked metre, of course, calls to memory the best poems in that metre, and the comparison suggested is not always fair. His blank verse is very good ; not majestic, but simple and severe. It fails to impress us as the handiwork of a man who is confident in perfect mastery. There is none of the flush of victory that shows in Milton’s verse. Shakespeare’s lines move

like Othello, simple, innocent, yet with a royal manner, and in the verse lurks the tremulous presence of passion. A man may write good blank verse, and yet deprecate such a comparison. But these are the poets that will come to the reader’s mind. Some of Wordsworth’s blank verse is admirable, appropriate to the emotion, delicate and powerful, ebbing and swelling like far-off noises which rise and fall with the wind. Tennyson’s is most individual. It would be rash to compare Bryant’s verse with theirs. Blank verse is the metre in English most sensitive to the personality of the writer. There is no juster measure of a man. It cannot be handled theatrically, it will not lend itself to tricks, it will be no man’s mask. In it the poet walks, great or small, heroic, human, or mean, according to the measure that nature has meted to him. Art can enable the poet to write blank verse, but it cannot help him to hide himself in it. The greatest blank verse must be written by the greatest man. Take the form of a sonnet as the other extreme in poetical form, and it appears that greatness is almost out of place. Petrarch’s sonnets, as sonnets, are better than Michelangelo’s, they are better than Milton’s, they are better than Shakespeare’s. Craft, skill, long endeavor, patience, ingenuity, are all necessary to the construction of a sonnet. It is not so with blank verse : that is a glass house which none but the worthy must inhabit. Bryant’s blank verse is at its best in Thanatopsis. In his translation of Homer it struggles to produce the effect of the Greek hexameters, and it rejects this alien duty. In Sella it sometimes reads too much like prose, wherein the words are shifted out of deference to the beat of the verse. Simplicity is the most serviceable slave, but the worst master, and Bryant occasionally felt the weight of its yoke. His sonnets are very poor sonnets, feeble imitations of Wordsworth. Bryant is said to have had correct knowledge of metre, but he had not sufficient flexibility and delicacy,

not enough effeminacy of taste, we might say, to use that knowledge well and successfully.

Bryant's prose consists of his editorials in the *New York Evening Post*, of various letters gathered into two volumes, entitled *Letters of a Traveller*, and of sundry discourses and orations. His style is simple, direct, and clear. It is almost too baldly simple. It has the shrewd simplicity of the prose of a Yankee storekeeper. It discloses a mind with almost childlike curiosity, which picks up the things immediately in front of it, and then, those dropped, reaches towards one new object after another. Some men are born to write of travels; they establish a human relation with bridges, towers, corn-patches, chance passengers in the omnibus, and they can give on paper an interesting account of these intimacies. We are absorbed in their breakfasts, in their troubles with foreign coins, in their purchases of cologne or snuff. We read eagerly what they have to say of the Tower, of Salisbury Cathedral, of the Boulevard des Capucines, — of everything we may have seen fifty times and read about a hundred. Keats's letters written on his trip in Scotland are of this kind. It is not Scotland that charms us, but the short liaison between it and Keats. Bryant tells us facts, conscientiously and intelligently. He has one great merit: he tells what he sees, he describes it as it appears to his mind. There is no mixture of the opinions of art critics and amateurs; there is the blunt delineation of the prospect as it was reflected on the retinas of Bryant's eyes. He goes to Venice, "this most pleasing of the Italian cities which I had seen," and there is no declamation. In Paris he passes the fountain of Molière in the Rue Richelieu, "where the effigy of the comic author" stands, and there is no disquisition upon his genius, with a peroration pronouncing his inferiority to Shakespeare. He went to an exhibition at Turin. "The first thing I observed, on entering the lower galleries of the

Valentino, was a long case of shelves filled with models of the different varieties of cultivated fruits, executed with such skill as fairly to deceive the eye. I took them for real fruit till I was told better." He then describes them for half a page. These imitation peaches and plums interested him, and this interest is most agreeable compared with an assumption of æsthetic superiority to a waxen apple. Bryant's chief attractiveness is in his modesty. It always is by him. He omits all gossip of famous men from his letters, he leaves out all special courtesies shown to him. This modesty is not tinged with affectation, but it is a union of native self-respect and early training. It makes us proud of our country to see how simply and worthily her true-born sons demean themselves. Bryant had the simple standard that a man is to be judged by his deserts, and by no false measures, which we, pleasing our fancy in the midst of history, ascribe to some old Romans, and know to be true of some of our own famous countrymen.

Bryant acquired a familiarity with the German, French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese languages; he had a knowledge of Greek and Latin, and some acquaintance with Provençal; but he does not show any real affection for literature as literature. He makes no mention of Goethe, none of Dante. He has no allusion to Victor Hugo. He scarce seems aware of Shelley, who was but two years his senior, or of Tennyson. In nothing he says is there enthusiasm for Shakespeare. He admired Dickens; he enjoyed Sir Walter Scott, but he was driven so to do by his intelligence rather than by any emotional need. He wrote his poetry for the pleasure of self-expression, and not to exalt himself by joining the band of poets. Literature was of his "life a thing apart;" whatever he may have said about his love of poetry, the fact remains that, even after he had acquired sufficient property for his needs, he did not devote himself to literature.

Born men of letters do not so. To him letters were an accomplishment.

Bryant's indifference to literature, or perhaps it were better named the indolence of his attachment to letters, is due partly to himself, and partly to his public. Our self-possessed young republic looked at letters with the eyes of the father in the old comedies: they were very well in their way, but not the sort of thing for serious men. Such views and their kith and kin were eminently useful in the formation of a young country. They enabled us to resist the attraction of an attempt to dazzle the world by a new conception of human relations, of new rights and duties, by a disrespect for property or passion for art. They gave us the cohesiveness of conservatism, the simplicity of measuring everything by its value in gold, and the safety of highroad traveling, which have enabled us to bear our national growth and expansion without breaking. But these notions did not prepare the way for a ready acceptance of new things, nor for nice perception of the value of ideas, nor for an appreciation of literature. Very likely they served us better than more intelligent and broader conceptions of life, and we must accept the advantages with their attendant drawbacks. But they wrought harm to Bryant's career as a poet and man of letters. Bryant had no fanatic leaven in him. He could never have walked to Rome barefoot, nor have sold all his goods to feed the poor. He accepted implicitly the teachings of common sense, and he found his refreshment in poetry and letters. He looked upon them as refined pleasures rather than as a means of grace or of satisfying spiritual needs. And being such a man, he stood well in need of an eager, emotional public to kindle him into enthusiasm and to quicken his poetic talents.

After Mrs. Bryant died, in 1866, Bryant betook himself for consolation to the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, which he completely translated before December, 1871,

at the age of seventy-seven. There are few things more touching than this comfort tenderly given by man to man across the gap of twenty-five hundred years. Nothing furnishes a more eloquent argument of the worth of poetry and of its profound humanity than this. The translation of Homer is a very personal matter, and seems to stir some of those fires in the human breast that burn only in front of its own Penates. Pope's translation was a success, Cowper's was a success; so were Lord Derby's and Mr. Bryant's. Mr. Lang and his associates, also Professor Palmer, have made excellent translations. All these renderings are very different one from another, and doubtless owe their respective successes to the variety among readers. There is one class of people that has never read the Greek, another that has read and forgotten, a third and small class that compares the translation and the original; and there are other persons still who condemn all translations of Homer without reading them. Bryant's work is said to be faithful to the original; but the stories of *Ilium* and of *Odysseus* feel somewhat ill at ease in English blank verse. The Greek spirit is so different from our spirit, the Greek language is so unlike our language, that almost all translators, and Bryant among them, must rest content with moderate praise. Poetry cannot be transferred from one language to another. Some of Bryant's translations of Spanish hymns are good. He had the same simplicity that they had who wrote the hymns, and he was able to make fair equivalents in English.

Bryant died in 1878. On May 29 he delivered an address in Central Park at the unveiling of a statue of Mazzini, and the effort exhausted him. He walked across the park to the house of a friend, and on the stoop suddenly fell. He lived until June 12, on which day he died, in his eighty-fifth year, — leaving "all those things which should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops

of friends." His body was buried at Roslyn.

"There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

Some men have found in Bryant the poet more than others can find. For Mr. Stoddard "Bryant confabulates with mountains and clouds;" for Mr. Parke Godwin he has "that peculiar genius which places him among the great med-

itative poets of all time." Mr. John Bigelow says, "Every one of his verses will bear the supreme test of a work of literary art, which discloses a wider horizon and more merit at each successive perusal."

We are not all alike. Thoughts and words come to us with different force and charm. Nothing brings to our minds more keenly how separate we are than the different welcome and harbor we give to poets.

Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.

THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE.

XV.

March 6. You once said to me that you could conceive of no circumstances that would justify dishonesty; for, no matter what the seeming benefits might be, the indirect consequences and the effect on the misdoer's character more than neutralized them. The wrong I have done has only proved your view, and I have come to scorn myself for the dishonorable part I have played. Yet I think that you would pity more than blame me, if you could but know my sacrifices. I drifted into the fraud unconsciously, and cannot now decide at what point the actual stifling of my conscience began. I suppose the first misstep was when I entered Mr. Whitely's employment; yet though I knew it to be unscrupulous in him to accept my editorials as his own, it still seemed to me no distinct transgression in me to write them for him. With that first act those that followed became possible, and each involved so slight an increase in the moral lapse, and my debt to you was so potent an excuse to blind me, that at the time I truly thought I was doing right. I wonder what you would have done if you had been in my position?

Mr. Blodgett's shrewdness in stipulating what work I was to do for Mr. Whitely quickly proved itself. One of the magazines asked my employer to contribute an article on The Future of Journalism. Handing me the letter, he said, "Dr. Hartzmann, kindly write a couple of thousand words on that subject."

"That is not part of my duty, Mr. Whitely," I had the courage to say.

He looked at me quickly, and his mouth stiffened into a straight line. "Does that mean that you do not choose to do it?" he asked suavely.

My heart failed me at the thought that if I lost my position I might never get so good a one, and should drag my debt through life. For once thought of you made me cowardly. I answered, "I will write it, Mr. Whitely;" and he said, "I thank you," as if I had done him a favor.

I told Mr. Blodgett of the incident, that evening, with a wry face and a laugh over my bravery, and he was furious at me.

"Why, you — you" — he stuttered. "Have n't you learned yet that the man would n't part with you for anything? He's so stuck up over his editorials and what people say of them that he'd as

soon think of discharging his own mother before she weaned him."

Not content with venting his anger on me, he came into the office the next day and told Mr. Whitely I should not be imposed on, and finally forced him to agree that I should receive whatever the review paid for the article.

After this I wrote several magazine articles for Mr. Whitely, and soon another development of our curious relations occurred. One afternoon he said to me, "The Library trustees request me to deliver an address at the dedication of the building. I shall be grateful for any suggestions you can make of a proper subject."

"Books?" I replied, with an absolutely grave face.

"That is eminently suitable," he responded. "Possibly you can spare the time to compose such a paper; and as it should be of a scholarly character, some Greek and Latin seem to me advisable."

"How much?" I asked, inwardly amused to note if he would understand my question, or would suppose it referred to the quantity of dead languages I was to inject.

"What is the labor worth?" he inquired, setting my doubt at rest, and proving his business ability to recognize the most distant allusion to a dollar. When I named a price, he continued: "That is excessive. The profession of authorship is so little recompensed that there are many good writers in New York who would gladly do it for less."

"I can do it cheaper, if, like them, I crib it from books at the Astor," I said.

"I do not see why an address composed in the Astor Library should not be entirely satisfactory?" he questioned, in his smooth, self-controlled manner.

"Did you never hear of the man who left the theatre in the middle of Hamlet, because, he said, he did n't care to hear a play that was all quotations?" I asked, with a touch of irony.

"I presume the story has some connection in your mind with the subject in hand, but I am unable to see the appositeness?" he said interrogatively.

"I merely mentioned it lest you might not know that Pope never lived in Grub Street."

He looked at me, still ignorant that I was laughing at him. "You think it injudicious to have it done by Mather?" he inquired, naming a fellow who did special work for the paper at times.

"Not at all," I replied, "provided you label the address 'hash,' so that people who have some discrimination won't suppose you ignorant that it is twice-cooked meat you are giving them," and, turning, I went on with my work as if the matter were ended.

But the next day he told me, "I have concluded to have you write that address, Dr. Hartzmann;" and from that moment of petty victory I have not feared my employer.

I wrote the address, and it so pleased Mr. Whitely that, not content with delivering it, he had it handsomely printed, and sent copies to all his friends.

The praise he received for this clearly whetted his appetite for authorship, for not long after he said to me, "Dr. Hartzmann, you told me, when you sold me this library, that you were writing a history of the Turks. How nearly completed is it?"

"I hope to have it ready for press within three months."

"For some time," he said, "I have meditated the writing of a book, and possibly yours will serve my purpose."

I was so taken by surprise that for a moment I merely gazed at him, for it seemed impossible that even egotism so overwhelming as his could be capable of such blindness; but he was in earnest, and I could only revert to Mr. Blodgett's idea that a business man comes to think in time that anything he can buy is his. I smiled, and answered, "My book is not petroleum, Mr. Whitely."

"If it is what I desire, I will amply remunerate you," he offered.

"It is not for sale."

"I presume," he replied, "that you know what disposition of your book suits you best. I have, however, noticed in you a strong desire to obtain money, and I feel sure that we could arrange terms that will bring you more than you would otherwise receive."

Even before Mr. Whitely finished speaking, I realized that I was not a free agent. I owed a debt, and till it was paid I had no right to think of my own ambition or feelings. I caught my breath in anguish at the thought, and then, fearing that my courage would fail me, I spoke hastily: "What do you offer me?"

He smiled blandly as he told me: "It is hardly a work that will have a large sale. The Turkish nation has not played an important part in history."

"Only conquered the key of the Old World, caused the Crusades, forced the discovery of America and of the Cape passage, compelled Europe to develop its own civilization instead of adopting that of the East, and furnished a question to modern statesmen that they have yet found no *Œdipus* to answer," I retorted.

"Your special pleading does tend to magnify their position," he assented. "I shall be happy to look the work over, leaving the terms to be decided later."

I am ashamed to confess what a night of suffering I went through, battling with the love and pride that had grown into my heart for my book. I knew from the first moment his proposition had been suggested that he would give me more than I could ever hope to make from the work, and therefore my course was only too plain; but I had a terrible struggle to force myself to carry my manuscript to him the next afternoon.

For the next week he was full of what he was reading; and had the circumstances been different, I could have asked no higher compliment as regards its popular interest than the enthusiasm

of this unlettered business man for my book.

"It is quite as diverting as a romance!" he exclaimed. "I can already see how astonished people will be when they read of the far-reaching influence of that nation."

Since the pound of flesh was to be sold, I took advantage of this mood. After much haggling, which irritated and pained me more than it should, Mr. Whitely agreed to give me six thousand dollars and the royalties. Good as the terms were, my heart nearly broke, the day the manuscript left my hands, for I had put so much thought into the book that it had almost become part of myself. My father, too, had toiled over it, with fondest predictions of the fame it would bring me; spending, as it proved, his very life in the endeavor to make it a great work. That his love, that the love of my dear professors, and that my own hopes should all be brought to market and sold as if they were mere merchandise was so mercenary and cruel that at the last moment it was all I could do to bring myself to fulfill the bargain. Nothing but my small progress in paying my debt would have forced me to sell, and I hope nothing but that would have led me to join in such dishonesty. It was, after all, part of the price I was paying for the original wrong, and only just retribution against which I had no right to cry out. Yet for a month I was so sad that I could scarcely go through my day's toil; and though that was a year ago, I have never been able to work with the same vim, life seems to have so little left in it for me. And idle as the thought is, when I think of your praise of the book, I cannot help dreaming of what might have been if it had been published in my name; if — Ah, well, to talk of "ifs" is only to confess that I am beaten, and that I will not do. Nor is the fight over. I never hoped nor attempted to win your love, and that he has won you does not mean failure. To

pay my debt is all I have to do, and though I may feel more ill and disheartened than I do to-night, I will pay it, come what may.

Good-night, my darling.

XVI.

March 7. It is little to be proud of, but I like to think that though I have behaved dishonestly, I have not entirely lost my sense of right and wrong. Twice at least I have faced temptation and been strong enough to resist.

When I carried Mr. Blodgett the money I received for my book, I was so profoundly discouraged that my mood was only too apparent. In his kindness he suggested that I buy certain bonds of a railroad his firm was then reorganizing, — telling me from his inside knowledge that a year's holding would give me a profit of thirty per cent. It was so sore a temptation to make money without exertion and practically without risk that I assented, and authorized him to buy the securities; but a night's reflection made the dishonesty of my act clear to me, and the next morning I went to his office and told him I wished to countermand my order.

"What's that for?" he asked.

"I have thought better of the matter, and do not think I have the right."

"Why not?"

"If this money were a trust in my hands, it would not be honest to use it in speculation, would it?"

"No."

"That is practically what it is, since it was stolen from a trust, and is to be returned to it."

He smiled rather grimly. "It's lucky for Wall Street," he said, "that you literary fellows don't have the making and enforcing of laws; and it's luckier still that you don't have to earn your living down here, for the money you'd make would n't pay your burial insur-

ance." Yet though he laughed cynically, he shook my hand, I thought, more warmly than usual when we parted, as if he felt at heart that I had done right.

Much easier to resist was an offer of another kind. Very foolishly, I told Mr. Whitely that I had received a letter from the literary editor of the leading American review asking if I would write the criticism of the *History of the Turks*.

"That is a singular piece of good fortune," Mr. Whitely said cheerfully, "and guarantees me a complimentary notice in a periodical that rarely praises."

"That is by no means certain," I answered. "You know as well as I that it does not gloze a poor book, nor pass over defects in silence."

"But you can hardly write critically of your own book!" cried Mr. Whitely, for once giving me a share in our literary partnership. "For if there are defects you ought to have corrected them in proof."

"Of course I do not intend to write the review!" I exclaimed.

"Not write it? Why not?" he questioned in amazement equal to mine.

"Because I am absolutely unfitted to do it."

"Why, you know all about the subject!"

"I mean that no author can for a moment write discriminatingly of his own work; and besides, the offer would never have been made if my connection with the book were known."

"But they will never know."

"I should."

"You mean to say you do not intend to do it?"

"I shall write to-night declining."

"But I want you to do it."

"And I don't."

"What would they pay you for it?"

"What it is worth."

"If you will reconsider your determination, I will double the amount."

"Unfortunately," I laughed bitterly,

"there are limits to what even I will sell."

"I will give you two hundred and fifty dollars if you will write a laudatory review of my book," he said.

"Have you ever dealt in consciences, Mr. Whitely?" I asked.

"Occasionally."

"Did you ever get any as cheap as that?"

"Many."

"I'm afraid you were buying shopworn and second-hand articles," I retorted; "or you may have gone to some bargain counter where they make a specialty of ninety-eight and forty-nine cent goods."

He never liked this satirical mood that he sometimes drove me into. He hesitated, and then said, "Three hundred."

"This reminds me of Faust," I remarked; but he was too intent on the matter in hand to see the point.

"I suppose it's only a question of amount?" he suggested blandly.

"You are quite right, Mr. Whitely. I will write you that review if you will pay me my price," I assented.

"I knew it," he said exultingly. "But you are mistaken if you think I will pay any fancy price."

"Then it's a waste of time to talk any more about it," I answered, and resumed my work.

"It is n't worth three hundred, even," he argued, "but you may tell me what you will do it for."

"I will write that review for one hundred and twenty-one thousand dollars," I replied.

"What!"

"And from that price I will not abate one cent," I added.

Strangely enough. I did not write the notice.

It was amusing to see his eagerness for the criticisms of the book. The three American critical journals had notices eminently characteristic of them. The first was scholarly, praising moder-

ately, with a touch of lemon-juice in the final paragraph that really only heightened its earlier commendation, but which made the book's putative author wince; the second was discriminating and balanced, with far more that was complimentary; while the third was the publisher's puff so regularly served up, — a colorless, sugary mush, — which my employer swallowed with much delectation. I am ashamed to say that I greatly enjoyed his pain over any harsh word. He always took for granted that the criticisms were correct, never realizing that as between an author, who has spent years on a book, and the average critic, who is at best superficial in his knowledge of a subject, the former is the more often right of the two. I tried to make this clear to him one day by asking him if he had never read Lord Brougham's review of Byron or Baron Jeffrey's review of Coleridge, and even brought him the astonishing tirades of those world-renowned critics; but it was time wasted. He preferred a flattering panegyric in the most obscure of little sheets to a really careful notice which praised less inordinately; yet while apparently believing all the flattery, he believed all the censoriousness as well, even in those cases known to all authors where one critic praises what another blames.

"A Western paper says you do not know how to write English," he said one day. "You ought to have taken more pains with the book, Dr. Hartzmann."

"The Academy and The Athenæum both thought my style had merit," I answered, smiling.

"Nevertheless there must be something wrong, or this critic, who in other respects is remarkably discriminating, would certainly not have gone out of his way to mention it," he replied discontentedly.

Fortunately, unfavorable criticism, both in Europe and in America, was the exception, and not the rule; the book was generally praised, and sprang into an in-

stant sale that encouraged and cheered me. Mr. Whitely was immensely gratified at the sudden reputation it achieved for him, and even while drinking deep of the mead of fresh authorship told me he thought he would begin another book. I knew it was an opportunity to make more money, but for some reason I felt unequal to beginning anew on what would be a purely mercenary task. I told him of my plan of a work on the Moors, and promised, when I felt able to commence it, I would talk with him about terms. That was three months ago, yet every day I seem to feel less inclination, and in fact less ability, to undertake the labor. For three years I have toiled to the utmost of my strength, and forced myself to endure the most rigid economy. It is cowardly, but at times I find myself hoping my present want of spirit and energy is the forerunner of an illness which will end the hopeless struggle.

Good-night, dear heart.

XVII.

March 8. Each day I determine to spend my evening usefully, but try as I may, when the time comes I feel too weary to do good work, and so morbidly recur to these memories. I ought to fight the tendency, the more that in reverting to the past I seem only to dwell on its sadness, thus intensifying my own depression. Let me see if I cannot for one night write of the good fortune that has come to me in the last three years.

Pleased with the success of my book of travel and textbooks, and knowing of my wish for work, the American publishers offered me the position of assistant editor of their magazine and reader of manuscripts. By hard work and late hours the task could be done in my mornings and evenings, allowing me to continue in Mr. Whitely's employ; so I eagerly accepted the position. I can imagine few worse fates than reading the

hopeless and impossible trash that comes to every publisher; but this was not my lot, for I was to read only the manuscripts that had been winnowed of the chaff. Yet this very immunity, as it proved, nearly lost me an opportunity of trying to be of service to you.

Returning a bundle of stuff to the manuscript clerk one day, I saw "M. Walton, 287 Madison Avenue, N. Y. City," in your handwriting, on the cover of a bulky pile of sheets on his desk. Startled, I demanded, "What is this?"

"It's a rejected manuscript I was on the point of wrapping to return," the clerk answered.

Opening the cover, I saw, "A Woman's Problem, a Novel by Aimez Lawton." It needed little perception to detect your name in the anagram.

"Mrs. Graham has rejected it?" I asked, and he nodded.

"Give me the file about it, please," I requested; and after a moment's search he handed me the envelope, and I glanced over its meagre contents: a brief formal note from you, submitting it, and the short opinion of the woman reader. "Traces of amateurishness, but a work of considerable power and feeling, marred by an inconclusive ending," was the epitome of her opinion, coupled with the recommendation not to accept.

"Register it on my list, and I'll take it and look it over," I said, and went to my little editorial cuddy, feeling actually rich in the possession of the manuscript. Indeed, it was all I could do to go through my morning quota of proof-reading and "making up" dummy forms for the magazine's next issue, I was so eager for your book.

A single reading told me you had put the problem of your life into your story. It is true the heroine was different enough in many respects to make analogy hardly perceptible, though she too was a tender, noble woman. She had never felt the slightest responsive warmth for any of her lovers, but she was cramped by

the social conventions regarding unmarried women, and questioned whether her life would not be more potent if she married, even without love. One of her lovers was a man of force, brains, wealth, and ambition, outwardly an admirable match, respected by the world, and, most of all, able to draw about him the men of genius and intellect she wished to know, but whom her society lot debarred her from meeting. Yet your heroine was conscious of faults: she felt in him a touch of the soil that repels every woman instinctively; at times his nature seemed hard and unsympathetic, and his scientific work, for which he was famous, had narrowed his strong mind to think only of facts and practicalities, to the exclusion of everything ideal or beautiful. In the end, however, his persistent wooing convinced her of the strength of his feeling; and though she was conscious that she could never love him as she wished to love, the tale ended by her marrying him. Am I to blame for reading in this the story of Mr. Whitely's courtship of you? I only marveled at how much of his true character you had detected under his veneer.

To me the story was sweet and noble. I loved your heroine from beginning to end. She was so strong even in her weaknesses; for you made her no unsubstantial ideal. I understood her craving something more than her allotted round of social amusements, and her desire for intercourse and friendship with finer and more purposeful people than she daily met. I even understood her willingness to accept love, when not herself feeling it; for my own life was so hungry-hearted that I had come to yearn for the slightest tenderness, no matter who the giver might be.

As soon as I realized that the story was your own, I hoped it might tell me something of your thoughts of my father and myself; but that part of your life you passed over as if it never had been. Was the omission due to too much feel-

ing or to too little? I have always suspected that I served as a model for one of your minor characters: a dreamy, unsocial being, curiously variable in mood; at times talking learnedly and even wittily, but more often absolutely silent. He was by profession an artist, and you made him content to use his talent on book and magazine illustration, apparently without a higher purpose in life than to earn enough to support himself, in order that he might pass the remainder of his time in an intellectual indulgence scarcely higher in motive than more material dissipation. His evident sadness and lack of ambition was finally discovered to be due to a disappointment in love; and as a cure, your heroine introduced to him her best friend, — a young girl, — and through her influence he was roused to some ambition, and in the end he dutifully fell in love as your heroine wished. It was a sketch that made me wince, and yet at which I could not help but laugh. I suppose it was a true picture, and I am quite conscious that at times I must seem ridiculous to you; for often my mood is such, or my interest in you is so strong, that I forget even the ordinary courtesies and conventions. There is a general idea that a lover is always at his best when with the woman he loves, but, from my own experience, I think he is quite as likely to be at his worst. To watch your graceful movements, to delight in the play of expression on your face, and to catch every inflection in your voice and every word you speak are pleasures so engrossing to me that I must appear to you even more abstracted than I ordinarily am, though a dreamer at best. And yet now and then I have thought you were conscious of a tenderness in me, which, try as I will, I cannot help but show.

The main fault of the novel was unquestionably that most accented by the reader, and, recognizing the story as the problem of your life, I understood why you supplied no solution to the riddle.

You begged the question you propounded; the fact that your heroine married the hero being no answer, since only by the results of that marriage would it be possible to say if she had chosen the better part. It was this that convinced me you were putting on paper your own thoughts and mood. You were debating this theme, and could carry it in imagination to the point of marriage; but what lay beyond that was unknowable, and you made no attempt to invent a conclusion, the matter being too real to you to be merely a subject for artistic idealism and invention. Hitherto I had classed Mr. Whitely with your other lovers, feeling sure that you could not love him any more than you could any of them; but now for the first time I began to fear his success.

After reading the story three times I carried it back to the manuscript clerk; and when I had allowed sufficient time for it to be returned, I wrote you a long letter, telling how I had come to read the story, and making a careful criticism and analysis of both its defects and its merits. I cannot tell you what a labor of love that letter was, or how much greater pains I took over your book than I have ever taken over any writing of my own. What was perhaps unfair, after pointing out the inconclusiveness of your ending, I sketched what I claimed was the logical end to the story. Thinking as I did that I knew the original in your mind, I was more influenced by my knowledge of him than I was by the character in your book, and therefore possibly my inference was unjust. But in hopes of saving you from Mr. Whitely, I pictured a sequel in which your heroine found only greater loneliness in her loveless union, her husband's love proving a tax, and not a boon; and marriage, instead of broadening her life, only bent and narrowed it by just so much as a strong-willed and selfish man would inevitably cramp the life of one over whom law and public opinion gave him control.

I was richly rewarded by your letter of thanks. You were so winning in your sweet acceptance of all my criticisms, and so lovable in your simple gratitude, that I would have done a thousand times the work to earn such a letter. Yet even in this guerdon I could not escape the sting of my unhappy lot; for, unable to reconcile my distant conduct with the apparent trouble I had taken, you asked me to dinner, leaving me to select the day, and spoke of the pleasure it would give you to talk over the book with me.

I can think of few greater delights than to have gone over your story, line by line, and incident by incident. My love pleaded with me to take the chance, pointing out that it would do you no harm, but on the contrary aid you, and I found a dozen specious reasons; but tempt me as they might, I always came back to the truth that if you knew who I really was you would not invite me, nor accept a favor at my hands. In the end I wrote you that my time was so mortgaged that I must deny myself the pleasure. A small compensation was my offer that if you chose to rewrite the story and send me the manuscript, I would gladly read it over again and make any further suggestions which occurred to me. You thanked me by letter gracefully, but I was conscious of your bewilderment in the very care with which you phrased your note; and when next we met I could see that I had become more an enigma than ever,—for which there is indeed small wonder.

God keep you, my darling.

XVIII.

March 9. What seemed my misfortune proved quite the reverse. You evidently told Agnes of my refusing to dine with you, and the next time I saw her she took me to task for it.

"It's too bad of you," she told me,

"when I have explained to you how sensitive Maizie is, and how she has the idea that nice men do not like her, that you should go and confirm her in the feeling by treating her so! Why don't you like her?"

"I do," was all I said.

"No, you don't," she went on indignantly. "I suppose men don't like fine women because they make them feel what poor things they are themselves!"

"I like you, Miss Blodgett," I replied.

"I don't believe it," she retorted, "or you would be nice to my best friend. Besides, the idea of mentioning me in the same breath as Maizie! Men are born geese."

"Then you should pity rather than upbraid us," I said.

"I'll tell you what I intend to do," went on Agnes. "You said you would visit us this summer, and I am going to arrange for Maizie to be there at the time, so that you can really get to know her. And then if you don't like her, I'll never forgive you."

"Now, Agnes," said Mrs. Blodgett crossly, "stop teasing the doctor. I'm fond of Maizie, but I'm fairly tired with men falling in love with her, and I am glad to find one who has n't."

All last spring and summer, as I toiled over the proof-sheets of my history, I was waiting and dreaming of that promised fortnight with you. I was so eager in my hope that when I found Agnes at the station, it was all I could do not to make my greeting a question whether you were visiting them. Luckily, she was almost as eager as I was, and hardly was I seated in the trap when she told me:—

"Mamma wanted to ask you when we were alone, and would n't hear at first of even Maizie being with us; but I told papa of my plan, and he insisted that Maizie should be asked. Was n't he an old love? And now, Dr. Hartzmann, you'll try to like Maizie, won't you?"

And even if you can't, just pretend that you do, please."

If the groom had not got into the rumble at this point, I believe I should have told her of my love for you, the impulse was so strong, in my gratitude and admiration for the unselfish love she had for you.

A result of this misunderstanding was an amusing game of cross-purposes between mother and daughter. Agnes was always throwing us together, scarcely attempting to veil her wishes, while Mrs. Blodgett, thinking that I did not care for you, was always interfering to save me from your society. She proposed that I should teach Agnes chess, and left us playing; but when you joined us, Agnes insisted that she could learn more by watching us, only to play truant the moment you had taken her place. I shall never forget Mrs. Blodgett's amazement and irritation, on her return, at finding us playing, and Agnes not to be seen. Equally unsuccessful was an attempt to teach Agnes fencing, for she grew frightened before the foils had really been crossed, and made you take her place. At first I imagined she only pretended to be afraid, but Mrs. Blodgett became so very angry over her want of courage that I had to think it genuine. When we went to drive as a party there was always much discussion as to how we should sit; and in fact my two friends kept at swords' points most of the time, in their endeavors to make me tolerate or save me from the companionship of the woman I loved. Even I could see the comedy of the situation.

In one of our conversations, you reverted to your novel, and questioned my view of the impossibility of the heroine being happy in her marriage, evidently influenced, but not convinced, by my opinion.

"To me it is perfectly conceivable," you argued, "that, regardless of her loving, a woman can be as happy married as single, and that it all depends upon what she makes of her own life."

"But in marriage," I said, "she is not free to make her life at all."

"She is if her husband loves her."

"Less so than if he does not."

"Surely you are not in earnest?"

"Yes. Love makes women less selfish, but in men it more often has the opposite effect. And the man you drew, Miss Walton, was so firm that he would not be other than selfish."

"But he loved her."

"In a man's way. If women knew better what that meant, there would be fewer unhappy marriages."

"Then you are sure my heroine did wrong?"

"I think she did what thousands of other women have done, — she married the love rather than the lover."

"No. I did not intend that. She married for quite other things than love: for greater freedom, for" —

"Would she have married," I interrupted, "if she had not been sure that the hero loved her?"

You thought an instant, and then said, "No, I suppose not — and yet" — You stopped, and then continued impulsively, "I wonder if I shall shock you very much if I say that I have no faith in what we call love?"

"You do not shock me, Miss Walton, because I do not believe you."

"It is true, nevertheless. Perhaps it is my own fault, but I have never found any love that was wholly free from self-indulgence or self-interest."

"If you rate love so low, why did you make your heroine crave it?"

"One can desire love even when one cannot feel it."

"Does one desire what one despises?"

"To scorn money does not imply a preference for poverty."

"The scorn of money is as genuine as your incapacity to love, Miss Walton."

"You do not believe me?"

"A person incapable of love does not crave it. It is only a loving nature which cares for love."

"But if one cannot love, how can one believe in it?"

"The unlighted torch does not believe in fire."

"But some substances are incombustible."

"The sun melts anything."

"The sun is trans-terrestrial."

"So is love."

You looked at me in silence for a moment, and then asked, "Is love so much to you?"

"Love is the only thing worth striving for in this life," I replied.

"And if one fails to win it?"

"One cannot fail, Miss Walton."

"Why not?"

"Because the best love is in one's own heart and depends only on one's self."

"And if one has loved," you responded hurriedly, with a mistiness in your eyes which proved how deeply you were feeling, "if one gives everything — only to find the object base — if" — You stopped speaking and looked away.

"One still has the love, Miss Walton; for it is that which is given, and not that which is received, that is worth the having." I faltered in my emotion, and then, almost unconscious of what I said, went on: "For many years I have loved, — a love from the first impossible and hopeless. Yet it is the one happiness of my present life, and rather than" — I recovered myself, and became silent as I heard Mrs. Blodgett coming.

You leaned forward, saying softly, "Thank you for the confidence." Then, as Mrs. Blodgett joined us, you said, "I envy you your happiness, Dr. Hartzmann."

"What happiness is that?" asked Mrs. Blodgett, glancing from one to the other curiously.

"Dr. Hartzmann," you explained calmly, without a trace of the emotion that had moved you a moment before, "has been proving to me that all happiness is subjective, and as I have never

been able to rise to such a height I am very envious of him."

"I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Blodgett. "But if the doctor wants to know what real happiness is, he had better marry some nice girl and have his own home instead of living in a boarding-house."

You laughed, and added, "Now our happiness becomes objective. Perhaps it is the best, after all, Dr. Hartzmann."

"Do *you* think so, Miss Walton?" I asked, unable to prevent an emphasis in the question.

You rose, saying, "I must dress for dinner." But in the window you turned, and answered, "I have always thought it was, but there are evident exceptions, Dr. Hartzmann, and after what you have told me I think you are one of them."

"And not yourself?" I could not help asking.

You held up your hand warningly. "When the nature of dolls is too deeply questioned into, they are found to contain only sawdust."

"And we often open the oyster, to find sometimes a pearl."

"The result of a morbid condition," you laughed back.

"Better sickness and a pearl than health without it."

"But suppose one incapable of the disease? Should one be blamed if no pearl forms?"

"An Eastern poet said:—

'Diving and finding no pearl in the sea,
Blame not the ocean,—the fault is in thee.'

Have you ever tried to find a pearl, Miss Walton?"

You hesitated a moment. "Like the Englishman's view of the conundrum," you finally replied, "that would be a good joke if there only was n't something to 'guess' in it."

"Do you know what Maizie is talking about?" demanded Mrs. Blodgett discontentedly.

"Better than Miss Walton does herself, I think," said I.

You had started to go, but again you turned, and asked with interest, "What do I mean?"

"That you believe what you think you don't."

You stood looking at me for a moment. "We are becoming friends, Dr. Hartzmann," you said, and passed through the window.

Good-night, dear friend.

Paul Leicester Ford.

COMMENT ON RECENT BOOKS IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

To those who are disposed to regret the barrenness of current American literature in certain directions, particularly in the field of poetic and imaginative production, we commend for consideration the activity shown in historical study and in economics. Not that one kind of literature can be taken as a substitute for another, or that research necessarily means a resultant literary creation, but that it is a more healthful occupation to look for positive signs of intellectual force in national life than to inquire too

curiously into apparent atrophy. We may confidently assert that a very large body of young students is at present engaged enthusiastically in the study of history, especially American history; and if this energy is intelligently directed, we have a right to look for results not only in a clearer perception of the facts and logic of history, but in a better proportioned narrative, and it may be in some genuine work of historic art. Our universities, colleges, and even academies and schools are at any rate educat-

ing readers, and out of the number of these readers are issuing those who have received the impetus for research and have an ambition to push forward the line of exploration and settlement.

The publication of the results of research is naturally, in the first instance, through the proceedings of historical societies, and the special monographs or historical series issued by colleges and universities. Indeed, the publishing function of the university is coming to be no mean consideration, and is to be looked upon with interest, since it serves to emphasize the importance of the university as a scientific station. It is fair to expect, also, that the publication in this way of historical monographs will carry special authority, since the reader has a right to reckon on the historical department as indorsing the value of the work. Here, for example, is the initial volume of *Harvard Historical Studies* (Longmans), published under the direction of the Department of History and Government; and as there is a fund, the income from which is applied to the publication, the enterprise is happily independent of trade considerations. The Department need not take popularity into account, as a publisher must when appealing to the public for support, but only intrinsic value.

This initial volume is entitled *The Suppression of the African Slave Trade to the United States of America, 1638-1870*, by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, who is a professor in Wilberforce University, an institution devoted to the higher education of the colored race. Dr. Du Bois has shown good judgment in the choice of his subject, and has been most industrious in gathering and arranging his material; for though the substance of his monograph may be reached more succinctly in Lalor's *Encyclopædia of Political Science*, he has given a very full array of authorities for all his facts, and has furnished a workmanlike chronological conspectus of colonial, state, national,

and international legislation, and a good bibliography. All this apparatus looks well, and Dr. Du Bois has laid students under obligation to him, but his own reasoning and what we may call his hortatory application seem to disclose a lack of appreciation of the subject in its historical proportions.

In the first four chapters Dr. Du Bois describes the origin of the slave-trade, and the efforts of the planting, the farming, and the trading colonies to suppress it, regarding which he says: "In spite of many attempts to stop further pursuit of the slave-trade, we notice back of nearly all such attempts a sort of moral apathy, an indisposition to attack the evil with the sharp weapons its nature demanded." But he forgets that the colonies were not yet united, and had no machinery for concerted action, even had their interests not been so distinct and different as he admits them to have been. To change the condition of half a million of "savages," as he calls them, with the whole power of the European nations working to keep up the trade, was no slight task for thirteen poor little colonies. The measures of the "Association" of 1774, which, ostensibly aiming at non-intercourse with England, incidentally included the importation of slaves, were certainly a praiseworthy effort in the right direction, and the framing in 1787 of Sec. 9 of Art. I. of the Constitution, forbidding prohibition of the slave-trade prior to 1808, was a temporary truce in attacking that evil. We could do little without the aid of foreign nations, and they had made no great progress toward the abolition of the trade. Denmark, which headed the list, in 1792 by royal order prohibited the slave-trade after 1802. France did not finally abolish it till 1815, and then only by a stroke of the Napoleonic pen during the "hundred days." England was hard at work from May, 1788, to March 25, 1807, before she abolished the trade, twenty-three days after our own act of March 2

had passed. The Netherlands, which had perhaps the largest colonial trade, abolished it in 1814. Portugal in 1815 agreed to abolish it north of the equator only, Spain following her example in 1817.

The attempts of England, at the Conference of 1818, to secure a general agreement of the powers to a qualified international right of search failed. As late as 1824 only Sweden had agreed to the right of search. In 1826 Brazil agreed to abolish the slave-trade in three years. Between 1831 and 1839, France, Denmark, Sardinia, the Hanse towns, and Naples had joined the other powers. France made the slave-trade piracy in 1836, but our government had already made it piracy by the acts of May 15, 1820, and January 30, 1823. So that we were well abreast of other nations in legislation, although undoubtedly great laxity existed in carrying out our laws. Dr. Du Bois severely criticises our government for refusing to join in the quintuple treaty of 1841, of England, France, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, which Belgium signed subsequently, giving the right of search. But it was simply impossible at that time to carry such a measure through Congress with its strong pro-slavery element, and the Treaty of Washington of 1842, which established joint cruising by English and American squadrons, was the best that could be made at that time. There were two sides to the question of permitting the right of search, which Dr. Du Bois says involved itself in metaphysical subtleties at Mr. Webster's hands. It would have amounted to throwing the whole police duty into the hands of England, as the other European powers did little or nothing, and it was contrary to American tradition and feeling to make entangling alliances. Dr. Du Bois admits that "without doubt the contention of the United States as to England's pretensions to a right of search was technically correct." France changed her right of

search stipulation to one of joint cruising. Texas and Portugal agreed to it. Several unpleasant cases of the confiscation of cargoes of slaves by England without compensation, notably that of the *Creole*, had caused an embittered correspondence, and recriminations were exchanged as to the execution of the joint cruising treaty of 1842. The Buchanan administration would not act. The yacht *Wanderer* from New York landed a cargo of 420 slaves in Georgia in 1859. It devolved on the Lincoln administration to sign the treaty of June 7, 1862, granting a mutual limited right of search, and establishing mixed courts for the trial of offenders at the Cape of Good Hope, Sierra Leone, and New York. The charge of carrying out the slave-trade laws was given to the Secretary of the Interior, who acted energetically. The slaver *Erie* was condemned in 1862 as a pirate and her captain was hanged, four other slavers soon suffering the same fate.

This gave the death-blow to the slave-trade, and the coastwise trade was prohibited in 1864. A squadron of ten ships with 113 guns patrolled the slave coast in 1866. The slaveholding States of West Virginia, Missouri, and Maryland voted for gradual emancipation in the years between 1862 and 1865, and after January, 1865, slavery had a legal existence only in Kentucky and Delaware, the two States which rejected the Thirteenth Amendment of December 18, 1865, the ratification of which closed the slavery question. The fact, however, that this amendment was not unanimous, being ratified by only thirty-one out of thirty-six States, and that the Fifteenth Amendment, which was the corollary of it, was ratified by only thirty out of thirty-seven States, shows that the opposition complained of by Dr. Du Bois in the thirteen original States still existed, and that the suppression of slavery and the slave-trade was not such a simple matter as he considers it. Perhaps that is what

he means in his closing enigmatical remark: "The riddle of the Sphinx may be postponed, it may be evasively answered; some time it must be fully answered." We suspect he has failed in a satisfactory answer to the historical problem involved in his thesis by trying to isolate it too completely, not only from the institution of slavery and the interstate slave-trade, but from those considerations of the development of ethics which lie at the basis of all final political action. It is not difficult to establish, for example, a chain of witnesses against African slavery, from Las Casas to Garrison, but it is quite another thing to demonstrate a common consciousness of the evil during the same period.

It is perhaps even a better testimony to the spread of historical studies than that offered by academic publication that so serious an enterprise as the issue of the special *mémoires pour servir* contained in the Jesuit Relations should be undertaken by Messrs. Burrows Brothers, of Cleveland, under the competent editorship of Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites. Confined to definite but by no means narrow limits, the projected and already begun publication, in sixty volumes, promises to stand high in intrinsic worth and performance among our collections of archives. It is felicitous that publishers and editor hail from the very centre of the vast sweep covered by the missions of the Jesuits, from Labrador to Louisiana. The middle West is surely a coign of vantage for a critical yet enthusiastic survey of whatever relates to French America.

We have received, as part of our national culture, definite memories of these devoted missionaries, celebrating the Mass in the deepest forests, jeopardizing their lives in frail canoes or on the breaking ice of Canadian rivers, ministering to the sick and dying, though often worn with disease, and always ready, even glad, to die. We know, too, that they were in the habit of send-

ing back to their superiors and others annual accounts of their doings, which served as official reports of the mission. These reports, printed at the Cramoisy Press, from Le Jeune's Relation in 1632 to Dablon's in 1672, comprise the Jesuit Relations, and are of incalculable value to collectors of choice books. Up to the present there is but one perfect set, and that is in the Lenox Library in the city of New York. The brave stories of Catholic zeal found a prompt welcome at home, even in the brilliant French court of the seventeenth century, and among those sentimental admirers of heroism who, like ourselves, it may be, were ready to weep with sympathy at some unusual tale of suffering, while comforting their own sleek persons over good fare and fuel, under a sound roof. Most of these frail pamphlets, largely read at the time, perished in the using, as, for the most part, have the innumerable issues of our own New England Primer; for religious tracts, if read at all, are read to annihilation.

As now planned, this series includes not only all of these Relations, but also many other papers, among them unedited manuscripts and rare letters from archives of the Society of Jesus, extending from the various reports of Biard, the pioneer of the order, to an account, in 1791, of the death of Father Well, the "last Jesuit of Montreal." The stretch of time is long, the documents are numerous. The missions to the Abenakis, Montagnais, Iroquois, Hurons, and Ottawas, as well as those at Quebec, Montreal, and Louisiana, are to be included. The scope and plan of the work are admirable. Maps, portraits, facsimiles, bibliographies, biographies of the fathers, translations of all the French texts, and explanatory notes, — this inclusive programme, carried out in volumes tasteful in color, size, binding, type, and paper, is sure to win approval and even gratitude.

There is satisfaction in knowing that one more of the many fields of investiga-

tion has been measured off, well cleared and staked, and made ready for the cultivators who, by their genius and insight, shall draw nutriment from soil thus rendered fertile. These Relations can never become, in the usual sense, popular. They will probably share the doom, in that particular, of most sources of knowledge. At the same time, it is not altogether easy to point out their value. In all that has been written about them one fails to find any distinct recognition of the part that they may fairly be expected to play in our future history or literature. Each critic repeats, to a greater or less degree, the words and sentiments of earlier critics, and thus conveys an impression that there is, after all, lack of variety or of color disclosed by a closer familiarity with the Jesuit Relations. There may be a feeling also that historians, and especially Parkman, have pressed the pulp pretty thoroughly. Parkman has, indeed, extracted much of the essential virtue for his narrative histories; but O'Callaghan and Shea, although they have done their work faithfully, have appealed mainly to bibliographical interests and to special investigators of the establishment and progress of the Catholic faith in the New World. Mr. Thwaites is working in advance of future historians on lines which point to large methods and sure results, and he is known to be competent to his task.

Some of the difficulties in the way of one who seeks to form a fair opinion of the status of these documents should in fairness be recognized. Although the Jesuits were certainly not of untrained minds nor unused to literary expression, in many cases they exhibit a rustiness of style and a provoking irregularity of spelling and punctuation which render an intelligent translation more than usually desirable. There are valid reasons for their occasional crudities and uncouthness, for they had put aside the neat habits of clerics for the rough life of frontiersmen, and must often have penned

their reports with fingers cramped by meanest drudgery. Events of small import assumed large proportions to men removed from the complicated life of civilization, and thus it happens that endless repetitions naturally occur; the same story is rehearsed to various correspondents with an almost thematic treatment. The conversion of the great sagamore, old chief Membertou, and the embarkation of Biard and Ennemond Massé at Dieppe after the buying off, by the queen and certain court ladies, of the Huguenot merchants who would have stayed the sailing of these fathers, — these and other oft-told tales consume many pages and some of our patience. There is, however, sufficient diversity, in the midst of a curious homogeneity of thought and expression, to warrant the printing of each document.

Accepting Mr. Thwaites's own estimate of the historical importance of these archives, one may naturally turn a little afield and look for other treasures in this mass of material. The first object of interest is, as a matter of course, the American Indian. Here is an abundant supply of sociological data, of isolated observations, but no correlation, no organization of method. Nor is this strange. The mission fathers did not come hither to collect sociological data, or to elevate the standard of living, or to make this earth more habitable for savages. Their one purpose was to prepare souls for another life by baptism and by the ministration of the sacraments of Holy Church. They were also instrumental in exalting the glory and renown of France; but if they were conscious of this, they gave no sign. From the first they were scrupulous in regard to the baptism of adults, though freely administering it to infants. Even Shea admits that the Jesuits were discredited by their rivals, but it would be hard to prove that they were not ingenuous in this matter of genuine conversion, though the temptation to exaggerate their successes must have been great.

It is difficult to conceive the vastness of the territory which their missions covered; still more difficult to understand the sparseness of the native population. A celebrated evangelist or mission father to-day can reach more souls in a month than these fathers could have affected by hearsay in years, although the field was all their own for the harvesting. The Indians appear always to have insisted on their own superiority to white men, even claiming exemption from disease on this ground. Their arrogance may easily have been heightened by the constant humility of the Jesuits, who seem never to have allowed themselves expressions of harshness or contempt. Biard distinctly calls the Indians "good," but adds that they "are purely and absolutely wretched." The same father cites a case of conscious humor, a rare trait in Indians. When, in teaching Membertou the Pater Noster, he came to "Give us this day our daily bread," the old chief said, "If I did not ask him for anything but bread, I would be without moose meat or fish!" This is an illustration of one important observation by Biard that an Indian's "conceptions are limited to sensible and material things; there is nothing abstract, internal, spiritual, or distinct."

The results of assiduous labors which covered the better part of two centuries cannot be measured by the practical standards of a workaday world. It is true that for the most part the Indians, when labored with, have been "Christianized," but the mass of aboriginal life has not been lifted. To this day, the retention of the French Canadians, one of the least of racial forces on this continent, within the fold of faith would appear to be the main accomplishment of the strenuous religious zeal of New France. The melancholy decadence of the apostolic labors of Eliot in New England, ending practically with the experience with the Praying Indians after King Philip's war, suggests a parallel to the fate of Jesuit

influence in the North and Northwest. Such failures certainly need not bury with them the lessons of adhesion to lofty ideals. Tenderness may properly be cherished for martyrdom in the Canadian forests, and for the spiritual zeal which shines in the unintelligible jargon of Up-biblum God, perhaps the most closely sealed book which now exists.

There should be some material brought to light, through the medium of these documents, on the attitude of the Jesuits towards the abominable practice of supplying a weaker race with strong drink, ever their subtlest enemy. Without a full understanding of their efforts to suppress this traffic, the important history of the "temperance question" in America cannot be adequately treated. The Jesuits have been charged with an unfair treatment of La Salle, mention of whom they sedulously avoid in their reports. In so far as it is true that this explorer was antagonistic to their policy of keeping Indians and liquor safely divorced, they were clearly within their rights, according to civilized codes, in remaining silent in regard to a declared enemy of their principles.

In these eighteen thousand pages there should also be some substantial encouragement for the cause of American literature. Dullness of expression, tiresome repetition, there is sure to be, but there will also be many a vivid passage. In some of the narratives already printed is the sweet savor of a wild, unrestrained life among simplest conditions and scenes made memorable by heroism and self-sacrifice. At times one seems to be reading, not official reports for the edification of the pious across the sea, but works of the imagination pictured by literary artfulness, which ever seeks to be artlessness. For him who re-creates the past through the delicate medium of romance, here are fresh possibilities. May the store remain hidden from those who have neither grace nor genius to use it skillfully!

This intimation of material for the historical novel is powerfully suggested not only by several of the Relations, but also by the recently issued *Journal of Captain William Pote* (Dodd, Mead & Co.), the manuscript of which, according to its editor, Bishop Hurst, was found in Geneva several years ago. The captain, a sturdy Yankee from Maine, was captured in 1745 on his vessel, then anchored in Annapolis Basin, by a party of French and Indians. With an Indian as his master, Pote was taken a hard journey to Quebec, and there imprisoned until 1747. He narrates matters of interest concerning the capture of Louisburg, that overwhelming piece of strategy and good luck for New Englanders. With no little sense of humor and a grim determination, the captain, who was fascinatingly illiterate, but not ignorant, wrote a journal which was no fuller of aridities than such performances usually are. His account of the treatment of the prisoners on the march at the hands of Indian women is good testimony that ferocity is not a matter of sex. His arrival in Quebec, after a close pursuit across the river and up to the very town by hostile river Indians, who would wrest him from his captors to submit him to slow torture, is told in a breathless paragraph, hardly excelled in the least possible of romances. Pote is treasure-trove for local historians and genealogists. The book, which is handsomely contrived, is, in fact, edited with this in view.

Mr. Edward L. Pierce, in a searching paper on *Recollections as a Source of History*, has properly made a distinction between those set down immediately after the event and those recalled after a lapse of ten, fifteen, or more years. The paper is printed in a collection of the author's *Addresses and Papers*, to which he gives the comprehensive title *Enfranchisement and Citizenship* (Roberts), and in this volume he has preserved some of his own recollections which form really interesting and valuable memorabilia for

the student of recent history. Mr. Pierce was a young lawyer at the breaking out of the war for the Union, and an ardent anti-slavery man. He enlisted as a private, served for three months at Fortress Monroe, and afterward was employed by the government as an agent at the Sea Islands. The narrative of his experience as a soldier is of trifling value, except for its incidental illustration of the temper in which a peaceful young lawyer took up military service; but his account of the freedmen in the early days of the war is and must remain a real contribution to history, both of the quality of the emancipated negro as judged by a keen and friendly critic, and of the spirit which stirred the anti-slavery people of the North to use the earliest possible opportunity to demonstrate a practical concern in the race for whose emancipation they had so long been agitating. The political side of enfranchisement has been fairly well set forth in our histories, but as historians inquire more closely into the social and industrial forces at work in any period, larger space will be given to the earnest and sometimes misguided labors of the Northern men and women who threw themselves into the task of educating the blacks upon the lines familiar to themselves. Mr. Pierce has collected in the volume a number of addresses and papers which illustrate the activity of a semi-public life, and offer an interesting view of a historical student who has been concerned more with the manipulation of material still plastic than with that which lies beyond his own memory; and one cannot overlook the valuable component in such a nature of hero-worship and profound interest in persons.

A somewhat younger scholar has also collected his miscellaneous papers, but the book is rather an accompaniment to a more epic work than the scattered evidences of a life busy with history in the making. Mr. James Schouler is known to the public by his five-volume *History*

of the United States under the Constitution, and his new book, *Historical Briefs* (Dodd, Mead & Co.), contains the chips from his workshop, as well as a curious Biography written by some unknown third person, but rendered authoritative by a large admixture of contributions in the first person. The several papers on President Polk (reprinted from this magazine), Lafayette's Tour in 1824, and Monroe and the Rhea Letter are minor studies in American history, but the volume has its chief interest and value through the paper on Francis Parkman, and the group dealing with subjects bearing directly upon the historian and his task. This group and the Biography, which occupies nearly half the work, form the real excuse for the publication, and they have the curious value which attaches to an author's reflection on his own career, his methods of work, his aims and his ideals. Those who have found Mr. Schouler's History rather hard reading, in spite of a certain freshness of attack which it makes, will turn with interest to what the author has to say on Historical Style. He opens this paper with a frank statement that various critics have berated him for bad taste in his historical expression, but offsets the force of this criticism by bringing into court the testimony of others that his composition is "warm, vivid in its coloring, lucid, epigrammatic, and intensely interesting." His conclusion is that "men of good critical acquirements differ among themselves in their estimates of what should constitute a meritorious style." It was hardly necessary to balance the judgments pronounced on him to reach this conclusion. It is more to the point to know what Mr. Schouler regards as the notes of a good historical style. He names these in their order, as, first, genuineness, so that an author's style shall be the image of himself; next, self-forgetfulness, so that one is engrossed with the thought, and not with the fashion of

expressing it. And in order to compass the utmost perfection, an author should train himself by much exercise and the study of great composers; he should, moreover, make much use of the concrete, and Mr. Schouler draws from his own experience a comparison between writing law-books and writing history. In the former case, he says, where clearness in the development of principles is of the chief consequence, "I have, with rare exceptions in certain paragraphs, sent regularly my first and only draft to the printer as written out with the running pen, keeping the general plan and proportion of each volume well in view, and feeling my own way from one legal doctrine to another, so as to impart knowledge by induction as my own mind comprehended it. . . . The professional mind, intent upon illustrating and tracing out rules and their subtle limitations, as applied by our courts, compares and comments upon the mass of cases, and may leave warmth of coloring to take care of itself, so long as he applies a logical analysis and sound sense and is himself interested. In historical composition, on the other hand, one feels the greater sublimity and scope of the task, in a literary aspect, and having rules less ready at hand to rest upon and the *ipse dixit* of others, trusts less to his first simple expression. Political maxims, metaphors, images, comparisons, troop forth from the mind into the pen, and obstruct the limpid course of his narrative."

In this somewhat naïve confession we suspect we have a clue to what perplexes the reader of Mr. Schouler's History. He appears to have retained the habit acquired in writing law-books, "feeling his way from one legal doctrine to another," and to have superimposed a sort of confused literary sense that history must be written in a picturesque manner. So long as history is taken up as a succession of topics, it will be liable, in the hands of a somewhat tropical person, to be exaggerated in

color, and to lack that great logic which results from a full grasp of the whole in its continuity; and we suspect further that Mr. Schouler has been a little too much affected by his canon that an author's style should be an image of himself, and too little governed by the excellent rule he lays down in the words of Prescott, that one should be "engrossed with the thought, and not with the fashion of expressing it."

Another historian, whose work has lain in the same period as that of Mr. Schouler, has also put forth a collection of his studies, but they are wholly objective. Mr. McMaster's *With the Fathers* (Appleton) contains thirteen papers, which may be taken largely as glosses upon his still unfinished *History of the People of the United States*. The *Monroe Doctrine*, *The Third Term Tradition*, *The Political Depravity of the Fathers*, *The Riotous Career of the Know Nothings*, *Franklin in France*, *Washington's Inauguration*, *Four Centuries of Progress*, — these are a few of the titles that indicate the range of the volume. The papers are for the most part too brief to answer as thorough expositions, although the first named is admirable as a rapid and perfectly intelligible citation of the historical incidents which attended the formulation of the *Monroe Doctrine*, and serve as footnotes to it up to the date of President Cleveland's famous message. But fragmentary and almost offhand as the papers are, they illustrate anew the extraordinarily familiar acquaintance which Mr. McMaster possesses with the facts of United States history. No other American historian has shown so emphatically what may be called the journalistic instinct for news. Nothing comes amiss to him, and he has not only the journalist's habit of gathering news, but the deft, swift faculty of arranging his news to the best advantage, so that the most hurried reader can see at a glance what is significant. These papers, moreover, bring into stronger evidence than his

history Mr. McMaster's power of seeing wholes. He is not an idealist, and it is not the imaginative function which he employs so much as what might be called the correlating and the ingenious. He makes things fit, and there is a finality about his results which is sometimes rather exasperatingly positive; as when, for example, after discussing the third term tradition, he concludes: "Under our system of government, we do not want, we do not need, a President of extraordinary ability. The average man is good enough, and for him two terms is ample." The reader can hardly resist the conviction, after going through this book, that Mr. McMaster has such a conception of the multifarious activity of the United States as gives him a solid confidence in the inviolability of its mechanism. It would be going too far to say that he takes a materialistic view of government and civilization, yet it can scarcely be denied that the great mass of facts which he handles, and from which he draws his inferences, are best stated in very material terms.

It is a long stride from a thing to a man, and as the real history of the United States is epitomized in the careers and characters of a few men, though illustrated by multitudes, the prowess of a historian may be pretty fairly measured by his capacity to deal with these men. Indeed, in the case of Washington it may almost be said that the only possible treatment is that which takes him as a symbol rather than as a man, and Mr. Woodrow Wilson in his *George Washington* (Harpers) gives a fresh argument in support of those who persistently maintain that the first citizen of the American people was a statue, and not a man. In vain, they say, do you tell us stories of his profanity and collect the instances of his laughter; you cannot make us really believe he was alive. He was a great figure, we grant, but the evidences of his humanity are feeble. Mr. Wilson reinforces this position by a new

method. He gives over the attempt at vivifying Washington; he scarcely attempts even a lifelike portrait-statue, but expends his energy upon what may be termed the bas-relief treatment of a great man. He does not avail himself of some of the minor facts hoarded for the proper building-up of a human character, nor does he give a very close or detailed itinerary of Washington's course as that great figure moves through history. Rather, he takes his subject in the large way as a person moulded by nature out of great historic material, and shows him chiefly in his relation to the place from which he sprang, the time in which he lived, and the men amongst whom he moved.

Mr. Wilson's studies in government and history have given him an admirable equipment for this task. They have accustomed him to seeing life in its broad masses and movements, so that when he comes to particular narrative he gives the person the benefit of the class. Nothing could be better than his characterization of the Virginian life out of which Washington came. Without confusing the reader with too many details, he sets forth the old contrast between New England and Virginia in a luminous fashion, and enables readers of history to perceive clearly the sources of power which made Virginia the mother of Presidents. Facts with regard to Washington may be had with little difficulty from various biographies, but we know of no other writer who has come so near to accounting for him as it is reasonable to expect; and if, in addition, he could have sent this creation along its way with the vigor of a dramatic narrator, he would unquestionably have achieved a great work of biographic art. As it is, he has given an agreeable and illuminating philosophy of Washington which ought to be of great service to some writer who is a story-teller as well.

It would be an interesting speculation to consider how far historical study might tend to train a novelist, how far

working in fiction might give vitality to the historian's labor. Motley began with fiction, and parts of his work show plainly that he might have proved an admirable novelist, but his head was more or less filled with historic action when he began his attempts at novel-writing. It is more difficult to trace with any precision the influence of Dr. Eggleston the story-teller upon Dr. Eggleston the historian. It might even be argued that in his *The Beginners of a Nation* (Appleton) he has thrown away such advantages as he had acquired in the character-drawing of fiction, since he pays comparatively little attention to individual delineation, and certainly takes small pains to construct out of the material easily furnished vivid personalities of such notable figures as Bradford and Winthrop and Penn and Roger Williams. Yet the attentive reader will be disposed to credit Dr. Eggleston with a distinct literary art in his book, however small or large a part his experience in novel-writing may have played in the training for it. It is well known that while still a story-teller he was busying himself with details of manners and customs in our early life, and his school histories bear witness to a survey of the entire field of American history; but this volume, announced as the first of a series, proceeds upon a plan which has its own character and appeals to a special class of readers. It is in fact, though not in name, an historical essay, based upon a careful reading of history, and fortified in a somewhat singular way by specific references to the less accessible authorities.

The statement of the contents will make this a little clearer. The first book is entitled *Rise of the First English Colony*; the second, *The Puritan Migration*; the third, *Centrifugal Forces in Colony Planting*. In brief, Dr. Eggleston has taken his history topically, and has essayed to set forth the underlying principles discoverable in the apparently fortuitous movement of historic atoms.

In doing this, he has used a selection of facts in order to relieve the subject of confusing details. He is an interpreter of history, only he formulates his interpretation in concrete examples as far as possible. The art consists in so presenting a series of incidents that they shall bring the same inference to the mind of a reader that they do to the writer: and here, we may say, the training he has had as a novelist stands him in good stead, for it enables him to introduce a subject almost casually by some apparently incidental aspect, and then to lead the reader on to the larger concern, leaving him to feel the keen pleasure of the connection between the minor and the major circumstance. For example, he begins his chapter on the Rise and Development of Puritanism with an account of the love of display in Elizabeth's time, and the reader is conducted from rich clothes to the drama, to the observance of ceremonies, and so to the protest against pomp and ceremonialism in religious worship, to the rise of the Quaker and the Puritan, to the Conti-

mental exiles, and to the great division in religion and politics. The reserve with which one is treated to the storehouse of facts from which the author is drawing gives him a feeling of confidence that the historian knows his ground and will not weary him with overmuch detail; and Dr. Eggleston has certainly shown himself a literary artist in the mode which he adopts for disclosing his apprehension of the development of historic movement. But after all, the book, as we have intimated, is for a class. It is for those who have read history before, and are tolerably familiar with the times and the men of whom Dr. Eggleston is writing. It is not for inexperienced readers. Once this is granted, one may take solid satisfaction in what is really a spacious historical sketch. It suggests almost a new variation of historical writing.

What a wide are is subtended by this row of books we have been commenting on! What a variety of intellectual operations from the collector of facts to the artist in world movements!

MEN AND LETTERS.

THE DEMAND FOR AN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

"Writers who have no past are pretty sure of having no future." — LOWELL.

It is an old story that the people of the United States have been slow in achieving their intellectual independence. The British yoke has remained upon our minds, though we have cast it off our necks. Our literary men, especially, have deferred to English models and English ideas. So we have been told till the tale has become monotonous.

What everybody says must be true — perhaps; but even so, there may be something to offer on the other side, or

by way of extenuation, although the man who should venture to offer it — such is the peculiarity of the case and the perversity of human nature — might find himself accounted unpatriotic for coming to the defense of his own countrymen.

In times past, assuredly, whatever may be true now, the condition of things so much complained of was little reprehensible. Good or bad, it was nothing more than was to have been expected as circumstances then were. We had been English to begin with, and, for better or worse, the English nature is not of a sort to be put off with a turn of the hand, at the signing of a political document. It

is self-evident, also, that in the world of ideas every people, whether it will or no, must live largely upon its ancestry. The utmost that any generation can hope to do is to contribute its mite to the intellectual tradition. The better part of its reading must be out of books that its predecessors have sifted from the mass and handed down. If it adds a few of its own, a very few, to the permanent literature of the race, it does all that can reasonably be demanded of it. And even so much as this was hardly to be looked for from the American people during its colonial period and for some decades afterward, with a wilderness to be subdued, savages to be held in check, and all the machinery of civilization to be newly set up. Books are a record and criticism of life, and those to whom life itself is an absorbing occupation are not likely, unless they are almost insanely intellectual, to spend any very considerable share of their days in work of a secondary and postponable character. Life is more than criticism, and the best and greatest people are those whose deeds give other people something to write about. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if American books of a kind to be called literature were slow in coming; and we may confess without shame that up to the year 1820 or thereabouts — say till the advent of Irving and Cooper — the people of this country, if they read anything better than sermons and almanacs, were obliged to depend chiefly upon foreign authors. To which confession it may be added, equally without shame, that even the works of Cooper and Irving were scarcely sufficient of themselves to satisfy for many years together the cravings of eager and serious minds. At all times and in all countries, such minds, with the best will in the world to be loyal to their own day, have been obliged to look mainly to old books.

About the past, then, we need not spend time in mourning. If we play our part as well as the fathers played theirs,

we shall have no great cause to blush. Since their day, what with Irving and Cooper and their contemporaries and successors, there has been no dearth of books written on this side of the water; but the complaint is still rife that we have little or nothing in the way of a national literature: by which it is meant, apparently, that our writers are not yet Americans, or do not succeed in expressing the national spirit. Only the other day, a critic, discoursing on "the conservatism and timidity of our literature," charged it against Lowell that "in his habits of writing he continued English tradition," whatever that may mean. "Our best scholar" allowed his real self to speak but twice, we are given to understand; then he spoke in dialect. His Commemoration Ode was a splendid failure, because it was "imitative and secondary." Whether it too should have been written in dialect we are not informed; but it appears to be taken for granted that its failure, if it was a failure, came, not from lack of genius or inspiration, but from deference to foreign models. One cannot help wondering what Lowell himself would have said to such a criticism: that he wrote in English and like an Englishman because he dared not write in his own tongue and in his own way. When a Scotchman complimented him upon his English, — "so like a native's," — and asked him bluntly where he got it, he answered with equal bluntness, in the words of an old song, —

"I got it in my mither's wame."

Yet Lowell, who spoke but twice in his own character, seems to have done better than most of his fellows; for he and Curtis are the only men of letters to find a place in Mr. Woodrow Wilson's recent Calendar of Great Americans. All their contemporaries and predecessors were either not great, or else were something other than American, — cosmopolitan, provincial, or English. Irving, Cooper, Poe, Bryant, Hawthorne,

Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, Prescott, Motley, Baneroff, Parkman, — not one of these will bear Mr. Wilson's test. As for Emerson, he is ruled out by name, because he was "the author of such thought as might have been native to any clime." He is of the world, and therefore is not American. It seems a hard judgment that the man who wrote *The Fortune of the Republic*, *The Young American*, and the *Concord Hymn*, — the man of whom it was recently said, so finely and so truly, that "he sent ten thousand sons to the war," — should find himself at this late hour a man without a country. On such terms it is doubtful praise to be called a cosmopolitan; and in view of such a ruling it becomes evident that the exact nature of Americanism as a literary quality is yet to be defined. Lowell's attempt in that direction, by the bye, is probably among the best. An American, according to Lowell's idea of him, — so Mr. James says, — was a man at once fresh and ripe.

When it comes to practice, however, there is one American poet whose literary patriotism was never called in question. The reference is of course to Whitman. Listen to him, as he appeals to whoever "would assume a place to teach or be a poet here in the States: "

"Who are you indeed who would talk or sing to America?

Have you studied out the land, its idioms and men?

Have you learned the physiology, phrenology, politics, geography, pride, freedom, friendship of the land? its substratums and objects?

Have you considered the organic compact of the first day of the first year of Independence, signed by the Commissioners, ratified by the States, and read by Washington at the head of the army?

Have you possessed yourself of the Federal Constitution?

Do you see who have left all feudal processes and poems behind them, and assumed the poems and processes of Democracy?"

"Conservatism and timidity"! Here

is one man, at all events, who is not to be accused of "continuing English tradition." He, if nobody else, breathes a "haughty defiance of the Year One." He may or may not be "ripe;" he certainly is "fresh." If there be some who fail to enjoy his verse, there can be none who do not admire his courage.

But surely it was not to be insisted upon, nor even expected, that all American authors should break away thus suddenly and completely from the past. Perhaps it was not even to be desired: partly because variety is better than the best of sameness, and partly because so abrupt a change might in the long run have hindered our emancipation. Some readers would have been puzzled, others would have been offended. Here and there, one, at least, would have been ready to say with Wordsworth, —

"Me this unchartered freedom tires."

Little by little a reaction would have been produced, "feudal processes and poems" would have come in like a flood, and the last state of the national mind would have been worse than the first.

Nor can this extreme of revolt, or any approach to it, be thought necessary to constitute an American writer. "American" and "rebel" are not synonymous at this hour of the day. American literature, if we may assert our American right to speak a truism roundly, is literature written by Americans; that is to say, by the people of the United States. In its subject it may be old or new, domestic or foreign; it may be written in dialect, — sometimes called American, — or in English: in any case, if it is literature at all, it is American literature. And since there is already a body of such writing, we may venture upon another capital letter, by the compositor's leave, and speak of it — still modestly, and remembering its youth — as American Literature. For youthful it is, in the nature of the case, with its character but imperfectly formed, and its full share of

juvenile foibles; still showing, as is inevitable and not discreditable, abundant traces of its English origin.

Thus far, it must be owned, it can boast little or no representation among the supremely great of the earth. The genius of a new country produces men of action rather than poets and philosophers. Washington and Lincoln are names to shine in any company, but as yet the roll of American authors contains few Homers and Shakespeares, and no great number of Dantes and Miltons. Such as they are, however, they are our own, and though in some cases we might have wished them more "distinctively American," we need not be in haste on that account to set upon them a foreign label. Neither need we delude ourselves with the notion that they might have been transcendent geniuses, all of them, had they but stood up resolutely against English tradition. How to become a genius is one of the hard questions. There is no likelihood that it can be solved by any process of intellectual jingoism. The secret may consist partly in being one's self; pretty certainly it does not consist in being different from somebody else. Between imitation and a set attempt to avoid imitation there is not so very much to choose. Either of them stamps the work as secondary. As for Homers and Shakespeares, we may remember for our comfort that names like these are not to be found, in any country, among the living: they never have been.¹

For our comfort, too, though not in the every-day sense of that word, we do well to remind ourselves that as the greatness of our American authors is but relative, so is the newness of our American spirit. All that is called new is born of the old, and is itself in part old. The movement of history is not by

successive creations of something out of nothing, but by the development of one thing from another; and whether we like to believe it or not, this that we call the American idea stands within the general law: it has been evolved, or rather it is being evolved, out of what was before it. The public mind, stirred by patriotic impulses and restive under criticism, may clamor for originality, meaning by that absolute novelty, and North, South, East, and West may exhaust themselves to answer the appeal: we shall never see an absolutely new book, be it the "great American novel" or anything else. As time goes on, we shall have, by the slow processes of nature, a literature more and more distinctive, more and more independent, more and more unlike the English, more and more American; but to the end its originality, like that of all literature, will be but relative. Though men cross the sea, they can never escape the spirit of their forerunners. Our very rebelliousness against English domination is an English trait. The great American book, when it comes, will not spring from virgin soil, but from seed, and the seed will have had an age-long history. "Works proceed from works," says a learned French critic; and the most searching of American critics had something of the same thought in mind when he wrote, fifty years ago, in response to inquiries "in Cambridge orations and elsewhere" for "that great absentee," an American literature, "A literature is no man's private concern, but a secular and generic result."

What then? Shall we cease effort, and leave it to blind law to work out for us our intellectual salvation? That would be childish. Because one thing is true, it does not follow that another and seemingly contradictory thing may not be true likewise. The same Emerson who spoke

¹ According to an eminent French critic, M. de Wyzewa, the United States still has (since Whitman's death, he means to say) two poets, — Mr. Merrill and Mr. Griffin. "Only

two" is the critic's phrase, but the adverb need not disturb us. A busy people who have two real poets at once may count themselves rich.

of literature as a "generic" result, — a word so anticipatory of later thought as to seem like a flash of genius, — and therefore "no man's private concern," was never done with proclaiming the power of the individual soul and the omnipotence of individual faith. He never scolded his countrymen; he cherished no illusion about the ability of the American people or any other to hurry the accomplishment of a "secular result;" but he, more than all others combined, enforced the duty of American scholars to free themselves from the swaddling-clothes of tradition; to live in the present, think in the present, believe in the present, and speak always their own word. And the French critic just now quoted, so modern in his point of view, so very different in many respects from Emerson, — though Emerson, too, believed the laws and powers of the intellect to be "facts in a natural history," and so "objects of science," — was quoted but in part. "In literature as in art," he says, "the great operative cause — after the influence of individuality — is that of works upon works." The words are those of M. Brunetière, who, in his attempt to apply to literary criticism the methods of natural science, has seemed sometimes to allow more than enough to the power of things over thought; yet he, too, treating of the evolution of literary forms, gives the first place in that evolution, not to changed conditions, nor to the germinal force of great models, nor to the "moment," a word on which he insists, but to the power of the individual.

And where ought this power of the individual to be quickly and strongly felt, if not in a democracy and in a new world?

Like many other good things, nevertheless, individuality, though it may properly be sought, is not to be gone after too directly, — as if it could be carried by assault. Originality has often suffered violence, it is true, but the violent have never taken it by force. We are not to hope for intellectual life by any process

of spontaneous generation; nor are we to dread abjectly the influence of other minds over our own. Individuality is a gift rarely lost, except by those who lose it before they are born. Franklin, it is universally agreed, was an American of the most pronounced type, one of our greatest and most original men. His style, as Mr. James says of Lowell's, was "an indefeatable part of him;" yet all the world knows that he formed it, or believed that he formed it, by a studious imitation of Addison. Originality is theirs to whom it is given. With it a man may drench himself in the wisdom of the ages, and take no harm; without it he may eschew books never so jealously, and look into his own heart with never so complete a faith, and come to no good.

All of which is not to say that a scholar may not occupy himself too much with the thoughts of others to the neglect of his own, or that Americans as a people may not defer unreasonably to foreign standards. Between the two extremes, excessive dependence upon tradition and a too exclusive confidence in one's own genius, there is a middle course. If we cannot find it, then we are not yet ripe for a great national literature, which must be the result of the old culture bestowed upon new soil in a new time and under new conditions.

Bradford Torrey.

A REMINISCENCE OF CHARLES READE.

If there was a tender spot in Charles Reade's heart, it was for Scotland, a Scot, and all things Scottish from bannocks to Bruce and Burns. His intimate and affectionate knowledge of the people showed itself in his estimate of them when he wrote, "They are icebergs with volcanoes underneath: thaw the Scotch ice, which is of the coldest, and you shall get to the Scotch fire, warmer than any sun of Italy or Spain." Happy he or she who owns the heart-love of the most loyal creature on earth, and the tenderest, — a Scotchman *pur sang*.

No individual ever deserved it, any more than the Stuarts did. To the feeble, the fickle, the treacherous, the great simple faith of a McLeod of Dare is a perpetual reproach and marvel, — a creature who goes to India to shake the pagoda-tree, stays away seventeen years, comes back to his own land and lass, pays his dead father's debts, buys the very property he picked out before he started, settles down like a bit of heather on it, and never knows the temptations, qualms, misgivings, that afflict lesser souls.

Reade felt about Scotland as Story did about Italy, with better reason. It was his native land, — the atmosphere he best liked, the air he breathed with most delight. He spent a great deal of time there with a friend, a "meenester" of the Kirk, of the strictest sect. He soaked himself in its mists with a great thankfulness that it was "no Lun'non." He partook genially of its "whuskey," and endeared himself to every Laird and Tammas of them all by his ardent affection for everything in the Land o' Cakes. I once spent a summer in the neighborhood, on an estate that had belonged for a thousand years to the family of my host, — a place with a round tower and a moat: a tower with slits for cross-bowmen in it, a tower from which Queen Mary used to issue with all her train for hunting and hawking, which King David occupied for months when he set out to crush a too powerful vassal; a moat that held for me all mediæval Europe, being the first on which my American eyes had ever rested.

"I must tell you about the 'meenester,'" said Sir John at breakfast one day bored, I am afraid, by my appalling interest in the ruins and legends and history of the neighborhood. "He has always been a great friend of Reade's and is a very interesting man, and it was through Reade that he made a marriage that was the talk of the county for many a year.

"Reade asked him down to London once, and persuaded him to go with him to see a play of his which was then being 'tried' at one of the minor theatres in town. Mr. L——'s parishioners were afar, and his principles melted before the urgency of his friend; so he went where 'meenesters' never are seen, he sat on a front seat, and he beheld a figurante, beautiful beyond all the high-shouldered, high-cheeked lassies of his 'ain countrie.' And he fell that instant five hundred thousand fathoms deep in love with the girl, went behind the scenes with Reade and met her, married her in a month, and brought her back to the Manse and a horrified community. She is lovely, she is good, she is a model wife and mother, but society would not receive an angel, you know, if she appeared on earth as a figurante; so Mrs. L—— was completely ignored until the Duke of —— met her at a garden party and pronounced her charming, and introduced her to the Duchess, who took her up and made her quite the rage. Would you care to drive over there this morning?"

Of course I cared to; and how well I remember the long, lovely succession of views, lake and moors and mountains seen through a Scotch mist, before we drew up in front of a stone farmhouse set on a bleak hillside! We were shown into a long, low parlor. On the table were some well-thumbed playbooks jostling a heap of brown leather volumes, — sermons all. On the mantel-shelf was a pot of beer; above it, on one side, a picture of the figurante in spangles and tights, and on the other a portrait of the "meenester" in gown and bands. Everywhere about the room there were the same startling incongruities. The door opened, and in came madame, a rosy, blue-eyed, plump little person, an incarnate sunbeam, quite irresistible in her fresh beauty and candid sweetness. It opened again and admitted her husband, a tall, rigid, frigid dominie of a

most dour exterior, but worthy of all respect in his life, and like Chaucer's priest a follower of the precepts that he inculcated "himself." While the wife sparkled and beamed and prattled on the sofa, the dominie entertained us with grave observations about the crops, the weather, the state of the country, until Sir John led the talk to his relations with Reade, when he grew almost eloquent. His hearty love for his friend, his delighted recognition of Reade's talent, and his admiration for the whole man (Reade's generosity, his robust virile English quality especially) made him lay aside his reserve and speak as people do only when they speak from the heart. He very kindly got a packet of Reade's letters and read us some most enjoyable impersonal bits of sledge-hammer criticism of men and things and books.

He finally showed us a manuscript by a relative of Reade, with marginal notes. And to this day I can feel for the author, who doubtless submitted it with the hope of getting some praise and encouragement, and who must have withered and died of a green and yellow melancholy, if he had a single sensitive fibre in him, under the blighting sarcasms, the keen, trenchant, merciless comments upon certain lines and situations. I am sure that Reade felt it an act of piety and charity to so knout an amiable effort to achieve the impossible, but "it must have hurt confoundedly," as my host put it. In one place, where the English hero threatens to "assassinate" his wife's betrayer, Reade wrote with a big black quill: "'Assassinate'! Any Englishman with a drop of red blood in his veins would say, 'I'll kill you!' and do it, too." Other passages were marked: "Bad;" "Atrocious;" "Very bad;" "Could scarcely be worse for poverty of invention and triteness of expression;" "Oh, what a niminy-piminy story of Rimini!" "The smallest possible quantity of idea diluted in the largest im-

aginable number of ill-chosen words;" and finally: "*Burn* it — BURN it, my boy. Don't wait a minute. Yours affectionately, Charles Reade."

Frances Courtenay Baylor.

THE BOOK THAT IS NOT WRITTEN.

PERHAPS every author carries around in his mind a book he is going to write some time, but which he never does write. He may devote a desk pigeon-hole to storing material for this book. The nest of paper scraps grows, but nothing is hatched therefrom. It is a book for which there is no demand except in the mind that conceived it, — a leisure, loafing, loving volume. Bits of grotesque humanity and deliberate experience are saved for it. The stress and passion of life are not to mar this nursling, and no mercantile consideration enters into its making.

I once hid a story of mine, called *The Little Renault*, three months in a desk, before I could bring myself to part with it to Pharaoh, the press; for that was before the typewriting machine made the transition to print an easy sequence. But the unwritten book is hidden deeper still, and its author shall die without uttering it. Because of the unwritten book *Pierre Loti's Romance of a Child* causes a swell of the spirit like the gush of the lakes. He wrote of his childhood; but I want to picture motherhood in its long delight of rearing, — a world outside the ken of some who are used to the sight of children, though abhorrence of it is seldom found in any form of masculine existence.

Custom has made all of us indifferent to the miracle of existence. If we had never until to-day seen little creatures no higher than our knees, the antics of these droll unfinished men and women would keep us merry till nightfall, and then we should worship at their bedsides. How delightful are the feet and hands of children, their soft limbs and manikin size! We accept their animal limita-

tions as a matter of course, and watch indulgently the growth of reason in them. Their very lack of it is an alluring charm. The little daughter of four knows nothing about propriety, but stands on the seat in sermon-time, feeling her affection overflow all bounds, and publicly embraces you, with a smack heard by the congregation, and the assurance, "I love you ev'y day." Her witnesses smile, but the church is sweeter for it.

As soon as a woman becomes a mother she has the incipient fierce mother-in-law in her. It is so singular that other folks' sons should never be quite equal to your own daughter; or, if you have a son, that other folks' daughters should be such trivial, hen-brained creatures! Besides, nothing can be more insolent than a young man's approach to pluck your child out of your bosom, and his assumption that she was made for him! In this unwritten book the mother traces the ancestry of playmates, and even learns what diseases their folks died of. She must be sure of offspring that approaches her own at the most impressionable time of life.

She is, moreover, chummy with her little girl. They sit on the rug before winter fires, and discuss fairy-lore and mysteries, and the remote, seemingly impossible time before mamma was mamma. The child learns to regard her own body as a temple, not to be defiled, and asks about its functions; receiving honest answers which make her reverent of the secrets betwixt her Maker and herself. She literally turns the wonderful gift of life in her hands to examine it. The Hindoo discerns a brother even in a parasite, and she, also, invokes her cat without the least irreligion: "Kitty, come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But in the book such simple doings are steeped in the very atmosphere of Eden, — an atmosphere still around us all, sifting unaccountable joy through our dull senses unless they have grown too dense. It is worth being written, — the homely wonder-story of common household life, the evanescent beauty of which may be so sordidly missed. It is a cry to the care-eaten: "Mother, watch the wonderful little child that has been sent. Never mind the hardships: they will pass. Let nothing rob you of that miracle-play, that most stupendous spectacle of unfolding nature, — the child."

There are tragedies in the book: hands are slapped for naughtiness. Some people can beat their children for their children's good, without loss of appetite for their meals. But here the broken-hearted slapper has finally to be comforted by the repentant and reformed slappee.

Armies of minor existences — ponies, dogs, cats, guinea-pigs, birds, tadpoles, bullheads, lambs, donkeys — adorn the margins, sane companions which from primitive times have cheered man's lot. Trees and flowers, Christmas candles, Santa Claus magic, the rapture of recurring birthdays, journeys, the march of the seasons, a whole panorama of common joys rolls along its pages.

But how is this book to be written so that a publisher will see in it the virtue of a salable commodity? Publishers do not dote. Clearly, no mercantile considerations can enter into it; it must be a leisure, loafing, loving book. And while the stress and strain of achievement last, it must remain the book unwritten.

Happier than the majority of such volumes, however, this book will not rank a failure if it never sees type; for it goes on being lived.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.